

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
VOL. XXV

No. 9.

JULY 1913



Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."
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United States and Cuba, - - - 25c. for 15 months
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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by
W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,
Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

July, 1913

CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	Page 2
WHITE SLAVERS STILL AT WORK	2
THREE WHEEL CHAIRS IN JUNE	2
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work	3
Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	4
TEN CENTS' WORTH OF HONOR By	
Annie Winward	4 & 19
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER	5, 14 & 16
CREATURES OF DESTINY: or, Where Love	
Leads (Continued) Charles Garvice	6, 9 & 16
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Con-	
ducted by Uncle Charlie	7, 15, & 17.
FAITHFUL SHIRLEY (Continued) Mrs.	
Georgie Sheldon	8 & 20
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs.	
Kate V. St. Maur	10
MODERN FARMER	11
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva	
Gladding	12
HIS RED, WHITE AND BLUE GIRL	
Story Cycles No. 7 Joseph E. Novak	13
VETERINARY INFORMATION	15
MANNERS AND LOOKS	17
INFORMATION BUREAU	18
HOME LAWYER	19
FAMILY DOCTOR	20
TALKS WITH GIRLS	21
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by	
Katherine Booth	24

Crumbs of Comfort

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.
No one is happy who does not respect himself.
He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow.
Where we cannot invent, we may at least improve.
Oblivion is the rule and fame the exception of humanity.
It takes a certain amount of blow and bluster to raise the dust.
The mob is men voluntarily descended to the level of the beast.
Don't scold your children; they need example more than precept.
Only action gives life strength; only moderation gives it charm.
Many a man looks down on his neighbor who is head and shoulders above him.
It is but a step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice.
There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.
When life is ruined for the sake of money, the ruined life cares nothing for the money.
The woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass will never defend the last.
The harder a soul strives to struggle out of sin, the harder the devil struggles to keep it there.
He that has no real esteem for any of the virtues can easily assume the appearance of them all.
When alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families our tempers; and in society our tongues.
Only he, who determines to rise superior to what is commonly called destiny, will ever achieve success.
Politeness is an air cushion which, although there is apparently nothing in it, eases our jolts wonderfully.
Each succeeding day is the scholar of that which preceded it and should be the teacher of that which follows.
Let the thought of self pass inward and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.
As we may look without seeing and listen without hearing, so we may work without accomplishing anything.
Lost wealth may be regained by industry and economy; lost knowledge by study; lost health by careful living, but lost time is gone forever.
Man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly; whose head, rising, as it were from a root upwards, is turned towards heaven.

White Slavers Still At Work

It is largely through ignorance, easy-going indifference or neglect of mothers who don't know, don't take interest enough to inform themselves, and so don't teach and warn their young daughters of the danger, that the white slavers are able to ply the nefarious trade so successfully, year after year gathering in their annual death's harvest of over sixty thousand innocent girls in spite of all that is being done by the federal government, the states and the various humane societies to suppress this monstrous evil.
The following bold attempt of a white slave agent and

Narrow Escape of a Girl Who Knew

illustrates the surprising audacity with which the traffic is carried on and the danger to which young girls are exposed even in the most public places, and shows the necessity of their being instructed and ever alert to be on their guard.
A young woman entered the waiting-room of a large railroad station in New York City. It was about twenty minutes to train time. The girl loitered about in the crowded room, looking over the books and magazines on the stands, and finally she walked over to the soda fountain and ordered a glass of lemonade.

A man sauntered up and stood beside the girl. He, likewise, called for lemonade. The man behind the counter passed the girl's glass to her. As he did so, the man customer reached forward and drew the glass toward him.

The girl, somewhat surprised, turned and looked at the man, who had taken her glass of lemonade, whereupon the man, seeing his mistake, smiled, apologized and shoved the glass back to the girl, saying, "I beg your pardon, I thought that was mine. I ordered lemonade also."

The girl inclined her head, and drank the lemonade. As she swallowed the last mouthful, something hard slipped down her throat.

The girl put down the glass and walked straight to the ladies' waiting room. There was a colored woman in charge. The girl drew the woman aside and spoke. She said: "I just drank a glass of lemonade at the soda fountain. A man beside me touched my glass, seemingly by mistake. With the last swallow something hard went down my throat. It felt like a lemon pit. Possibly it was a lemon pit. But, I want you to take care of me, if anything happens. Keep me right here, and you will be well repaid."

In less than ten minutes, that girl was in a dead stupor on the couch.

A man came to the door, summoned the waiting woman, and enquired for a young woman; he said:

"My wife was to wait here for me." He continued, "That's she, there on the couch." The woman looked him in the eye. "You get out of here," she said, "and be quick about it or there'll be trouble!"

Without one word, the scoundrel turned and left the place.

The girl recovered her senses after a time, and went home. This girl was one of those who knew. One of those whose mother, or someone to whom she was dear, had enlightened her.

What if she had been unsuspecting? What if after she had swallowed the lemonade with the dose, she had seated herself with her magazine, and presently had fallen asleep? What if the man, hovering near, and waiting for this, had stepped forward, said this young woman was his wife, perhaps ill, and had taken her out?

This girl's honor, and life's happiness were saved, because she knew.
The young lady who had this experience is not a country girl, nor a working girl; she is a college girl attending a New York college, and the incident as narrated, is vouched for by Elizabeth R. Carpenter, who sent us the foregoing account of it.

What the Mothers Say

We have received a number of letters from mothers expressing their appreciation and thanking us for the much needed warning contained in our editorial "Beware the Traps of the White Slavers" printed in May COMFORT. As we have not space to print all these interesting letters on this subject we give our readers the following from Mrs. L. R. Overlees of Edgeley, N. Dakota, as a sample.

"EDITOR COMFORT:
"I read your article, 'Beware the Traps of the White Slavers,' and am glad there is another editor not afraid to print such a warning, the best I have yet seen in any paper. I wish every paper in the U. S. would copy it and spread it broadcast among the people; it should arouse them to action."

"It is a disgrace beyond belief that a nation that professes Christianity, should tolerate such a foul, loathsome sacrifice of innocent girlhood. I have spoken to several women about this horror before now, and they did not know anything about this 'national' evil. They were good, hard-working mothers, but seldom read any of the papers and knew little of what was going on in the world about them. I am especially glad you gave that warning in your paper for in some homes yours is the only one, except perhaps a local and some farm paper. I have taken up enough of your time and perhaps more than I ought, but I felt as though I must tell you how one mother appreciated your paper."

"Yours most sincerely,
"Mrs. L. R. OVERLEES."

Some mothers, like Mrs. Overlees, already understood the subject and were awake to the necessity of action while to many others our editorial was a startling revelation of almost unbelievable facts and unsuspected peril.

We have also received the thanks of some of the young girls who work in the cities and see the shameful, wicked vice of destruction being perpetrated openly and defiantly about them. Here is what

A Pittsburg Working Girl Who Knows Writes Us

"COMFORT EDITOR,
"I feel that it is my duty as a true Christian girl to compliment you on your

A Feast of Fine Fiction Mid-Summer, Short Story COMFORT

will give our readers a treat of bright, smart, snappy short stories such as have made our August number famous and will sustain its reputation of being the most interesting, entertaining and delightful summer reading.



August Stories

"HOWDY," a first-class Indian story of the far West, telling of a fierce encounter between Indians and white settlers in which woman's bravery equals the men's and rivals in love fight side by side.

"THE SUMMER MAN AND HIS NYMPH," a bewitching vacation romance of high life at a fashionable summer resort, with the young college man who wears his heart on his sleeve, the gay summer girl and the mysterious, airy fairy of the lake.

"THE FREEZER," a ludicrous comedy of errors and laughable incidents caused by a ridiculous blunderer at a picnic party.

"COMMON STOCK," the story of a bold stroke in love and a dashing business venture.

"HUFF LAYS THE GHOST,"—running down a ghost mystery and a lover too.

"THE TESTING OF MARGARET HAMILTON," a most beautiful human interest story that grips at the reader's heart strings.

"THE MAGNET OF LOVE," a strange and touching story of love so strong and constant that its wonderful telepathy holds heart-to-heart communion with its affinity on the other side of the world and attracts by an unconscious, irresistible influence.

DON'T MISS THESE STORIES

all begun and finished, all complete in next month's COMFORT with all the regular departments and lots of other good things. Some will miss it if they don't renew their subscription at once.

Quite a number of subscriptions run out this month.

IS YOURS AMONG THE NUMBER?

Look at the Figures

over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes. If the number above your name is 298, or any less number, it means that you should renew your subscription at once, two full years for only 30 cents, the old subscribers' special low renewal rate. Use the coupon below for renewal only. Take no chance of missing

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July, 1913.

most interesting piece ever published in COMFORT. I believe that never before has anything published in the reading line interested me near so much as, "Beware the Traps of the White Slavers."

"I have lived in and around Pittsburgh, Pa., all my life and I work every day in a store in this wicked city. I am so glad to see this warning put in such a way that it can and will be read by most everyone."

"We thank God that there still are some good people left here on earth to warn and protect us. Let each and every COMFORT reader join in the good work which COMFORT is doing."

Yours truly, I. M. N."

She signed her full name, but we print only her initials to save her from being deluged by impertinent letters asking for details of her experience and observation.

We shall be pleased to hear from others who have opinions to express on this subject, and especially to receive reliable accounts of any incidents pertaining to the tricks of the white slavers that have come within the personal knowledge of our readers. Anonymous letters will receive no attention, but names will not be published if requested not to do so.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

Three Wheel Chairs in June

196 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Three more suffering shut-ins are blessed with the inestimable benefit of COMFORT wheel chairs in June. Their names, residences and the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club are as follows:

Ira Norton, Pirtle, Okla., 81; Maggie Hanks, Linn Creek, Mo., 79; Henry Dunn, Arcadia, S. C., 79.

All three were in severe need of wheel chairs. Little Maggie Hanks is only eleven years old. Henry Dunn is an old man entirely helpless and his son, who has been getting the subscriptions for him, writes that he does not see how his father can get through the summer without a wheel chair.

A number of other shut-in wheel-chair applicants on our waiting list write that the doctor tells them that their health, and in some cases even their prospects of surviving the hot weather this season depends on their obtaining a wheel chair. I have mentioned this before, and I again urge our readers to help me to relieve these extreme cases of suffering at once.

In the announcement of the recipients of the four May wheel chairs made in June COMFORT the residence of Florence Rosa was given as Okene, Okla. That was a mistake; it should have read Charles-town, S. C.

You will be interested in the letters of thanks and the Roll of Honor which follow.

Do your best for the shut-ins this month, and may Providence reward you accordingly.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.
Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Thanks His COMFORT Wheel Chair Just Grand

MAGNOLIA, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair and I think it is just grand. I cannot find words sufficiently to express my thanks. May God bless you and Mr. Gannett and all my friends who so kindly helped me get my chair.
Very gratefully yours,
SILAS HAFER.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Such a Help to Her Little Girl

TABB, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received the rolling chair and think it lovely. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and COMFORT readers for helping me get it. It proves such a help to my little girl.
Very truly yours,
MRS. ANNIE HOGGE.

Wheel Chair Enables Her to Enjoy the Sunshine and Fresh Air

WYTHEVILLE, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair arrived safely, and I can never tell you how pleased I am with it. So when the weather is fair I can go out in my wheel chair to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air. May God bless you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me get my chair. I thank you all. Your grateful friend,
MISS MYRTLE HILL.

Little Crippled Girl Delighted with Her Wheel Chair

GREENWOOD, S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received the wheel chair all right, and it certainly is a fine chair. I got up the club to get the chair for a friend's little ten-year-old girl, who is a cripple, and if you and Mr. Gannett had seen her delight when I gave her the chair, you would certainly have felt rewarded for the noble work you are doing.
Again thanking you and all who helped me get the chair, I am, Very sincerely yours,
MRS. GERTRUDE GALER.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables a Crippled Mother to Get Around and Do Housework

NORTH BRANCH, N. J.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair O. K. and am much pleased with it. It is such a help to me. I can get around now, and with the assistance of my little girl do all my housework. I wish to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all who were kind enough to help me get the chair.
Your friend,
MRS. JENNIE TRIMMER.

By Means of Her Wheel Chair She Can Get Out in the Sunshine Again

TRIBBEY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have received my wheel chair and am well pleased with it. I can get out now in the bright sunshine, and get around again. I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and the dear COMFORT readers who helped me get it. May God ever bless you in your noble work.
Your grateful friend,
MRS. MALINDA FREEMAN.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

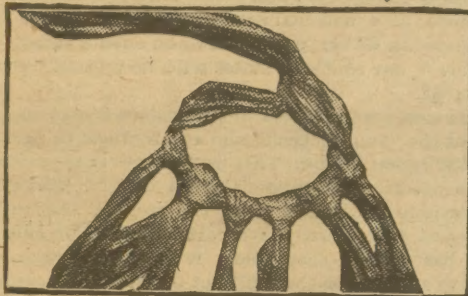
Mrs. Annie M. Manigault, S. C., for Florence Ross, 100; Maggie Hanks, Mo., for own wheel chair, 80; Mrs. Lena Moran, Miss., for her little boy, 50; Mrs. Mary D. Bell, Tenn., for Conrad A. Bell, 33; Mrs. John Cherry, Ga., for worthy shut-in, 23; M. A. Norton, Okla., for Ira Norton, 22; Mrs. Mary Jane Clearwater, Okla., 18; Mrs. Mattie Newman, Ga., for J. E. Newman, 13; Mrs. B. L. Cook, Ga., for Tom Brown, 12; Mrs. Hazel Knight, Ohio, 11; Lizzie Norton, Okla., for Ira Norton, 9; Mrs. Harry Banta, Ind., for Bernard Beadle, 9; Ella Womack, Ga., for own chair, 7; Nancy Jordan, Ala., 5; Mrs. Grace Beadle, Ind., for Bernard Beadle, 5; T. S. Lord, Ga., for Miss Lellar Lord, 5; Ida E. McCone, Colo., 5; E. E. Baker, Okla., for Ira Norton, 5; Mrs. Amanda Patrick, Mich., 5; Grace Swords, Miss., for Jimmie Swords, 5; Mrs. J. F. Bentle, Texas, 5.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Working with Raffia

RAFFIA, which is the outer skin of a long leaved palm found on the island of Madagascar, is light, wonderfully strong, tough and pliable; its four foot strands are put up in assorted colored ounce or pound hanks. To COMFORT subscribers who cannot obtain it in their locality we call special attention to raffia club offer on this page. Raffia is particularly nice outdoor work, as one needs plenty of room, for though it is clean work considerable litter is unavoidably made.



SLIP KNOT. FIG. 1.

Many workers use damp or even wet raffia, but this makes the work more difficult and is not necessary; however, sometimes when long strands are needed, as in making a bag, it is a good idea to thoroughly soak the raffia in warm water, then shake out and hang up to dry.

A great variety of pretty articles can very easily be made, some of the simplest ones of braided strands only.

A pretty belt can be made by braiding eight or nine strands. Start by knotting all together and then pin down to the knee or tack to a work-table. If an even number of strands are used, one of the strands on the outside always folds over the next and the other outside one under the next strand to it.

If an even number is used the outside strands will both fold the same way either under or over. The ends may be finished, one turned under to a point and fastened with a belt-pin.

Raffia table mats may be made by sewing a braided strip round and round. Keep as flat as possible and when the desired size finish the edge with a narrow braid sewed in tiny loops.

Two such mats sewed together, make a nice wall pocket for letters, post cards or any small articles.

Raffia is being used, too for embroidering sofa pillows, table scarfs and screens of heavy material, such as canvas or burlap. A dark green with wheat worked of natural color raffia is very effective.

Round or square picture frames are very neat. For a round one, draw a ring on a piece of pasteboard the size of a saucer or perhaps smaller, from the center cut a circle, leaving a piece two or two and one half inches to be wound with the raffia for the frame.

Use long smooth strands of raffia, and keep as even and smooth as possible, finish the outside edge with a braided strip and a loop for hanging.

Paste a piece of paper on the back, leaving an opening in the top so the picture may be slipped in. A piece of cardboard may be attached to the back and bent a little, thus making a rest so the frame may be stood up instead of hanging if preferred.

Raffia Handkerchief Box

A round handkerchief box may be made in a similar way.

Cut two circles of pasteboard about five inches in diameter, in the center of each, punch a small hole. Wrap closely from the edge to the center with smooth raffia. Cut another piece of pasteboard about two and one half inches in width and long enough to meet around the circles, cover by winding with raffia, then sew to one covered circle for the base, attach the other circle for the cover and finish with a silk sashet in the bottom and a bow of ribbon on the cover. Or the entire box may be silk lined.

Ordinary wire coat hangers are attractive and very acceptable gifts when each wire is covered by buttonholing with raffia and the base of the hook finished with a bow of soft ribbon and several sachet bags.

Bags of Raffia and Silk

A very soft yet durable work bag is the one illustrated.

For this long strands of raffia will be needed. Begin by tying a slip knot in one strand as shown in Fig. 1. In this loop the fifteen other strands, using the same slip knot, then draw up the first strand closing the circle.

Now every strand will contain two pieces, on every two strands or four pieces tie eight other strands, one below another, using the knot illustrated in Fig. 2 and Fig. 3.

To make this knot, proceed as follows: Take any four strands, and using the two outside pieces, fashion a knot by passing the left-hand strand under the two center strands, and the right-hand strand under the left-hand strand, over the central strands and under the left-hand strand draw up closely. The next time put the right under, and the left-hand strand over. This knot is the one used throughout the bag unless otherwise indicated. See Fig. 3.

To knot on the eight strands before mentioned, use the two strands as the center strands, placing the new piece of raffia to be knotted in under these and using these as the outside strands, proceed to knot as above explained.

Tie all round in this manner and you will have eight spokes from the center circle, with eight strands of raffia on each spoke.

Next take the eight strands from the first and second spokes and knot all the intervening strands together with the same knot, see Fig. 3.

This forms one half of the diamonds, eight of which complete the star in the bottom of the bag. Pin the work to the knee or tack lightly to a board and one will be able to work more easily.

To form the eight points divide the four pieces which form the eight spokes into two strands each. Over two strands tie with an ordinary knot, the eight strands from the center allowing each a little longer until the point is reached. Knot eight strands up to the second spoke making each a little shorter when one point will be formed. Go all around the whole eight points next tying two and two pieces of raffia together with an ordinary knot, to make the work firm.

Next soak a piece of No. 3 reed, splice the ends together by wrapping closely with thread. This circle should be just large enough to escape the ends of the points of the star.

Wrap the reed closely with raffia and tie the ends in a small firm knot. Now lay it down on the bag and hold in place with pins or tacks to a board according to how one is working. Tie each strand to this ring by forming a loop and slipping it under the ring and the end through the loop thus formed.

It will require a little care to get the reed ring in evenly.

Now knot every four threads together, using the two outside threads and tying over the center threads as before explained.

Tie all around in this manner, then in the next row, take two strands of the first knot and two of the second and knot together and go all round hereafter in this way. In each row dividing the knots.



SECTION OF THE BOTTOM. FIG. 4.

Keep the first four or five rows almost perfectly flat and the knots equal distance apart. The remaining rows can be tied a trifle closer as this will shape the bag.

About 10 or 12 rows of knots make a medium-sized bag.

The top can be finished by dividing the strands and working off into spokes. See Fig. 3. Then these are sewed in place just below the drawing strings of the silk lining or the whole bag can be knotted and the top finished off in this way. Select a long, firm strand of raffia and tie each strand to it with a double knot, tying the ends together when all have been tied on.

Using another long strand repeat the process and we have a nice finish which will not unravel when the ends are cut off.

About three quarters of a yard of silk and three yards of ribbon will be needed for the inner bag.

Cover a pasteboard circle the size of the reed ring for the bottom of the bag and to this sew the felled sides.

Finish the top as usual, cut the ribbon and run in the casing.

The top of the raffia bag should come only to the lower edge of the casing of the silk lining. The lining and the raffia bags should be caught together around the bottom and it is also a good plan to catch them here and there under a knot.

Such a bag as this can also be made by repeating the eight points in the bottom and omitting the reed but the finished bag will be softer and less shapely.

Fig. 4 shows a section of the bottom in detail. Such a bag as this is very pretty made of natural raffia, lined with cream, white or most any light shade or dark green, pink raffia and light blue silk, dark green with scarlet or light blue are also striking combinations.

A flat raffia bag can easily be made by tying thirty-two long strands of raffia to a yardstick.

Double the raffia and tie the middle part closely around the stick with an ordinary double knot. Two ends will hang from each knot. Begin at the left-hand side and take the inside strand belonging to the

first knot and the next strand to it and tie together in the same way, about the width of the stick below the first knot.



SHOWING METHOD OF CROCHETING BRAID.

er knots. After finishing the last row slip out the stick and pin the bag to the knee and knot the loose strands at each end together, the first has two strands or one knot to complete the row. The next four strands and the next six and so on to the last row.

Form the bottom by tying the two sides together knot to knot, finishing with sixteen small raffia tassels. Made in this way, take two pieces of cardboard two inches wide and wind the raffia around six or eight times, slip off the cardboard, hold firmly and twist the long end of the raffia around the loops a short distance from the top. Sew the raffia through this knot several times to hold it and cut the edges of the loops off evenly.

Such a bag as this is fine to use for small bundles when shopping or lined it can be used for any purpose.

Making a Raffia Hat

One of the many ways of making a raffia hat is here illustrated. It was made by crocheting a braid of raffia, one and a quarter inches in width and sewing it to a wire shape just as a straw hat is made. This results an effective and unusual hat which is not clumsy as are many hats that are made of raffia.

Before crocheting the braid the raffia is made pliable by soaking in hot water and drying.

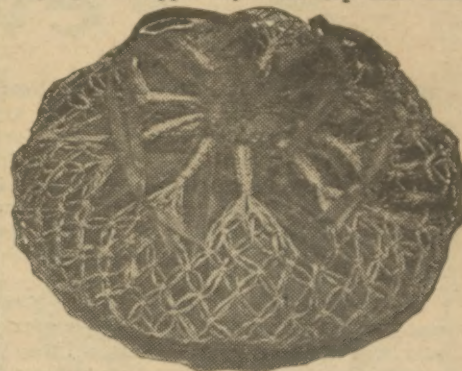
After the raffia has been softened, each hank should be searched for strands with hard green edges. These must be cut off since they are almost sure to leave tiny splinters in the fingers, while working with them. When this trimming is done, collect the best strands in a bunch, tie them around the middle and double them. Thus all the ends will be together, and they can be made into a loose three-strand plait from which strands may be drawn when needed.

Now you are ready to crochet the braid. Make a chain of eight stitches, turn, and skipping two, put one treble crochet into each of the remaining six chains. At the end make two more chain stitches and turn, making six more treble crochets, one in the upper part of each of the trebles in the last row, as shown in the illustration. Continue in this way until there is enough braid to cover your wire frame. Care should be taken to have the strands as near the same width as possible to insure an even braid. It is best to make one half to three quarters, lengths at a time, and sew it in the frame as this will relieve the monotony of the crocheting, and you will know when you have enough braid without having to guess at it.

When the first half yard of braid is made, begin at the crown of the hat on the under side of the brim and carry the raffia braid straight out to the edge of the hat and then over the upper side of the brim and to the crown. Lap each row of braid a trifle and sew down securely with an even strand of raffia and a darning or milliner's needle. Tie the end of the raffia into the braid and in sewing catch to each wire of the frame.

When the brim is completed, a piece of braid long enough to cover the crown should be crocheted. Then beginning at the crown

of the hat, sew the braid round and round keeping the upper layer on top each time.



RAFFIA BAG SHOWING HOW TOP IS FINISHED.

In other words slip each row under the last and sew them together, in and out with a rather long stitch underneath and a short stitch on top. Even, fine threads of raffia for sewing the hat will not show as much as either linen or cotton and are as strong. The end of raffia with the hard root-like appearance should be put through the eye of the needle, for if threaded with the other end it will fray out more quickly. If an end appears which is not held by the eye of the needle it should be cut off at once.

The hat shown here is made with a single kind of braid throughout but if one preferred, a braid with a scallop could be used for the edge. This is made as follows:

First make a chain of six stitches, turn and skipping two put a treble crochet in each of the remaining four chains. At the end make three chains, turn and catch in the top of the last treble with a double crochet, then turn back again and make four treble crochets in the chain of three just made and returning over this put one double in the top of each treble stitch and continue across the braid, putting one treble in the top of each treble crochet in the last row. At the end make two chains, turn and repeat the last row. Then repeat from the beginning until the desired length.

A raffia hat when finished is light as air, so flexible it can be easily bent or twisted into a becoming shape, and is fully trimmed if a wing is added on one side. Raffia in the natural color



SIDE VIEW OF RAFFIA HAT TRIMMED WITH WINGS.

is the most artistic kind to use for this hat for which one and a half pounds is sufficient quantity to complete the article.

Raffia Club Offers

To COMFORT subscribers who desire a little assortment of different sunfast colored skeins of Raffia to use in making all-round crocheted or other artistic fancy work, we have arranged special packages which we offer free for small clubs as follows:

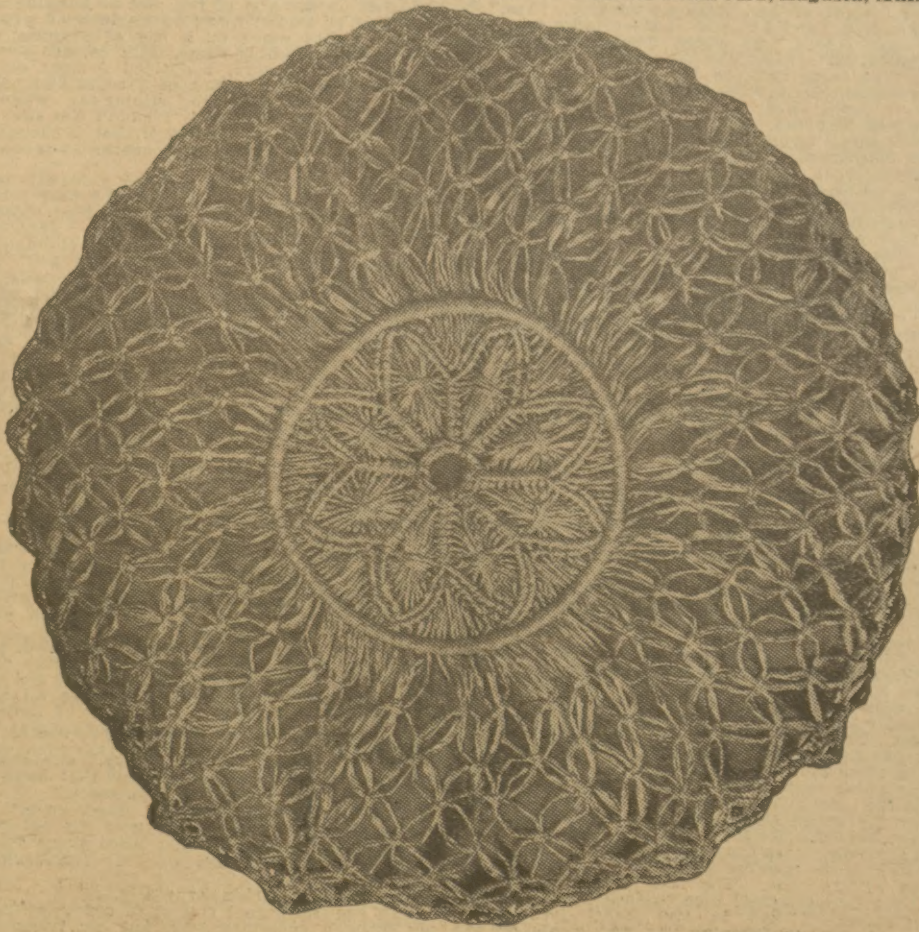
For one new 15-months subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents (not your own) we will deliver a quarter pound package of assorted colors, blue, red, green, natural. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own subscription or renewal for above lot Raffia.

For Hat. Send four 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each and we will deliver a pound and a half natural raffia, enough to finish hat, also sample assortment of different colors to make some of small articles above described.

Also Raffia in its Natural Color is of great practical use for a thousand purposes about the house or farm as a substitute for strong twine, as it is tough and pliable and not affected by the weather.

Raffia does not break or ravel when folded or knotted and a tie does not loosen; we have contracted with big importers for a supply in order to furnish COMFORT readers first hand with any quantity of this remarkable fiber.

Send club of two 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each for our pound bundle natural Raffia for general household and farm use and we will include sample strands of nine different fancy colors in Raffia Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BOTTOM OF SILK-LINED RAFFIA BAG.

A Few Words by the Editor

It will astonish, and doubtless horrify our readers, —especially our women folks—to know that girls are sold at auction in the city of New York, by white slave traffickers. Samuel H. London an investigator for the Federal Department of Justice is authority for this statement, and as his information was gathered first hand, the truth of it cannot be questioned. The African slave marts were less atrocious than the present day white slave auctions in New York. Mr. London says:

"In New York City 26,000 white slaves, most of them under twenty years of age are held practically captives by masters from whom they cannot escape if they would.

"They earn at the cost of their lives \$57,200,000 annually for the well fed, gaudily dressed men who have enslaved them.

"Each girl earns \$2,200 on an average. In return she gets a few trinkets, more blows, a few bright colored clothes, and her food and lodging."

But the girls don't get any of the money; their masters get it all. The girls get loathsome diseases and death in hideous form in from three to five years.

Mr. London goes on to say: "Most pathetic of all are the auctions. In the bid the figure and the beauty of the slave are considered as much as the price. At times the auctions are as wild and mad as on the floor of a stock exchange.

"The sweat shops and the stores are the great sources of supply. *** The agent is oftentimes a woman. *** A girl is made captive in the coldest, most systematic manner possible. If one agent fails to 'get' her, another tries. Sometimes, I have found, there have been half a dozen working to enslave her.

Mr. London describes how the white slavers have a code by which agents in one city report the escape of a white slave in another. With reference to this he says:

"If a girl rebels against her master, she is forced to submit. I have known of girls who have broken away from men in this city and have gone to another city. The code was used for the telegrams, just as in every other business, and was flashed from city to city. Commercialized vice has its agents on the lookout, and the girl is eventually found and horribly maltreated. It is easier to escape the police than these vigilant agents.

Mr. London, it appears, was in El Paso, Texas, after his graduation, from the New York University law school. After the San Francisco earthquake six hundred white slaves, under the order of three hundred white men, were, he states, forced on the trains and sent to El Paso, so that their masters would not lose anything through the catastrophe. These wretches have little to fear from the police, who in many if not all the larger cities work hand in hand with them in their merciless exploitation of captive womanhood, and share their profits with the ward politicians who protect the whole bunch and it is this trinity of interest between trafficker, police and politician, that renders nugatory the best efforts of the reformers to close houses of ill fame and deal a staggering blow to this vicious traffic. This species of crime could not flourish as a business in any locality where the police and local authorities were determined to stamp it out.

"The good people in each and every town and city must organize and force their officials to enforce the laws against vice and especially against the white slave traffic. The federal government is fighting it but the State authorities must do

their part and the people must assist, for vice is organized, while those who fight it are not. If we would stay the entrance of this insidious evil into our very homes, we too must organize. This evil is confined to no particular district or locality. The roots of the cancer of vice are to be found in every section of our great land. It is a national evil and the whole resources of the Federal Government, backed by an aroused public sentiment, must work with local officials and local organizations, so that a death blow may be dealt to a traffic which is a menace to every home in the land, a blot on our civilization and a shame and disgrace to the American people.

The "Yellow Peril" again looms up big. The invasion of the United States by Mongolian immigrants (Chinese and Japanese) is a national nuisance which in spite of the repressive efforts of the federal government has attained such proportions as to be an intolerable menace to the moral, social and industrial welfare of the citizens of our Pacific coast States.

The details of how the presence of large numbers of the yellow men from Asia with their low standard of living and gross immorality, heathenish vices and organized defiance of our laws imperils the future of the white man's civilization west of the Rocky Mountains cannot be stated here for lack of space. In previous years we have discussed this matter editorially and explained some of its many objectionable phases.

Enough to say that it is already an acute race question, and that those States which are most plagued by it have been compelled, in the interest of self preservation, to make laws to check its progress and mitigate its evil consequences so far as lay within their constitutional powers.

These undesirable immigrants, who because of their unfitness for citizenship are not permitted by the laws of the U. S. to ever be naturalized, are buying up and settling on the agricultural lands of our Pacific coast, and several of the western states have made laws to stop it.

Following this example, California adopted a law, this last spring, which prohibits foreigners not eligible to citizenship under the laws of the United States from buying or otherwise acquiring ownership of agricultural lands in that State. This law, of course, is especially aimed at and hits the Chinese and Japanese immigrants.

Since then Arizona has passed a law prohibiting the ownership of land by any foreigner.

These are good and wise laws, and every state ought to adopt the same policy, for it is one of the worst calamities that can befall a country to have any considerable portion of its land or other natural resources owned and controlled by foreigners whether resident or non-resident, —and this is true irrespective of difference of races; but when such foreign ownership involves also a race question the evil is aggravated tenfold.

While the California legislature had this law under consideration Japan entered a vigorous protest with President Wilson and appealed to him to interfere and stop its passage. This foreign meddling with the domestic affairs of an American State is the more impudent because Japan herself has long had a law prohibiting the ownership of land by foreigners.

Furthermore, the law-making power as to the ownership of land within any state is exclusively a matter of state right over which neither the President nor any other branch of the federal government has any control. Nevertheless President

Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan, instead of settling the matter once for all by politely telling Japan to mind her own business, butted in and used all the pressure at their command in an effort to induce the California legislature not to pass the law and Governor Johnson not to sign it.

But the legislature and governor, conscious of their legal right and moral duty, and backed by the enthusiastic support of the people of California, went ahead and enacted the law; and now the President and Mr. Bryan are trying to make it clear to Japan that she has no cause for complaint and that the federal government had no power over the matter.

Our fellow citizens of the far west should have the solid support of the nation in dealing with the "yellow peril," this new race question which is distressing them, and which if permitted to progress unchecked, will overwhelm them and grow to the proportions of a national calamity far worse than the African race question which continues to be such a vexatious source of trouble in our southern states with no apparent prospect of betterment.

Many people and some papers in the eastern States appear to make light of the "yellow peril" and are inclined to jeer at California for her recent action. This is because they neither understand the situation nor appreciate the danger. Southern members in discussing this matter in the present session of Congress expressed their hearty sympathy with California in the stand she has taken,—they know what a race question means. We have a great one that will not down and we cannot afford to permit another incipient race question to become well rooted in American soil.

Our western States are not the only commonwealths that are struggling with the "yellow peril." Like experience has aroused like popular feeling against the Mongolian race throughout the western provinces of Canada, while Australia and New Zealand have guarded against the "yellow peril" and against the possibility of any other race question by not permitting any immigrants except white people to enter their dominions.

The immigration from Europe is in part undesirable and should be restricted, which the last Congress tried to do, but President Taft killed the bill by one of his unwise vetoes. Asiatic immigration should be totally prohibited by law.

COMFORT has always protested against the practice of serving liquors at dinner parties, receptions and other public functions at the White House given by the President in his official capacity, and has repeatedly urged reform.

We are pleased to note that Secretary of State Bryan, in spite of the ridicule heaped upon him for breaking away from the objectionable custom, has dared to set a good example of total abstinence by banishing liquor from the dinner which he recently gave in honor of the foreign ambassadors. Instead of the usual intoxicants expected on such an occasion he served the harmless, wholesome, refreshing, unfermented juice of American grapes.

Mr. Bryan has always been a total abstainer and a strong advocate of temperance, and so is Vice President Marshall who has announced that there will be no liquors at any entertainments given by him.

We sincerely hope that President Wilson will do likewise at the White House.

Comfort's Editor.

Ten Cents Worth of Honor By Anne Winward

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"So you are my father's new superintendant? You have changed very little in ten years."

The tone was distinctly hostile, and John Brayton sprang from the easy chair where he had been luxuriating and turned in surprise to face the speaker. She stood in the living-room door, an erect young woman with a fresh air of out-of-doors about her from the springy grace with which she poised herself on well-shod little feet to the bright, burnished hair which waved buoyantly back from her wide, open brow.

At sight of her, Brayton flushed. "Yes," he answered, "and I'm glad of it—gladder now than I was before," he added defiantly. "Why do you mind?"

"You have perhaps forgotten," the girl suggested cuttingly, "the last time we met."

"I could swear this was the first time," returned Brayton, recovering his self-possession. "I'm sure I should never forget. In fact, the flush on his tanned cheek grew deeper. "If I remember correctly, it was a time we did not meet. Didn't you refuse to let me be introduced at the Harvard Commencement in Ninety-Blank? I thought I was quite the whole thing then, and it made me, as the boys say, pretty sore."

The girl's laugh stung.

"So you have forgotten," she retorted, "the Easter before that, when you stole your breakfast on the train from Chicago to Boston?" "So you were that girl," said Brayton slowly. "I've always wondered who she was. You had on a thick blue veil, you know, so I never saw your face. And that was why you turned me down at that dance? I've always wanted to meet you to explain. It was all just a boy's game of bluff, you know. Do sit down and let me tell you all about it. I really wasn't a professional dead-beat."

He smiled winningly.

"It was all so many years ago," said the girl. "It's hardly worth while to explain."

"But you remembered it," urged Brayton, "and you ought to give me a chance to square myself. It's only fair. Besides," he added audaciously, "you really began the acquaintance you know. Do sit down."

The girl had a sense of humor; the corners of her mouth relaxed, then she seated herself. "Well?" she enquired encouragingly. Brayton bent forward boyishly.

"It was all a grand lark you see," he explained. "Very naturally you didn't understand. It was my senior year at college and I was 'dead-broke'. Credit was strained to the breaking point and nearly every fellow I knew was down to his last sou. Then I had a perfectly fine invitation to a house party out in Cleveland. There was a girl out there too, a wonderful girl she was—married my chum since then. Well, I just had to go! So the crowd chipped in their last dollars enough for my round trip ticket and a little over and sent me off. Well the fun certainly was worth it; money wasn't any particular necessity, so I felt quite carefree and enjoyed myself to the top of my bent. The last day came, though, and I found myself face to face with a serious situation. I had in my pocket just money enough for my sleeping car and meals on the trip—and there was my hostess! It was a hard

proposition, but I had always prided myself on being a 'thoroughbred sport' so I went down town and spent every penny I had on the showiest flowers I could get for the price, and such was the tact of the lady that I went away feeling mighty good."

"The whole crowd came down to the station to see me on the train, but of course I couldn't bother about finding my car, with all those farewells on my hands, so nobody discovered that I didn't take a sleeper."

"In spite of my rosy thoughts, the night was distinctly uncomfortable, for when I finally did get sleepy and dozed off, the car would give an awful lurch and nearly break my neck whether I had it on the arm of the seat or hanging over the back or tucked away on an inch of window ledge. I had dined on a bag of peanuts, and by the time morning came, with us still several hours out of Boston, I decided I must eat or die. So I made a sketch of a toilet and boldly made my way into the dining-car where I ordered a good breakfast. I hadn't the slightest idea how I was to pay for it, but I thought a little food might help my brains to act and any way I was starved."

"While I sat there, I noticed a family party filling two tables just in front of me; father, mother, several children and a girl of eighteen or so with her back towards me. That was you, wasn't it? The father hurried through his breakfast, paid for everything and went out, and I noticed that the tip he gave made the nigger show his ivory for ten minutes after. I saw my chance right away. That party certainly needed a grown-up son, so I ate rapidly and went right after them. When the waiter came running after me with my check, I held the door open for the girl and turned upon him with my most lordly air. 'Father paid the bill for all of us,' I said grandly, and escaped on a flood of apology. I thought that was very funny at the time, rather clever in fact—most of the fellows did."

"Yes," answered the girl coldly, "I heard the story several times. Let me correct you on one point, before your next rendition. The lady with the children was my aunt. Is that all of the story?"

"Yes, that was all," replied the man, "until a small whirlwind of scorn, wrapped up in a blue veil, walked up to me in the Boston station and handed me a dime. 'Here's your carfare,' she said hotly. 'Do buy yourself ten cents' worth of honor by paying that.'"

"I walked out to Cambridge," he added, smiling, "and I wore that coin on my watch chain for years. I always meant to meet that girl some day and return that dime and tell her all about it, but I never dreamed she was Honora LaFarge. And that was why you wouldn't meet me at that dance?"

The girl nodded briefly. "Yes," she replied, "but why do we trouble to discuss that now? It's not of the very slightest importance."

"It's of the very greatest importance," corrected the man quietly, "for now I'm not going to be satisfied with gaining mere acquaintance. I mean to be admitted to your friendship as well."

She raised her chin haughtily.

"An acquaintance I cannot of course refuse to my father's superintendant, but my friendships are of my own choosing."

"Yes," he agreed gently, "but I mean to be chosen. Our lives may be more closely bound together in the bundle of fate than you realize. Oh, yes, I know what ideals you stand for, Miss LaFarge, I know that the name all your friends give you is Honor, and that you pride yourself upon living up to that; but are you, for all that, playing quite fair with me? Is it quite just to assume the boys' code: 'all's fair that's done in sport,' I have developed into a man with so small a sense of honor that I'm not worthy of your friendship? Is that fair, honestly now, without giving me the slightest chance to make good?"

The girl hesitated. "I didn't mean to be unfair."

"Then will you let me tell you the inside of the story?" he urged gently, "that really belongs to you more than the other."

The girl looked puzzled, but she nodded graciously. "Tell me, then," she answered.

"At first," began the man thoughtfully, "there was only the excitement of the adventure, the news, and my cub pride was only up in arms at the idea of taking money from a woman. The been mighty clever, and even the girls too, when they heard of it. But the little remark about the ten cents' worth of honor ranked of and stuck in my mind more than anyone dreamed of and many a time I spent a dollar or two just to taste the fine after-flavor of scrupulous honesty. By and by I began to feel such resentment when anyone criticized the standard of my little veiled lady that I stopped telling the story, and one day I woke up to the fact that I was judging my own and other people's conduct, but particularly my own, by her delicate sense of honor and by what I felt must be her fine code of truth and rightness."

"The dime I can return to you, but the ten cents' worth of honor which it has brought me from time to time, and the ideal it has built for me, are my own and the most vital part of me, though I am proud to accept them at your hands. Do you see now why your friendship means more to me than almost anything else in the world? And will you give me the chance to show myself worthy of it?"

The girl extended her hand. "Of course I will," she said simply, "and will you forgive me if I have been unfair? It was silly of me to judge a grown man by a boy's prank, especially as I wouldn't now be so hard on the boy. It would be poetic justice, wouldn't it, if we should get to be great friends after all?"

"We shall be, I am sure of it," answered the man gravely, with her hand still in his. "And more, please God," he added, in the silence of his soul.

Upon this tableau entered Honora's father, a tall, gray-haired man with the benevolent aspect of the wise financier.

"Just getting acquainted?" he inquired. "That's all your fault, Honora, for staying so long in Europe. Brayton's been here a year now, and I don't know how we could get along without him. If you'll excuse him, his daughter, I'd like to talk over a matter of business."

From that conference Brayton emerged with a troubled look in his eyes and an anxious frown on his usually clear forehead. As the days went by, he was called more and more frequently to the house on the hill, often to confer with some

prosperous-looking visitor whose name he recognized as a powerful one in the financial world.

Honora watched him as he came and went, and she noted with surprise that while her father's look of anxiety grew lighter after these colloquies, the shadow in Brayton's eyes deepened.

No unhappiness, however, could long resist Honora's sweetness and charm, enhanced by her generous desire to make reparation for her momentary injustice, and their friendship progressed as rapidly as even Brayton could have desired. Whenever he could spare an afternoon from the works, they galloped through the October woods and meadows or explored every nook and cranny of the LaFarge estate, gathering nuts and autumn leaves like two children on a holiday. More often still they spent an evening over the wood-fire communing on the mysteries of life and love which it illumined and wondering at the ever-recurring miracle of the similarity of their thoughts and tastes and feelings.

Suddenly one day at luncheon, Mr. LaFarge inquired: "Is Brayton coming here tonight?"

"Why yes, father, I suppose so. You invited him yourself for dinner. Don't you remember?"

"Very well, then; let him come if I've invited him. But never again, Honora, remember that! You are not to see anything more of Brayton."

Honora caught her breath in utter astonishment.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "Why, what do you mean?"

"Mean, Honora, mean? I mean that that young scoundrel has insulted me; he has dared to criticize my business methods, to suggest that I, Charles A. LaFarge, am not the soul of honor and integrity. He's almost as much of a crank as you are, Honora. It's all very well for a girl to have bifurcated notions, but business is business and no young whippersnapper—Say no more, Honora. I won't allow him in the house. Thankless young rascal! He says he's going to leave me!"

Honora's dazed eyes followed him as he got up and left the room. Speechless she sat among the fragments of her world, and tried to think them together again. A quarrel between Brayton and her father—somebody dishonest in business—never to see him again! At the thought her heart contracted with a sharp, physical pain, but for the rest she could not think.

She was roused by a call to the telephone, and her first feeling of reality came with the sound of the voice she heard speaking her name. "Miss LaFarge? Yes, it is I, John Brayton. Your father has told you perhaps why I shall be unable to dine with you this evening, but I must see you—soon. When may I come? Right away? No, I have no business today, nothing but the joy of seeing you."

She had expected him to look anxious and troubled when he came; instead, the cares of the past weeks seemed all behind him, and it was with quite a new light in his eyes that he stood waiting to meet her as she came down the stairs.

Hardly pausing for the ordinary greetings, he led her to the wide oaken settle near the fireplace, and seated himself close beside her.

"My little lady," he cried exultantly, taking her hands fast in his own, "at last I'm free to tell you that I love you and to try to win you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HOW the summer may be spent with as large a degree of comfort as possible is a question of prime importance just now. Only with a comparatively few people is it possible to migrate to the mountains and seashore away from dust and heat, but it is possible to change our every-day surroundings in a way to increase comfort and lessen labor.

Beginning with the interior of the home, the first step is to remove all hangings from doors and windows, leaving only the shades. From the floors remove carpets, except oilcloths and linoleum, and all rugs except mats at outer doors and in front of beds. Also put away a goodly share of the dust catching bric-a-brac and pictures, leaving just enough to prevent a bare appearance. So far as possible remove upholstered furniture. Everything must be put away clean and properly. When this is done you have converted your home into a place that does not remind you of work from morn till night, and the care-free change will be welcomed by the entire family. None of the comforts will be missing, only the things unnecessary in hot weather. Keep windows well screened and open, and so far as practical, every door in the house should be ajar that the air may freely circulate.

When cool weather comes again housecleaning is a simple matter and it will seem like a new house with all the furnishings restored to place. If you go to a resort you are more than likely to live in an uncomfortable, unsanitary cottage, built with as little expense as possible. You have slept on hard, uneven beds, lugged water from a distance, used a stove that would not bake, and it is more than probable you will be obliged to do a certain amount of cleaning before you can establish yourself.

Now I do not mean that a change is not necessary to the well being of everyone, for it is, but leaving a comfortable home for an existence in meager, unsatisfactory quarters is neither a rest nor a vacation. One wise woman, after going through the above experience several seasons, decided to make her home as summer-like as possible and use the money, heretofore spent in hunting for a cool place, in improvements on her house to be enjoyed the year through.

What to eat in summer requires careful consideration if the family is free from hives and bowel trouble and does not suffer from loss of appetite and heat. Eat freely of vegetables, reserving the water they are boiled in for vegetable soups. Fruit should be eaten with the morning and noon meal, and a fruit breakfast is excellent medicine for many. Fruit with coarse breads and well-cooked cereals eaten with rich milk must be the bulk of the diet on hot days. Fresh caught fish can be eaten, but never that which has been brought long distances on ice. It would be better to discard meat entirely; also coffee and tea for they stimulate and irritate the nerves.

Relaxing several times a day is a great strength savor in summer, and avoid all worrying thoughts as far as possible. An effort in this direction will be worth while. Wring a towel out of tepid water and give the body a good rubbing with it and mark the beneficial effect on the mind and body. Do this in the morning and an hour after the noon meal and lie down ten minutes.

One more thing—dress loosely, allowing the air to get to the body. Avoid doing things that create thirst, as too much water drinking is as injurious as too little.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I haven't seen any letters from this vicinity, so I will endeavor to pen a few words. I am sure I greatly enjoy reading the other letters. But before I begin I hope someone will please cover the waste basket.

I am a farmer's wife, having lived on our farm two years. I greatly enjoy making a garden and raising chickens. My tomatoes were especially nice last year as we had fresh ripe ones to eat the last week in August. That is saying a great deal for this part of the state. I might mention that I planted the "Earlana."

I was greatly interested in Miss Williams' letter. My pupils were especially interested in Oral Language. I myself sometimes taking a part in the stories,—of which I let them dramatize—such stories as "The Fox and the Crow," "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Little Leaves," "Why the Poplar Holds up Its Branches," etc.

They also learned to tell the stories of Hiawatha, and illustrated his home by taking little branches for trees, sand, paper tent and glass for a lake. This proved very instructive as well as interesting.

I wonder how many teachers believe in the school garden. It is getting more popular each year in some parts of the state. But I do not think too much time should be spent here.

I suppose a great many of the sisters believe in "votes for women." I think it is a shame that the government is run by such crooks and dishonest men, that the gentler sex has to step in to defend their own rights instead of being a home-keeper only.

I heartily hope they will succeed in stopping the awful crookedness which always leads toward the almighty dollar. I also hope the drink curse will be driven from existence forever.

Do you all believe in modern improvements? I for one would hate to get along without the telephone, phonograph, daily and weekly papers, etc. We also have a piano in our home and think music is one of the important essentials.

I must close, giving three cheers to the COMFORT staff. Would like to get letters from the sisters.

MRS. HELEN G. KOHLER, Bath, E. E. 2, N. Y.

Mrs. Kohler. The teachers of today see the wisdom of conforming to child nature. They realize that a child attaches little if any importance to books; it is the age of play. This principle is enacted through life, for who is there that tries for a thing until they either want or need it? Hence there must be an incentive or a spirit of contest to lure the child to study—in other words to work.

Taking such gems of literature as you mention and causing the child to fancy the characters from description, teaches them to think and to more readily grasp the meaning of what they read.

Here is something one teacher I know has introduced in her school—a five-minute period of relaxation forenoon and afternoon in the middle of study periods. At the sound of the bell, every child drops all study and stretches both arms straight above the head with body thrown against seat back. Their arms are stretched out horizontally, then dropped heavily to side. Then every child stands one minute. These exercises are sometimes varied. At first the exercises caused considerable merriment, which was not unexpected. This was good naturedly received, the remedy being to center attention on the exercises. I forgot to say that a deep breathing exercise with windows open accompanies arm movements.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT a long time, and I like the paper, especially the Sisters' Corner. It seems to have but one aim, to touch and strengthen some kindred heart. Its object is an ideal one—I, e. to extend a helping hand and become coworkers with all who seek friendship. We all have much in this life to sadden and discourage us, yet there are many we may help in some good word or way. We are not only made happier but better by making some troubled and sorrowing soul happier by our love and friendship. It is then we find "blossoms by the wayside."

The letter from Mrs. Thomas Estes in April COMFORT, being left motherless in early life brought to my mind so vividly my own misfortune; for at the age of twelve I was a motherless child. The loss of my mother was a great sorrow and I did not know how to look beyond it. In the happy days I had with my mother I had no thought a darker day was coming; a night was approaching when a deep gloom would overshadow my future life. As the days passed on, how I longed for the love and counsel of a mother, and when I would see girls who it seemed didn't love or appreciate their mother, I would feel like placing my arm around them, I would feel like saying, "ask if I might love and be a daughter to them. It is only when the iron pierces our own soul that we know the meaning of sorrow."

I have never read a letter from Enid, Okla. I have lived here seven years and like it fine. We came here from Illinois but I like it much better in the great Southwest. The climate is milder. The worst fault I find here is the wind, which blows "wild and high" without ceasing, for, sometimes, sixteen days. Our windy weather is in the early spring. Sometimes we have sandstorms when the sun is hid for hours. Most any vegetable will grow here. Last year we had lots of fruit. I never saw nicer quality than that grown here in Garfield county, and nowhere do we see more energy, hustle and thrift than in this Western corn country.

Sisters I have tried a number of the cooking recipes and all were splendid. I hope that Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie will be blessed with health, wealth and prosperity unlimited, that we may enjoy reading a good paper like COMFORT. All good papers like good books are milestones that mark each upward step of humanity. It is up to us to glorify good in our lives and to enjoy it forever.

MRS. LUCY DEMONBRUN, Enid, Okla.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

Wholesome and palatable are the variety of dishes to be made with very little labor if the use of an ice-cream freezer is understood. A good substitute can be made with a deep can having a tight-fitting cover which goes on outside the can, and packed in a twelve-quart pail of ice and salt.

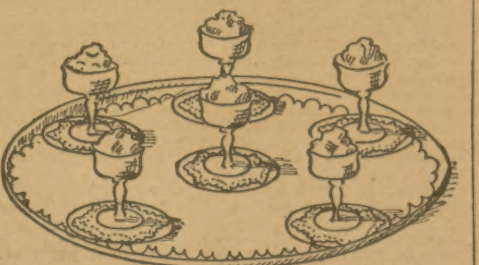
To insure a smooth quality of ice-cream it is necessary to have the finely chopped and used in the right proportions with coarse rock salt,—three or four parts ice to one of salt. The can should be surrounded with melted ice and salt, and it is only when this forms that the freezing process begins. Have the outlet for water just below top of can. Should there be one in the bottom, close it and make one higher up. Do not drain off water until the cream is frozen, and only then when cream is to be kept, in which case the water should be drawn off and the cream packed again.

The simplest way to pack cream for freezing is to use a pint dipper, using this full of ice times enough to make a layer of about four inches; on this put one third as much salt as you had ice, and so on until freezer is heaping full. Let stand fifteen minutes, by which time the ice will begin to melt and the cream will be chilled. Turn slowly and evenly at first and then more rapidly until you can turn no longer. Remove dasher, press cream down into can and cover, putting a cork stopper into opening of cover. If cream is to be used within an hour or two, probably no more ice need be added, and what is in the freezer will keep longer if something thick like a piece of old carpet is thrown over freezer.

In using a substitute for a freezer, pack the same and after twenty minutes uncover and scrape cream from sides of can, and beat with a wide bladed knife occasionally.

ICE-CREAM.—This is the simplest way to make ice-cream, as well as the most delicious. One pint of milk scalded with two cups of sugar; let cool and add two tablespoons of vanilla. Whip until fairly thick two quarts of cream and then lightly beat in milk and sugar and flavoring. Freeze as above described.

ICE-CREAM CUSTARD.—Bring to a boil one pint of milk. Mix together two tablespoons of flour, a pinch of salt and one cup of sugar, add two whole eggs and beat all together. Add boiling milk and when



ICE-CREAM CUSTARD.

well mixed pour into double boiler and cook twenty minutes, stirring constantly till smooth, and then occasionally. Let cool and add three quarters cup of sugar, one quart of cream and one tablespoon of vanilla. Freeze.

PICKLED ONIONS.—(Requested.) Procure the smallest onions you can, peel and put into strong salt water for about twenty-four hours; drain and put into fresh water for one day. Pack closely in glass jars and fill with cold vinegar. When packing run a knife around inside of jar several times and after the jars are full making sure there is no air.

MISS PAULINE WAGGNER, Marion, N. C.

PICKLED PEAS.—(Requested.) Clean, scald or parch the peas until the outer part slips off. Singe the hair off, scrape and wash well and they are ready to cook. Put on in a kettle of boiling water and cook until tender, keeping them covered with water. Salt and pepper while cooking. When tender, remove from kettle, place in earthenware or granite and cover with boiling vinegar. Spices may be added if one wishes. I prefer them plain, weaken vinegar if it is too strong.

CANNED MIXED PICKLES.—Gather cucumbers, wash and soak in salt water over night. In the morning cook string beans in salt water until tender, add cucumbers (one third cucumbers to two thirds beans) bring to a boil. Pack in jars tight, stand on mouth on cloth to drain for one hour. Make a syrup of one quart strong apple or cider vinegar (never use acid made vinegar), one pint of water, one cup of sugar, one half teaspoon of spice, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one of whole cloves all tied in a cloth. Boil fifteen minutes and turn up jars and fill with boiling syrup and seal at once. These are fine. Cauliflowers and small onions may be added.

MRS. J. R. ESTES, Plainview, Ark.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—(Requested.) Measure meat in a gallon crock. To a heaping crock of meat add three rounding tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of

ground pepper and two tablespoons of pulverized sage. Mix well.

MRS. MAGGIE WHITWORTH, Smithboro, Ill.

BAKED SHAD.—Wash and dry one large shad. Place in pan, ridge the sides, season with salt, pepper, parsley and five spring onions chopped fine. Over the shad pour boiling hot liquor strained from can of tomatoes. Place in hot oven and bake until brown and tender.

MRS. D. A. MILLER, Towson, Md.

BUTTERMILK PIE.—(For two pies.) Yolk of four eggs, three tablespoons of corn-starch or flour, one and one half cups of buttermilk, one half cup of melted butter, two teaspoons of lemon extract, and one and one half cup of sugar. Use whites of eggs for frosting. Bake in crust.

MRS. ROBERTA SNOW, Freewater, R. E. 2, Oregon.

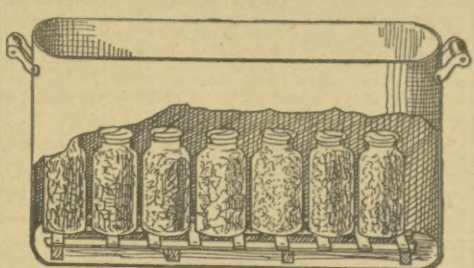
MUSTARD.—One large tablespoon of ground mustard, one teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of sugar, two thirds of a cup of vinegar, and yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and set on stove until it thickens, stirring constantly. Use when cold. This is fine on either beef or pork.

MRS. FRED HALEY, Pine Bluffs, Wyo.

YEAST.—To start it, take the water that potatoes have been boiled in; put in a quart fruit jar within two inches of the top, add one half cup of sugar and one cake of dry yeast; let stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally when it is ready to use. When wanted, take half for a baking, then put two tablespoons of sugar in the jar and more potato water, which is all there is to it and the heat or cold doesn't seem to hurt it.

E. ELLIOTT, Fruitvale, Cal.

The accompanying illustration shows a boiler with wooden rack on which to set jars to keep them from bottom of boiler. This rack is simply made of laths, lattice fashion, sufficiently near together to prevent jars from tipping. At each end and at each side of cen-



WOODEN RACK TO KEEP JARS FROM BOTTOM OF BOILER.

ter are strips of wood supporting rack. One of these are easily constructed and if taken care of will last a lifetime.

In canning, fill jars with fruit and syrup and put on covers without rubbers. When the covers are secured by wires, do not press down; in the case of screw tops only give them two turns. Set in boiler with cold water half way up sides of jars. Cover boiler tightly and time cooking from the time water boils. Have a dish of syrup ready, and when fruit is done, take from boiler, remove covers, put on rubbers and fill jars with syrup and seal. For vegetables, all shrinkage with boiling water.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—One small cup of sugar, two teaspoons of sweet milk, two teaspoons of corn-starch, yolks of two eggs, one half cup of grated chocolate. Beat eggs, sugar, chocolate and corn-starch together and stir into the boiling milk. Cook as thick as gravy and put into baked crusts and frost with the whites of eggs. This makes two pies. For frosting or meringue, beat whites to a stiff froth, lightly whip in a third of a cup of sugar, spread on pie and lightly brown in oven.

MRS. WALTER WILLIAMS, Hamburg, R. E. 1, Iowa.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Put one cup of sugar with two ounces of butter in a pan over the fire. When boiling add hastily one cup of flour all at once and stir rapidly into a smooth soft dough. Take from fire and when cold break into it four whole eggs, one at a time and stirring vigorously after each egg is added. Now beat five minutes together and it is ready to bake. Drop in spoonfuls quite a distance apart on a well-greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes.

FILLING.—Boil nearly one pint of sweet milk, take two small tablespoons of corn-starch and beat in a little milk, two eggs beaten and a cup of sugar. When milk boils, add this mixture, and boil until thick. When nearly done stir in a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoons of lemon extract. When cold break puffs open and fill at side.

ETHEL MAGNUSON, Mead, R. E. 2, Nebr.

FEATHER CAKE.—Three eggs beaten very light and beaten again with one cup of sugar. Add one half cup each of cream and milk and two and one half cups of flour mixed with two teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor. Bake in loaf or layer.

ICING.—One cup of sugar and six tablespoons of sweet milk; boil three minutes and beat and flavor while cooling; also add a small piece of butter and spread over cake while warm. Very nice.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.—One quart of sifted flour, one level teaspoon each of soda, baking powder, salt and sugar mixed and sifted again. Work in one even tablespoon of shortening. Mix with buttermilk. Handle with little flour as possible, kneading very little, cut, and bake in hot oven fifteen minutes.

MRS. W. WHITTLE, Marysville, Idaho.

BUTTER TAFFY.—Two cups of light brown sugar, one half cup of molasses, two tablespoons of water, three tablespoons of butter. Boil fifteen minutes, then turn into a greased pan and pull when cool.

TO USE COLD BISCUITS.—Slice thin and fry brown in hot fat. Place on paper to drip. Serve with milk from which cream has not been removed. Or slice and drop in boiling molasses enough to cover, add a lump of butter and cook till molasses thickens. Serve cold. This is called candied biscuits and are very much enjoyed by the children.

MRS. BEN ENGLAND, Afton, R. E. 1, Box 85, Okla.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Would like to say to beginners in putting up fruit to fasten the jars as tight as you can while hot and don't have your husband give them an extra twist when he comes, as the hot fruit melts the rubber and makes it air tight, and the final twist when cold loosens it and often makes the fruit spoil where it might not if it were left alone. If in doubt about it, turn jars upside down over night and if they leak air, heat them up again.

E. ELLIOTT, Fruitvale, Cal.

On ironing day try to cook something which takes a long time like beans, dried apples, ham, or steaming brown bread and thus save fuel.

MRS. BEN ENGLAND, Afton, R. E. 1, Box 85, Okla.

To Mrs. Bettie Wadley: Soak quilt in strong salt water over night, then wash out quickly in lukewarm suds and dry in a shady place. Should be bright and clear as new.

MRS. LURA GRAYLEY, Bellepoint, W. Va.

If the following method is used, blankets after being washed will be duffy, and unless badly spotted from acids look like new: For one pair, use a piece of good white soap about three inches square shaved thin; add to it two quarts of warm water and set on back of stove till all the soap has dissolved (do not let soap cook). Into this put two large tablespoons of borax and a good half cup of household ammonia. Mix your tub put cold water to cover blankets and add mixture. To wash blankets, pull them gently up and down and through the water, never rubbing unless there is a bad spot. Leave in tub all night. The next day put through two more cold waters, and to each tub add one half cup of ammonia. Lightly squeeze (never wring blankets) and hang tight on line.

To make rose beads: Gather rose leaves, the most fragrant if you desire fragrant beads. Put through chopper, using fine knife, three times a day for one week, keeping them in a rusty iron receptacle; also will ferment and the perfume will be strong. When the paste is very fine and black it is ready to make into beads. Measure each lot of paste accurately so the beads will be even. If they are to be smooth roll in palms of hands until perfectly round and put a hat pin through center of each bead. I stick hat pin in pasteboard box and set in sun to dry. Some make the polished ones but they require a lot of work. After perfectly dry, soak them in glycerine twenty-four hours and dry, then rub each one separately in the bowl of a spoon. These are as black and glossy as ebony and handsome when strung with gold beads.

MRS. E. S. FERO, 1864, McKenna Ave., Portland, Ore.

If pickles kept in a brine are tied in a sack they will keep much better.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



Hot Weather Dinners

Always Ready—Baked by a Famous French Chef

Scores of factory kitchens are baking beans for the millions to serve in hot weather.

Because women who know are, more and more, serving ready-cooked meals in summer.

One kitchen—Van Camp's—is baking beans very different from the rest.

We want you to know them, then try them. Then judge for yourself if it pays to specify Van Camp's.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

This dish is prepared by a famous French chef, who came from Hotel Ritz.

The beans are picked out by hand, to get them white, plump, even-sized.

The sauce is made from whole, ripe tomatoes. It costs five times as much as common sauce. And we bake it with the beans.

We bake in modern steam ovens, but the steam is kept from contact with the beans. After hours of baking, the beans come out nut-like, mealy, whole. None are crisped, none broken.

The result is a dish which has never been matched—which made this kitchen famous.

We ask simply this:

Buy the beans which your folks like best. Make these ready meals delightful. To settle the question, once serve Van Camp's, then abide by your people's verdict.

Three sizes:

10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by the

Van Camp Packing Co.

Established 1861

Indianapolis, Indiana

(255)

Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is questioned by an old wizen-faced man, a gypsy, as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Celestine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence, knowing the short cuts gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sherborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke, his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sherborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children, Lady Marie and Lord Belmayne. Mr. Sherborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Laurence Harding lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper is there and detects him swoop upon something. Laurence, clasping him on the throat demands what he has stolen and feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. He releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp. Felling that Snapper is a thief, she cuts the clasp and the knife is found. Giving the clasp to Lady Marie, Larry makes his escape and enters Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne. Going home he tells the story to Reuben Payne, who recalls the name, Miriam, of a young gypsy girl, who lived at one of the Hall lodges and married John Grey, a captain. Lady Marie goes fishing with Larry. Returning to the shore they see a strange boat, two at the oars, and the third Larry recognizes as the Snapper. Turning to answer the questions of one something is thrown over his eyes, his arms pinioned and he is flung into a boat. Nine years later Lady Marie, returning from London meets Reuben Payne. Inquiring for Larry he gives the only letter ever received and she recalls her promise to marry him. Lady Merston welcomes her home and leaves it for Mr. Wharton to tell why she is glad she is heart free. For the sake of Ravensford and Belmayne Lady Marie decides to marry Philip. On this night there is a shipwreck on the coast of Vancouver. A young man with Larry's face and eyes, answering to the name of Darnley, is saved with Spon, a passenger, who claims a fortune awaits them on that shore. A three days' march and they find a rich ruby mine.

Lady Marie is conscious that she does not love Philip as she should. Invitations are sent out for a state dinner, after which Lord Belmayne entertains the guests with music, surprising the older ones who cannot remember any of the Belmaynes displaying much musical talent. Leaving his violin he returns to the drawing-room and finds Lady Marie in tears. Seeking solace from his violin, as he walks along, his memory falls him and he begins to improvise, when he hears a voice, "Wrong, wrong!" He nearly stumbles over a man who, taking the violin from Philip, plays the sonata correctly. The violin from Philip stands spellbound. The man admits he is a musician by birth, as is Philip, that his name is Gideon Flack, that he is a gypsy, a man of moods playing when and where he likes and best with only trees and birds for company.

Spon, recovering from a severe illness, tells Larry the romance of earlier years—his love for a beautiful gypsy girl, Miriam by name, who gives her heart to and marries a fair-haired sailorman. He is drowned in the English Channel, leaving a child resembling the mother. Spon and Larry are joined by Linda Hepburn and her father, who is trading and tramping to leave his daughter's life. To protect the mine Spon offers Hepburn six thousand pounds. Linda manages the housekeeping, preparing the food Larry likes best.

An attempt is made to rob Lady Marie of a diamond bracelet. Meeting the eyes of the man, defeating the thief, she sees he is not unlike Larry. Realizing the impossibility for her to marry Philip she leaves a letter for him and Lady Merston, and with her maid goes to Normandyke.

Spon sees Linda's growing fondness for Larry, and his indifference to her. To save the girl's suffering Spon proposes that one of them go to London and dispose of the rubies. They decide upon Larry. Failing to sell them in London he goes to Rouen where he is sandwiched and robbed of his wealth. A stranger comes to his aid, who is shot in the leg. Larry takes the man to his hotel and calls a doctor. He recognizes his rescuer as Lord Belmayne. Philip knows Larry's voice, and to Larry, Philip tells his sad story and implores him to find and bring Lady Marie to him. Larry goes to Normandyke. Strolling along he hears the sound of a horse's step and detects a limp. The rider requests Larry to see what is the matter. The recognition is mutual, Lady Marie and Larry meet and they recall the past years. He admits he is looking for the Countess of Normandyke and Lady Marie wonders why, and tells him she is away for the present. Larry returns to the inn and the two following days they meet for rides and walks. Larry realizes that Lady Marie holds his heart, while Lady Marie in her happiness is stirred with remorse at thought of Philip. A telegram is passed to Lady Marie; she seizes the opportunity, the countess is returning home and will be call in the evening. He is ushered into the drawing-room and Lady Marie in full evening dress, enters. Larry is astonished and asks for the countess. "Larry," she says softly, "I am the Countess of Normandyke," and with these words he realizes what he would have said to Lady Marie can never be uttered. To the Countess of Normandyke he tells the story of the robbery, and Philip's attempt to save him, his severe illness from the wound and his desire for Larry to find and bring the Countess of Normandyke to him. Larry insists that they start at once. A terrible storm comes up, and missing the road they stop at a small inn, the landlord of which gives Marie a presentiment of evil. Larry, falling asleep the man makes an assault and Marie averts the blow. Larry bids Marie good night and perhaps she returns to Philip, promising not to leave him and to marry him at an early date. With returning health Philip walks to his favorite place and encounters the Snapper, who annoys him by his presence and Philip orders him away. Insolently the Snapper tells a story, which if true Philip must surrender everything—Marie and the vast estate. The man has no pity and Philip unable to believe the story demands his terms—a thousand down and a thousand paid quarterly.

Larry returns to the mine, admits the loss, taking all blame and desiring to make good. After resting he begins work and his companions realize that his cheerfulness is forced, Linda with the intuitiveness of a woman, yet asking no questions, knows that a man is troubled and resolutely if you want the cause search for the woman. Larry is not insensible of Linda's devotion and she realizes that he is working to make her rich as well as the others. She would willingly give up all to see him happy and Larry queries could she care for a man, failing to win the woman he loves, who would offer the same to another man? Learning the woman is not married Linda asks for time and to tell of her own accord, Linda and her father return to England, he to form a stock company. In the meanwhile Marie falls ill and her physician orders her to London. Linda visits Marie and pleads for Larry—his love for her—his honor and manhood when he learns she is engaged to another. She admits her love for Larry, that it is too deep to see his life wrecked and implores Marie to save him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHILIP RECOVERS THE RUBIES.

Linda had gone so quickly, so suddenly, that Marie, confused and agitated by varied emotions, scarcely realized that she had gone; when she did realize it, she remembered that Linda had given her no address, so that Marie could not communicate with her.

She ran out of the room and down the stairs, and, to the footman's amazement, tore open the hall door; she was just in time to see a hansom cab turning the corner. She returned to her room and paced up and down.

The visit, the interview, had been so strange, so dramatic, that she could not grasp its import. Had she really placed the future of her life in Larry's hands? And what would he say and do; what would he decide? Her heart beat thickly, and the color came and waned in her face; sometimes her cheeks burned hotly. Larry was somewhere in America—how was Linda Hepburn to communicate with him? She would have to write—a cable would not be full enough—and it would be some time before she got his decision. Meanwhile what was to be done about Philip? He was eager for the marriage, would expect the wedding to take place as soon as she was well enough. Should she tell him all that

Linda Hepburn's visit and story had meant?

But if she did so and Larry wrote, rejecting her, she would have broken faith to Philip purposelessly. Under other circumstances Marie would have felt, as any high-minded girl, that it was her duty to break with Philip; but she had grown accustomed to the idea of sacrificing herself; and, as can well be understood, Linda's example had strengthened the idea. If Larry would not have her—again her cheek flamed—why should she not, at least, make Philip happy? Linda had sacrificed herself for the sake of the man she loved. Why should not she, Marie, rise to a like selfishness?

Self-analysis and introspection generally lead to such sophistry as this; and in the end Marie came to the conclusion which one might have foreseen. She decided to wait, to let things drift; though, in thus deciding, she felt like a rudderless bark, a piece of jetsam and flotsam floating on the wide expanse of an ocean of doubt and uncertainty.

She did not tell Lady Merston of Linda Hepburn's visit; for she knew that Lady Merston would regard the whole story, and Linda's conduct, as theatrical, even improper; and that she would urge Marie to a speedy marriage. Indeed, Marie would have found some difficulty in relating the interview, because a bare account of it would lack all the force which Linda's presence and individually, and her way of telling the story of Larry's broken heart and ruined life, had given it.

The excitement of the visit, her mental agitation, the knowledge that her life's happiness hung in the balance, which Larry could tilt one way or the other, threw Marie back to her former condition; and for a couple of days she was unable to leave the house; but on the third she went out for a drive; and be sure, her eyes eagerly scanned the passers-by; but, of course, she did not see Linda Hepburn; and she returned to the house weighed down, yet irritated by suspense.

Meanwhile Philip was leading his lonely life at the Hall. Great as was his passion for Marie, and eagerly as he desired the wedding, he was, to tell the truth, though he would not have admitted it, almost relieved by her absence; for, since the night of the Snapper's revelation, Philip had felt constrained and ill at ease in Marie's presence. He told himself, when he half suspected his embarrassment, that it was caused by the uncertainty, the dread of a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and that he would recover his equanimity and his ease of mind when they were married.

The Snapper had made an appointment for the payment of the thousand pounds, and had come to the Hall one night with a handbag in which to carry it away. The whole transaction smacked of melodrama, and Philip, as he watched, with a moody brow and set lips, the man put the rolls of gold in the bag, said:

"You are now a rich man. What will you do with it? You spoke of going abroad. It would be a good plan; it would relieve my mind; for, of course, I can never feel at ease while you are near me."

"Don't you trouble yourself about that, my lord," said the Snapper, in his soft voice and with a reassuring nod. "I'm thinking of going abroad presently; but I've got a little business to do first. Yes; I rather think of Columbia!" he glanced sideways, with his eyes cunning as a raven's, at Philip's moody face—"and of taking my daughter Miriam with me."

Philip winced and turned away so that his face was hidden from the sharp eyes.

"I've got a little speculation in my eye; and, if it comes off all right, I shan't come back for years, if for ever, as the song says. Don't you make yourself uncomfortable, my lord, about me. And if an old man, who has seen a lot of the world, and who wishes you well," he continued, in his silkiest voice, and with his eyes narrowed to slits, "might offer a word of advice, I'd say: Get that wedding over, my lord. A bird in the hand's worth two."

Philip turned upon him with an impotent fury. "Hold your tongue—and get out of my sight," he said between his teeth.

The Snapper held up his hands deprecatingly, took up the bag, and with a low doffing of his hat, went out by the window.

For some days Philip did not see him again, though he never went out without peering about him suspiciously and expectantly; and the man's absence was so great a relief to him, that he felt as if the heavy burden with which he had loaded his life had been removed. He went for long walks, always avoiding the heath, and he accepted the invitations to dinner which, compassionate his loneliness, his and Marie's friends sent him. At these dinners he displayed his changed manner markedly, and talked and laughed as the old Philip had never done. So anxious was he to regain his strength that he took all the exercise he could, and he always walked with his head erect, his shoulders square, with the air which suggested defiance of the world and his own fate.

And all the way, on these very long walks, he thought of that which had befallen him, of the cruel blow dealt him by the fate he defied, and hardened his heart in the course he had taken, and was taking, to talk that blow. He wrote to Marie daily, his letters full of love, and always containing a prayer that she would soon recover, and that their marriage might then take place; and daily he received a line or two from her, brief letters which he pored over in the solitude of his own room, and laid aside as priceless treasures.

There were moments of remorse, of course; moments when through the veil which his passion for Marie had woven about him he saw himself as he was, and realized all the blackness of his action. One night he was walking from the Lawleys, where he had been dining. He had been particularly bright and cheerful that evening, and he had left them remarking, congratulating themselves on the change in him; they did not see him as he limped along the road, his head bent, his face pale and lined, his under lip caught in his teeth.

It was a lovely night; the moon was nearly at its full, and lit up his road; the dark firs of the wood stood out against the deep-blue sky; and, with perhaps an unconscious desire to escape the soft but brilliant light, which irritated him, he turned off the drive and entered the wood. It was dark and reposeful here, and he felt soothed and quieted; but even here the fit of remorse which had assailed him in the open still clung to him. He paused a moment, and, resting on his stick, he looked up through the trees at the stars. How often had the old Philip, that Philip who had gone forever, gazed up as he was gazing now; but with a heart at rest, at peace with all mankind! The old Philip had found delight in waking the solemn echoes of these mighty isles to the strains of immortal music; the violin that Philip had played had been shattered the night the present Philip had flung it from him.

With a deep sigh he walked on, lost in somber reverie; then suddenly he stopped, for he saw a small and twinkling light amid the trees a little ahead and on the right of him; it looked like the light of a lantern, partly shrouded. His heart sank, for he had no difficulty in guessing who was there, and he stood and looked broodingly and angrily at the light. It was the Snapper, of course, but what was he doing there? Why did he haunt the place and visit it at night? He had stipulated that he should be allowed to wander about the ground—why? There was something mysterious about the man; he was unlike the ordinary gypsy, who wanders from fair to fair, or

squats upon the common, with a mind on a par with that of the farm laborer, and no ambition which could not be satisfied by frequent visits to the ale house. This old man had an individuality of his own; he said, had seen much of a great deal, and, as he said, had seen much of men; that he was no common gypsy, no ordinary man, was proved by the way in which he had influenced Philip and overcome all his scruples.

Philip felt curious as well as angry. He left the narrow path and, winding among the trees, approached the spot where the lantern was burning; and, to his surprise, he saw, as he knelt on the bracken, fully screened by the trunk of a fir, that the old man was bending over a hole which he had dug in the ground. The handbag in which he had taken away the gold was by his side; and Philip relieved, though he knew not why, concluded that the Snapper was burying the first part of his blackmail somewhat contemptuously; the act was just such as a gypsy would do.

The Snapper was evidently unaccustomed to banking, and considered that there could be no surer way of securing his booty than by burying it. After all, he was but a gypsy; and Philip's contempt shifted to himself when he reflected upon the commonness of the mind and man to whom he had yielded. He was about to go away as noiselessly as he had come, when he saw the Snapper stoop over the hole and bring up a canvas bag, and Philip remained and watched breathlessly.

The old man lifted out the bag, and, untying the string which closed its mouth, thrust in his hand and brought out something. He opened his hand, and the murky light of the lantern fell on its contents. They sparkled and glittered; it seemed as if the Snapper held the glowing embers of a fire in the horny palm of his claw. In his amazement, Philip could scarcely suppress a cry; for the things glittering in the lantern light were gems—rubies, Philip thought.

Rubies! Naturally enough the sight of them caused his memory to flash back with lightning-like rapidity to that night at Rouen; the silent street, the dim archway, the lifeless figure lying on the pavement, the man bending over him, with clawlike hands searching the motionless form! The scene came back to Philip as vividly as if it were being enacted before his eyes at that moment.

And more. There was something in the Snapper's attitude at that moment, in the movement of his hands, which connected him in Philip's mind with the thief at Rouen. Notwithstanding that he had been disguised, Philip knew, as surely as one can know anything, that the Snapper was the man who had robbed Larry; and that here, before Philip's eyes, lay the proceeds of that robbery.

Now, the assertion that the mind of man is a complex piece of machinery has been made so often as to become trite and commonplace; and it shall not be repeated here. Extraordinary as it may seem, that Philip should have yielded to the temptation to commit a great crime and work a grievous wrong, and yet should recoil with indignation and horror from participating in a lesser crime and a smaller wrong, such was the fact. Every drop of blood in his body revolted against this injustice, this injury to Larry, to Larry, who relinquishing his search for his lost treasure, had stood by Philip in his hour of need, and, regardless of self and his own interest, had brought Marie back.

Perhaps, if he had had time to think, to consider the consequences of this sudden awakening of his conscience, Philip might have hesitated; but the sight of the man gloating over the rubies—Larry's rubies—drove him half mad.

With a cry of rage, he threw himself on the bending form and seized the Snapper by the throat. The Snapper was so completely taken by surprise that he was borne backward, the rubies falling from his hand in a glittering shower beside the lantern; but in a moment he had recovered himself; with a snarl and an awful oath, he struggled with his assailant, and, being stronger, notwithstanding his age, he succeeded in regaining his feet; but Philip got hold of him again, and the two men struggled and wrestled, swaying this way and that, sometimes one down, sometimes the other. Philip was silent, but the Snapper found his voice, and, with volley of oaths, panted:

"You young fool! Let me go! Hands off, you unnatural hound! Do you forget who I am? Let me go or I'll—"

He got one hand free and felt for a knife. Philip was underneath for a moment, and he looked up at the blade gleaming above him.

"You thief!" he gasped. "I know you. I say I know you. I saw you steal those things. I do not care who or what you are—I mean to have them; I intend to bring you to justice."

The Snapper's claw was at Philip's throat, and silenced him. He felt choking, powerless; the knife gleamed above him; the old man's blazing eyes shone banefully down at him.

"You will, will you?" snarled the snapper. "You'll rob me and send me to jail, ay? I'd rather go to the gallows, and send you, you've lost your senses. Remember what you are before you venture to interfere with me. Swear to hold your tongue, to let me go my way, or I'll kill you. Swear!"

Philip was endeavoring to struggle; but suddenly he ceased to do so. He was lying on the ground, and sounds were carried to him much more quickly and distinctly than they were to his assailant; and he fancied that he heard footsteps.

"No; you won't kill me," he gasped. "You're too clever, too cunning. You would be traced, would be caught. I'm not afraid. I mean to have those rubies. I mean to have them, let the consequences be what they may!" Then suddenly he put forth all his strength, and, dinging the old man aside, he staggered to his feet, shouting hoarsely:

"Help! Geddon! Geddon!"

The sound of footsteps now broke unmistakably upon his ear; Geddon and a footman came rushing toward the spot; and Philip, calling still more loudly for help, tried to hold the Snapper.

With an inarticulate cry, the Snapper made a lunge at him with the knife; but Philip swerved aside and avoided the blow. In doing so, he stumbled and fell. He was on his feet again in a moment, ready to resume the struggle; but the old man had disappeared. Before he had taken flight, he had kicked over the lantern; and Philip, blundering after him, rushed into the arms of Geddon.

"Great Heaven! it's his lordship!" cried Geddon, with amazement and alarm. "What has happened, my lord? Are you hurt? We heard voices—Are you hurt, my lord?"

Philip leaned against a tree, a moonbeam fell upon his white face; he was fighting for breath. When he had got it, he said:

"No, no! I'm not hurt. I found a man—someone in the wood. I closed with him. There was a struggle; then you came, and—he got off."

The agitated Geddon looked round helplessly. He was speechless with wrath and indignation; indeed, after a moment or so, Philip was the calmer of the two.

"Give me your arm," he said. "I will go to the house. 'No, no!' he said to the footman, who began to search the undergrowth. 'It is no use looking for the man; he has got clean off for the present.'"

Leaning on Geddon's arm and followed by the footman, Philip went into the house. Geddon quickly gave him some brandy; and Philip repeated his account of the incident.

"I will send to the police station at once, my lord," said Geddon. "Can your lordship tell me what he was like? They'll want a description of him."

Philip shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't, Geddon," he said. "It was in the dark part of the wood. Don't worry about it any more tonight. It will be in plenty of time if we give notice to the police tomorrow. I've no doubt the fellow was only a poacher. Tomorrow will do."

Geddon yielded grudgingly. "It do make me mad, my lord, to think of you being set on and ill used here, within sound of the house. There has been an old gypsy mooching about the place—"

"This was a young man," said Philip quickly. "I've no doubt we shall find him. Let the matter rest till the morning. I don't want the neighborhood disturbed by such a—trifling matter. I'm not in the least hurt. And please do not disturb the house. I shall go to bed at once."

Still muttering his indignation, Geddon left his master; but Philip heard him going over the house and searching the shrubbery. But presently all was still, and Philip went up to his bedroom. He remained in bed, lying with wide-open eyes and twitching limbs, until just before dawn; then he rose, partially dressed himself, and, stealing from the house, went to the scene of the encounter.

The hole, everything was there as he had last seen it. He lit the lantern, carefully screening it from the windows of the house, and, with trembling hands, collected the rubies and replaced them in the bag. He threw the lantern into the hole, which he filled, carefully covering the new earth with bracken; then he strewed bracken on the confused footprints, and returned to the house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY MARIE PROPOSES.

Hepburn was a slow man, but cautious. Warned by Larry's loss, he did not carry the bulk of the rubies about him, but, selecting a few specimens, he deposited the remainder in a bank, while he went about seeking a financier to start the company. He put up at a small hotel frequented by colonials, in one of the streets off the Strand. There was something impressive in his solid appearance and stolid demeanor; and, strange to say in these suspicious days, before long he succeeded in hooking his capitalist. As he was employed nearly all day, Linda was left very much to herself; and she found the time hang heavily on her hands, for she was possessed by a spirit of unrest.

She had come away from the interview with Lady Marie feeling that Larry's fate was in her hands. And she had no means of communicating with him. He was slaving away there in the wilds, fighting with his misery, and there was no way to say the words to him that would lift the load from his heart.

Under other circumstances she could have been happy enough, and enjoyed her visit to London; but, as it was, she could find no pleasure in the multitude of amusements which the great city offered so liberally, not even in shopping, that chief delight of her sex. Her great desire was to get back to Larry, to tell him that she had seen Lady Marie, and place the decision in his hands, but she knew it would be some time before her father would be able to return; and what might not happen to Lady Marie in the meanwhile?

The thought haunted her by day and night; she could not stay in the hotel, and she wandered about the crowded streets, absorbed in her problem, as Lady Marie had been wont to wander about, absorbed in hers.

One morning she accompanied her father to the city; he had told her not to wait for him, as he might be kept some time over his business appointment, and Linda, discharging the cab, and, regardless of the direction she was taking, walked down Fenchurch street. Not a few of the clerks and business men who scurried through that bustling thoroughfare turned to glance admiringly at the pretty girl, who walked slowly and with an engrossed air, as if she were lost in thought. She reached the end of Fenchurch street, and, after looking about her for a moment or two, was about to retrace her steps, when she stopped short and put her hand to her heart. In very truth, she thought she must be dreaming or the victim of a hallucination; for there, not twenty yards from her, on the other side of the road, were Larry and Spon!

She was so amazed, so startled, as to be incapable for a moment of movement; then, at the risk of her life, and to the disgust and indignation of the drivers, she darted across the crowded street and seized Larry by the arm, calling him by name in almost terrified accents. Larry, before he could see who it was, caught hold of her, and drew her out of the press into a shop doorway.

"Is it you, Larry? Is it really you?" she gasped.

"Linda!" he exclaimed in turn. "Yes; it's us, right enough. No wonder you're startled! But you, how is it you are here?"

"Never mind me," said Linda, beginning to recover herself. "You here! I can scarcely believe I'm not dreaming. What is the meaning of it? Why have you come? Has—has anything happened?"

"Yes," said Larry, rather gravely. "Something has happened."

At this point, Spon, who had not let go the hand Linda had given him, much to the amusement of the passers-by, led her to a confectioner's; and there he took up the tale.

"Something's happened, as Larry said, Miss Linda. The mine's fallen in." Linda uttered a cry. "Don't be alarmed; we are all safe, as you see—three cups of tea, if you please, miss—"

It happened two days after you left. I was down below, and, fortunately for me—he glanced gratefully and affectionately at Larry—"Larry was not far off. That blessed mine would have been my tomb but for him. He risked his life getting me out—"

"Where is your father? Where are you staying?" asked Larry, who was one of those rare individuals who do not like to hear themselves praised.

"Here, in the city; he is forming the company—but he must tell you all that. You must come to the hotel at once! Oh, to think of your being here; and I wanted you so badly, was dying with anxiety to tell you—I mean—oh, let us go!"

They reached the hotel, and found Hepburn already there. In a few words he was informed of the position of their affairs. The mine had collapsed; and it would have been of no use for Spon and Larry to remain there; but the company would have no difficulty in sinking a fresh shaft. Presently Spon, with something like a wink, which was quite lost on Hepburn, took him off to the smoking-room to discuss the details; and Larry and Linda were left alone. There was an awkward silence for a moment; then he said:

"Have you got your answer ready for me, Linda?"

She flushed, but regarded him steadily. "Not yet. It depends upon a third person."

"A third person!" echoed Larry, staring at her. "How can that be? Who is it?"

"Lady Marie," she said, in a low voice.

Larry started.

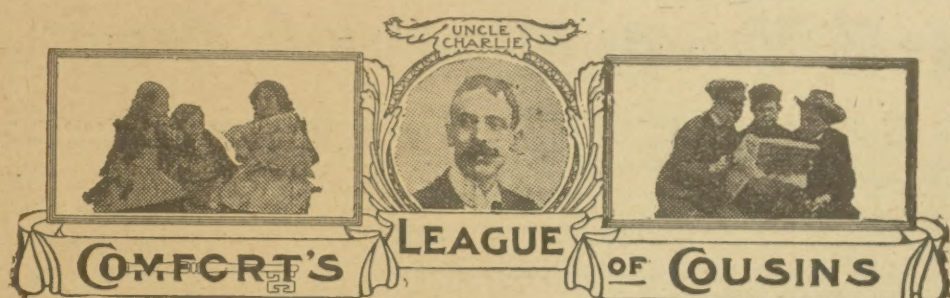
"Lady Marie! You know—you have seen her?"

"Yes," said Linda bravely. "And she wants to see you."

Larry rose; then, as if ashamed of his eagerness, sat down again.

"Yes; go at once," said Linda earnestly. "I will not say another word; no, not another word"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap, and snuggle down close to the heart that loves you, and I'll explode a few verbal firecrackers in honor of the Fourth of July. According to President Wilson we are to have no panics in the next four years. The gentleman who now occupies the White House has said that he will see that the individual who starts one is hanged on a gallows as high as the one prepared for Haman and if you will refer to the book of Esther in the Bible, you'll find Haman's gallows was fifty cubits high—and that was seventy-five feet by the way. Wall Street ought to have had cold chills when it heard this but gentlemen of high finance, only winked the other eye and went on increasing their bank accounts. John D's Standard Oil Co., by the way, has just declared a special dividend of forty per cent.; that mind you is in addition to the usual dividend. This is what they call cutting a melon. John D's share of the cutting, it is estimated will amount to some ten million dollars, and this is the company by the way that was so badly dissolved, disintegrated and dismembered some while ago by our distinguished Supreme Court. Meanwhile the price of oil is constantly being boosted and gasoline is of inferior quality and its price is almost prohibitive. One would think that with those enormous profits and tremendous dividends, that the voracious "Standard" could make oil cheaper instead of dearer. You, who light your little oil lamp at night or use a gasoline engine are the ones who contributed to that terrific forty per cent. dividend, and the ten million dollars that went into John D's pockets came out of your jeans.

Why in pity's name did Uncle Sam allow any man or any group of men to obtain complete control of one of the great natural resources of our country? Why didn't Uncle Sam brush these individuals aside and say: "Gentlemen, oil is as necessary to the people of the United States as bread. God Almighty didn't intend that this indispensable product should be monopolized by a few individuals, and be doled out to the people at exorbitant rates, enriching you the while beyond the dreams of avarice. Now I'm going to take over the oil industry, and I'm going to sell the oil at cost, for as it is the property of all the people, I have no right to sell it at a profit, any more than I would have a right to bottle up the air, and charge people for using that. I'm going to pay first-class wages instead of the lowest possible wages as you do, and I'm going to conduct my business, the people's business, in a clean cut, honest, honorable, above-board manner, and I'm not going to violate the laws, nor engage in such dirty work as you have done." Now Uncle Sam could have done all that and he could have taken over the oil industry paying a reasonable price for it and he could have sold oil to you at a much lower price than you are paying for it now. If Uncle Charlie had been Uncle Sam that's exactly what he would have done, and what any sane and reasonable government would have done, don't you think?

While the Standard Oil is declaring an extra dividend of forty per cent. the savings banks, where the poor deposit their pennies, are cutting their interest rates from four to three and a half per cent. The Bible hit it on the nail pretty well when it said: "Unto him that shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." You see the Bible knew that men for many centuries—that is until they had sense enough to know better—would stand by like a lot of brainless sheep, and let a crafty, unscrupulous few, despoil them, not only of what they had, but of what they didn't have as well, and that's going some. John D. Junior, a very estimable young man, is publicly pleading for honest business methods, and in visions, we can see John D. Senior, patting his noble, altruistic, idealistic offspring on the head, and with a sanctified smile chortling piously: "Good boy, John, a little more business honesty is what we need, my dear son, but if anyone asks you how your papa got his, just invite him to sing a Gospel hymn and while he is in the middle of the hymn and inspired with religious fervor, you beat it, hike, fade, hot foot it for home, be on your way, let not the Alfaifa grow beneath thy feet, for it might be inconvenient and decidedly embarrassing to answer." I have been delighted to see that one or two gentlemen in prominent newspapers and magazines, have been kicking about the robber coal trust, which charges exorbitant prices for another of our natural products. Several, who have written to the public prints have suggested that the government bring its own coal in its own ships, from Alaska, where it has an abundant supply, and land it at our Pacific coast cities, and as soon as the Panama Canal is finished, this coal could also be brought to the Atlantic coast and sold at cost. This would make the coal robbers turn blue about the gills, and instead of coal being seven dollars and twenty-five cents a ton in New York, we could get it delivered to our homes for three or four dollars or less. There is a way to bring down high prices and make the trust barons tremble, and stop the fleecing of the public, and it is not necessary to buy them out to do the job. If the gov-

ernment can sell stamps, it can if forced by voracious industrial sharks sell coal and oil, just as the government in France sells matches, the government in Germany railroad tickets, and the government in England telegraph and cable messages, telephone calls and other things. You will say this is encroaching on private industries and stopping private enterprise. My dear friends, when private enterprise and private industries grab the people by the throat, go through their pockets and become arrogant, rapacious, lawless, oppressive and criminal, and when private enterprise even dares to start panics to add to its plunder, then public enterprise must step in and stop private piracy, and it may even be necessary at a pinch to remind President Wilson that it would be a mighty good thing if he would repeat to certain of our industrial pirates the remarks he made about the gentleman who figures prominently in the book of Esther, which as I mentioned before is a part of Holy Scripture.

Do you know what the gentlemen who misrepresent you down at Washington did during the Taft regime? Well, some of these worthy pickled pork politicians (gentlemen who maintain their popularity at home and their seats in Congress by raiding Uncle Sam's pork barrel, which is the national pocketbook) got no less than \$3,000,000 for the improvement of a certain river in Louisiana. This "river" is a wonderfully busy ditch. I don't think. About the only traffic that ever passes up and down on its breast is a half-submerged grasshopper. In one year only sixty-two tons of freight were hauled on this stream, and one lone passenger! Uncle Sam's pocketbook, was raided to the extent of \$3,000,000 for the improvement of this profitless ditch. That's the way your money goes, and the individuals who did the raiding were put into office by so-called American citizens, and they will be returned to office by these same so-called American citizens, not because of their patriotism and ability as statesmen, but for their proficiency in burglary. The national pocketbook. Senator Burton of Ohio said that this was the most extravagant river and harbor bill ever presented to the Senate. He also said that the bill was full of items intended to appease the men whose votes were sought to put it through. There you have a beautiful specimen of corrupt politicians and corrupt and despicable voters banding together, just as the river pirates of China band together, for the one and only purpose of robbing the national treasury, and shaking down the pockets of other American citizens. Surely a brazen and indecent incident of this kind is enough to make high heaven weep, and it ought to make every man who has any pride of country, pride of race, or any sense of honor or decency, hang his head in shame. These are the men who would sell our navy to the junk man for scrap iron, for a five spot, and would dispose of the whole of the United States, including Washington's grave to Japan for a ten dollar bill. It is these pork barrel politicians who have crippled our navy, and left us naked to our enemies, a big fat goose to be plucked to the last feather, by the piratical yellow hordes of insolent Japan. What are the good of palatial post-offices in prairie dog towns and cross road villages, if the flag of Japan is to wave on the top of these edifices, and a greasy son of Nippon is to leer at you through the stamp window. Every nation that has revelled in graft and public plunder, and neglected its defenses, has gone down to ruin. Is the pork barrel politician determined to send this country to ruin, too?

In Japan's arrogant attitude to Uncle Sam you get the answer.

The overgrown rich of Chicago give an annual so-called charity ball. You will say that is very kind and considerate of them, but wait a little and you'll change your mind after you hear the story. On this occasion the "Sassie" swells of "Hogopholis" or "Porkville by the Lake" have a royal and riotous time as you may gather from the following facts. The figures I give are taken from the daily papers:

Wealth of families represented,	\$500,000,000
Cost of jewelry worn,	10,000,000
Cost of clothing worn,	1,000,000
Cost of fancy costumes, unsalable after the ball,	100,000
Most costly jewelry worn (chain),	250,000
Received for drinks,	10,000
Total receipts,	43,000
Expenses of the ball,	29,000
Left for charity,	14,000

In this gaudy debauch, where half naked women turkey trotted with booze-soused men, it will be noticed that \$10,000 was spent for liquor, and various brands of alcoholic poison. Girls in sweat shops had to toil overtime at the usual starvation rate of a dollar a day to make the hundred thousand dollars' worth of fancy costumes, which are thrown aside as useless after being worn once. Think of that wanton waste of material, time and money! \$10,000 worth of booze and only \$14,000 for charity. I don't know how this money was distributed, but if it is handled in the usual scientific manner peculiar to up-to-date charitable organizations, ninety cents will go for expenses for every ten cents that is given away. Think of it. "Sassie" has to indulge in an alcoholic debauch, so that a few dollars can reach the suffering and the poverty stricken. As a matter of fact at these charity balls not a single thought is ever given to charity. There is not one worthy or uplifting impulse at the back of these degenerate revels and booze saturated jamborees. I hope the poor of Chicago, if any of this money is ever given to them—and mighty little of it they are ever likely to get—will spurn the dolé and hur it with contempt in the faces of those who proffer it them. Better the poor should die in their hovels forgotten, than profit by this insolent and degrading form of charity. The conscience of Chicago's proclive aristocracy is now relieved—it has helped the poor. Well, if that's what they call helping the needy, may God touch the hearts of degenerate society, and may God have double pity on the poor, for they need pity.

Just a brief reminder that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full description at the end of this department. Don't miss it.

Now for the letters:

Brownstown, R. R. 1, Ill.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been reading some of the cousins' letters and have decided to scribble a little myself. I am

a little girl four feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown hair and gray eyes. I keep house for my papa. I have two sisters and two brothers living. My mamma has been dead almost four years. Be good to mother, you don't know how you'll miss her when she's gone. Treasure her while you have her, for you won't have her always. I can bake bread, cook, wash and do anything else. I like to ride horseback and help milk. I will soon be sixteen years old. We live on a farm of one hundred acres. I go to Oak Grove school.

Well I guess I had better quit for this time. Would be glad to hear from any of the cousins, will answer any cards or letters which I receive.

Your loving niece,

MAYME SIDWELL.

Mayme, dear I am grieved to know that you have lost your dear mother. How terribly you must miss her. It is not until mother has gone forever, that boys and girls begin to realize all that mother has been to them. Youth is thoughtless, impatient, forgetful, headstrong, selfish and unappreciative as a rule. This is especially so as far as boys are concerned. When mother is gone then even the best of us spend the balance of our lives regretting we did not do more for her. On us she lavished the boundless affection of her tender, loving heart. No ache or pain was ours that she did not feel. When we suffered she suffered with us, when we went off on a good time we forgot all about mother, but mother never for an instant forgot about us, and she worried and fretted until we returned safely, and sleep never touched her weary eyes until we were safe in our beds. When we were sick, no matter if the disease was a menace to her life, she nursed us night and day, and though she never seemed to be absent from our bedside, the house was as clean as usual and no one went short of a meal. Though every bone in her body ached from excessive toil, and the flagging heart could scarce pump the blood through her exhausted body, she never murmured or complained, but kept her ceaseless vigil until health returned. Never a thought of self was hers, but always of others—of us. When she prayed she knelt before heaven and asked for what? Blessings for the idols of her heart, her children.

For herself she asked only strength for her daily needs, strength to toil in the home and out for her loved ones; begging for that grace and light and wisdom which would enable her the better to guide the footsteps of her beloved brood through the perilous pathways of this transitory life. What did we do for mother? Nothing. We drew on the boundless store of her love, but regarded with impatience the kisses she rained upon our cheeks, the caressing hands that soothed our brows. When we could have lightened her labor we only added to it. When she yearned for a caress we turned our heads away and thought her foolish. When our acts were rash and she cautioned and pleaded, we thought her old-fashioned and needed not her counsel. We saw the lines of care grow deeper on her face, the elasticity depart from her footsteps, the frail form grow daily more frail. At times we saw her face distorted with agony, as pitiless shafts of pain tore through a rapidly weakening body. We saw the old light fade from her eyes, the tears which she could not suppress course down her care-worn cheeks. We saw these things, but to us they meant nothing. Mother was a piece of machinery that could not wear out, she always had been, always would be. Mother would always be in her wonted place, to patch, mend, scrub, dust, clean, plan, provide, fondle, caress and be a slave to us all. Yes, that's what mothers were made for, all they were made for, and so we laughed and sang, acted rashly, adding to mother's cares, giving mother more work and more worry, heedless, thoughtless, selfish, caring nought about anything but self, fun and pleasure. Then came a day. Ah! the memory of that dreadful day. Mother was just time to gather around her bedside and hear her whisper blessing, and then mother was gone—gone where thoughtless, selfish sons and daughters could not worry, and weary mothers are at rest. Gone where our cries of anguish and moaning can never reach. In that moment of agonizing grief, which comes to us all, we realize what mother has been to us, and what we might have been and were not, to her. It is then that we stretch out our hands to heaven and cry from the depths of our seared and sorrowing hearts: "Oh, God, give mother back to us, so that we can make amends for past neglect. Give her back to us so that we may toil for her, and lavish our love upon her, and give her the kisses she hungered for and never received. We did not know that she was sick and suffering. She suffered in silence and told us not. Oh, God, give her back to us for a month, a week, a day, an hour, a minute, so that we can beg forgiveness, and fold her to our hearts just once, as we would have done, if we had only known." But too late, too late. "If we had only known." Ah, thousands in this and other lands are standing by mother's bedside, or by the casket in which with folded hands, she lies peacefully asleep, and are moaning with anguish: "Ah, if I had only known!" Now boys and girls, you who have mother still with you, be good to her, love her, treasure her. You know what mother is, for I have told you. Heed my words, or you too may spend the balance of your life, grief racked and conscience stricken, pitifully and vainly moaning: "Ah, if I had only known!"

PORT TERRY, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: This is the third time I have written and hope you have put Billie the Goat to bed so he won't get this letter. I am in the United States Navy and like it very much. I read "A Day with Uncle CHARLIE," and thought that it was fine, and also think COMFORT is the best paper in the world.

I will now tell you something about army life. Well to begin with, I am in the branch of the Coast Artillery Corps, or C. A. C. as it's called. I get up at six o'clock and go to bed at nine o'clock p. m. I will close now hoping to see this letter in print.

With love to all, I am your nephew and

JOHN H. FULTON.

Th' third time is evidently the charm in your case, John. I am pleased with your photograph. What tickled me the most, however, in your letter, is the intensely interesting and unparalleled description you give of life in the United States Coast Artillery. I have often wondered what a soldier's life was like, what his duties consisted of, how many hours he drilled, what he had to eat and drink, how he amused himself, what kind of fellows his comrades were, how he handled his weapons of offense and defence, what wages he got, how many times he went to church on Sunday, and a thousand and one other things connected with army life. But I never knew and never could find out a single thing until our military brother John Fulton, came to my relief and after weary years of anxious speculation, lifted the mysterious veil that hides the defenders of our country from the inquisitive eyes of the world, revealing to us the two great and startling incidents in a soldier's life, namely: that he gets up at six o'clock in the morning, and goes to bed at nine o'clock at night. Nothing interesting you see in a soldier's life, nothing worth recording except that he gets out of bed at one hour, and gets into it at another. Instead of reaping glory on



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the battlefield the Coast Artillery of the U. S. A. apparently wins its victories between the blankets in the mystic realms of slumberland. Now if we had a war with Japan, I can imagine if the Japanese fleet appeared off any port where our heroic friend, John Fulton, was doing duty, and commenced firing say at half past eight in the evening, that by the time nine o'clock struck, John's commander would send word to the Japs, couched in some such language as this: "Honored Sir, Will you kindly stop firing, as it is nine o'clock, and we've all got to go to bed." I can imagine too, if the Japs came back and began shooting at five o'clock in the morning, the gentleman in charge of John's battery would put his head out of the window, and waving his nightcap at the Japs, would scream, "Gentlemen, please stop that cannonading. You are disturbing our slumbers. The Coast Artillery does not get up until six o'clock in the morning." After all I think the C. T. C. is showing mighty good sense by getting up early and retiring early, and I hope no enemy will be rude enough to disturb its hours of slumber. I suppose the fact is that John and his comrades are such efficient soldiers and such dead shots that they can win all the battles they want and still observe regular hours for sleep and rest. John, you'll note is "hopping" to see his letter in print. Personally John, I think it is rather undignified for a bronzed, stalwart, heroic soldier, such as you are, to be hopping around on one leg, like a cat on hot bricks, waiting until your letter is published. We won't ask you to do any hopping, you shall have the pleasure of seeing your letter in print without dancing around on one leg.

MARAMEC, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am not much of a writer as I have had no chance to go to school for the last six years. We live on a farm and had three miles to go to school. But I stayed at home to pick cotton. I am not much of a cotton picker, about two hundred pounds a day is my average. It is hard work and more so I think for girls, dragging such heavy loads as some have to do. We live in a rough country, lots of hills, rocks and plenty of timber. There are lots of Indians living in and around here, but all are civilized. All have nice farms. Say Uncle, did you ever see them dance? You ought to come and see them. It is sure a funny sight.

This is generally a warm country, but this winter we have had a few light snows and some cold weather. But oh, in the summer believe me, it is hot enough to roast one. It has sure been tough on the farmer the last three years. We don't raise much, and then get little for what we do raise.

Uncle, I often wonder how you can see life as you do and in no better health than you are; unable to see anything of the world. But I expect you see enough of its misery and wretchedness. It sure ought to be a lesson to the rest of us who are stronger and able bodied. The work that you and our editor

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of fast and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingston, a refined, educated young girl from drowning and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumed control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office where he does good work. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. Through his influence Shirley recovers her clothing and five hundred dollars from John Hubbard. Clifton invites his old nurse and Shirley for a sail. Returning home the steamer takes fire. Shirley displays heroism in saving Abby Knapp and six children from drowning. Clifton declares his love to Shirley, but she admits her love for him. Shirley, taking work home she has done for Mrs. Norwood, renders Hamilton Vining a favor, by removing a cinder from his eye, for which he begs her to command him if he can ever be of any service to her. Reaching Mrs. Norwood's home she is met by Blanche Norwood, who is overbearing and fault finding. Clifton calls upon his father and admits his love for and determination to marry Shirley Livingston. Mr. Vining objects and swears his son shall never marry her. Clifton secures a position for Shirley through Mr. Norwood, whose aunt, Madame Marton, a most eccentric woman, desires a companion. Mr. Norwood schemes with Mrs. Vining and induces Clifton to consent to go abroad on a business trip with him, and later admits his wife and Blanche will be in the party. Clifton expresses surprise and annoyance. Mr. Vining prevents Clifton receiving letters from Shirley. Blanche admits to her father of a conspiracy with Lurline Lovering, who is the guest of Lord Wallace. Madame Marton takes Shirley to her home at St. Sauveur. It is cold and cheerless. Shirley wins Madame Marton's heart and she allows Shirley to brighten the home with flowers and rare bric-a-brac. Going for a walk Shirley is confronted by a huge black-and-white mastiff. It belongs to Neil Wallace who is near and he assures her the dog is harmless. She apologizes for trespassing and he requests her to accompany him to his house. Clifton, then he accompanies her home. Madame Marton relates the story of Neil Wallace's life. A graduate physician with wealth at his command he gives his time to the slums of the town. Married to a handsome but unprincipled woman, she becomes the mother of a beautiful boy, who through her neglect is hopelessly crippled and unable to walk. Later she elopes and dies soon after. Lord Wallace and his mother, Lady Wallace, call upon Madame Marton and Shirley. Returning the call a week later Lord Wallace takes Shirley to the conservatories and to his child who is in a carriage attended by a nurse. Shirley wins the boy's heart, and he promises she will come again. Lady Wallace extends an invitation to Madame Marton and Shirley to spend a week at Ivyhurst where she entertains a large house party. Shirley has misgivings as to the reception she will receive. Madame Marton shows the way clear and asks to see her wardrobe. Shirley is cordially received by Lady Wallace's guests. Three days later Lurline Lovering and her mother arrive and when presented to Shirley she ignores Shirley's pleasant greeting and turning to Alice Montclair remarks she is the companion of Madame Marton. Shirley instantly admits her position and Madame Marton's kindness in allowing her to enjoy Lady Wallace's hospitality. Lord Wallace comes to the rescue and relieves the embarrassing situation. Lurline incurs Madame Marton's displeasure. Arranging a trip down the river Lord Wallace, unexpectedly meets his uncle's friend, Mr. Alexander Hartman, who recognizes Shirley as the heroine on the burning steamer and learning her father's and mother's name shows so much feeling that suspicion is aroused in Lurline Lovering's mind as to the mystery, believing she may use it to injure Shirley. Returning from the sail, the evening mail is distributed. Lurline Lovering receives a letter from Blanche Norwood; her engagement to Clifton Vining is soon to be announced. A letter from Mrs. Norwood to Madame Marton and she hopes to have something pleasant to write of Blanche. Clifton Vining is very attentive. Shirley faints and with returning consciousness Madame Marton hears the whispered "Oh, Cliff," and with Shirley's recovery she desires to know what Clifton Vining has to do with her fainting and Shirley unburies her heart to Madame Marton who believes Clifton is all right. Going back to the guests, Madame Marton overhears Lurline Lovering reading a letter written by Blanche Norwood, in which she places Shirley Livingston in a false light and writes of Madame Marton as a "queer old bird" with lots of money and tolerated for her wealth. Convinced of the Norwoods' insincerity and realizing their apparent friendliness a sham she cannot sleep, and Shirley the next morning finds Madame Marton ill she insists that a doctor be called. Refusing Shirley applies such treatment as taught by her mother. Her attitude toward Shirley is so strange that she questions Madame who would like to prove Shirley's genuineness, and she is a trifle less surly, yet trying Shirley by her sharp and malicious remarks. Shirley goes for a walk, resting near the river bank, where Neil Wallace invites her for a row. Admitting to him that she considers Ivyhurst the loveliest place she ever saw he asks her to become his wife. Shirley, realizing the pain she must cause, turns her ring and Neil understands why the refusal must come. Madame Marton and Shirley go home that night. Declining to return to New York Shirley fears she does not give satisfaction. Madame assures her she suits her better than anyone she has ever had and Shirley thinks she may hear of Clifton from Abby Knapp. Madame admits the Norwoods are coming home and that Blanche has married her father's secretary. Madame sympathizes with Shirley, and declaring that all men are false she tells the story of her life, her engagement, the wedding day set, her tresson nearly completed, the wedding guests invited, and three days before the long-looked for morning word comes that her lover is false, and this destroys Felice Marton's faith and changes her to a crabbed old woman. Shirley determines she will conquer her weakness.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE "QUEER BIRD" IS SHOWN OF HER GOLDEN PLUMAGE.

HAVING partially regained composure, with this determination, Shirley lifted her head with an air of haughtiness that Madame had never seen her exhibit before, and remarked bitterly, although her tone was strained and unnatural:

"Yes, I believe that what you say is true—men are false and selfish! But we will not talk of this any more now, if you please. You say that you are going back to New York, and I would like to know something of your plans, so that I may arrange my own. Shall you return to Mr. Norwood's?"

"Humph! well, I may, after a time—when they are settled, perhaps," Madame thoughtfully returned. "That is," she added with a peculiar smile and a strange gleam in her eyes, "if they will have me. I shall take lodgings in the city for a while, however, and would like to have you remain with me for the present," and she glanced keenly at Shirley as she concluded.

"Certainly, Madame Marton, I will stay with you as long as you desire to keep me," she cheerfully replied; "but perhaps you will not mind if I look for another position meanwhile, so that I may not be without employment when you no longer need me," and Shirley quivered of the sweet lips that accompanied this reference to an approaching separation did not escape Madame's observing eyes.

"Of course you may look about as much as you like; that would be only right," she returned. "I imagine, too, that you'll be glad enough of a change—that you will not fret a great deal over leaving a cross-grained creature like me," and her sharp glance searched the girl's face with more eagerness than she was in the habit of betraying.

"Why will you say such hard things, dear Madame Marton?" Shirley questioned sadly as she lifted her tear-laden eyes to her. "I have been very happy most of the time, since coming to St. Sauveur, for you have been good to me;

but I should have been far happier if—"

"If what?" Madame snapped as she faltered and hesitated. "Out with it! you needn't mind my feelings—my shell is tough, and I can stand most anything."

"Yes, that is just it," Shirley said, with a slight smile. "You do literally shut yourself up in a shell—you are so incrustated with an assumed hardness that no one can get at your true self to love you, no matter how much one may desire to do so."

"Love!" repeated Madame, with a bitter laugh. "I was never made for any emotion so tender. But why do you use the expression, 'assumed hardness?' and her small black eyes seemed to bore straight down to the depths of the young girl's heart.

"Because I believe that it is assumed," boldly answered Shirley, determined if possible to probe the woman's nature for once. "I am sure that you have a much kinder heart than you are willing that people should give you credit for; your goodness to me has proved that, and I wish you would open it just a little to me, dear Madame Marton, for oh! I am so alone in the world and just now I feel very forlorn and friendless."

She arose as she spoke, took a step forward and threw out her hands toward the woman with impulsive appeal, while her lips trembled painfully from the intense longing for sympathy which she experienced in this dark hour of her extremity.

Madame was not quite case-hardened, and the yearning words touched her.

Her face softened.

"Child, child," she said, in an uncertain tone, "I don't quite know what to make of you; sometimes I think you are pure gold, then again I am inclined to suspect you, as I do everyone else, so many have proved false—so many have pretended to be fond of me just to gain their own selfish ends, that I have no faith in anybody. But," she added, reflectively, "you and I will not part company yet a while; I'd like to know you a little better and—and you may try to—to love me a little, if you will."

This concession, if such it could be called, was so much more than Shirley had dared to hope for that she was overcome, and, dropping on the floor at the woman's side, she buried her face in her lap and burst into passionate weeping, her desolate, wounded heart unable to longer contain its grief.

Madame allowed her to weep unrestrained, but sat looking down upon the bright bowed head and flushed face with a peculiar expression in her eyes. It was grave and thoughtful, yet there was wistful tenderness in it which betrayed that she was not so skeptical of Shirley's sincerity as she had appeared to be.

Finally she lifted one hand and laid it on the golden head, and its tremulous touch did more to convince the girl that she was not as hard as she seemed than any verbal expression could have done.

"There, child, dry your tears," she said authoritatively, after a moment, "and I'll try to take you for what you seem, until you show that you are tired of and disgusted with me. Now," she added in a more matter-of-fact tone, "we'll just attend to the business before us and get ourselves ready to go to New York as soon as possible. I have some matters on hand that are troubling me, and I feel anxious to get them settled and off my mind without further delay."

Shirley obediently wiped her tears and arose from her humble position, feeling something of what Madame had suffered and owing to her peculiar temperament, the influence it had produced upon her, drying up the springs of affection and stealing her heart against every human being.

She felt that, under the circumstances, she had conceded a great deal in telling her the story of her life, and she began to hope that underneath her sharp and crusty manner there was a feeling of friendliness, if not of fondness, for her.

She begged to be allowed to assist her in the necessary preparations for her departure, and Madame, consenting to this, kept her busy throughout the remainder of the evening.

The next morning, at an early hour, three gentlemen waited upon Madame Marton, and she was closeted with them for several hours.

When they finally took their departure, she went directly up-stairs, where she shut herself into her room and did not reappear until supper time, when, as Shirley looked into her face, she was startled to see it seemed strangely pale, and older by ten years than it had appeared in the morning. She was unusually preoccupied and reticent also; in fact, appeared like one moving in a dream.

Shirley wondered what it could mean; but of course she did not presume to question her, and so the matter remained a mystery to her until after they had been in New York for some days.

Three days later the servants were dismissed, the house closed, and the Madame and her young companion were on their way toward the great metropolis, which was to be their home for the winter at least.

Upon their arrival in the city they were driven to a quiet and unpretentious hotel, somewhat to Shirley's surprise, for, as a general thing, Madame insisted upon having the best accommodations wherever she went.

The next morning she spent three hours in writing a letter, which, when completed, she gave to Shirley to post, and the young girl saw that it was addressed to Mr. William Norwood.

That afternoon Shirley had another conversation with the Madame relative to securing some other position for herself.

"If you intend to make your home with Mr. Norwood, as you intimated to me before we left St. Sauveur," she remarked, "that will leave me without employment. I would prefer a situation as a teacher to anything else, and, unless I advertise immediately, I fear I shall not be able to secure a position this fall. I will not leave you, though, Madame Marton," she added considerately. "I will stay with you here and do what I can for you, out of school hours, as long as you need me."

Madame did not reply to these suggestions at once. She appeared to be considering the matter with more than her usual thoughtfulness. Neither was she offended, as Shirley half-feared she might be, because of her anxiety to provide for her own necessities.

At last she briefly remarked:

"I reckon you had better put an advertisement in one of the papers right away—this very evening."

That was all there was said about the matter, and, acting upon her advice, Shirley wrote the advertisement and sent it to the paper to be inserted in the next morning's edition.

Shirley received two answers on the following afternoon, much to her surprise and gratification. One was from the principal of a young ladies' private school, where she would be required to teach some English branches, together with French and German, at a very moderate salary. The other informed her that a teacher, one of the public schools was ill and a substitute was desired to fill her place at once.

After consulting with the Madame regarding the matter, Shirley decided to take the place as a substitute, for she reasoned that if the regular teacher should not recover, or be obliged to resign from continued ill-health, she might be able to secure the position permanently.

The next morning she had an interview with the school committee, passed a most creditable examination after which she was engaged on the spot and notified that she would be expected to begin her duties on the following Monday.

This was on Thursday. Friday morning two cards were sent up to Madame Marton.

"William Norwood and his wife have come to call on me; I want to see them alone," she said to Shirley.

"Very well," Shirley cheerfully responded; "then, while they are here, I will run out and do a few errands, if you do not mind."

"Go, and stay as long as you like," said Madame; and the girl disappeared into her own room, just as an opposite door opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Norwood.

Both husband and wife greeted Madame with effusive cordiality, but, after chatting a few moments, Mr. Norwood remarked, as he glanced around the rather meagerly furnished apartment:

"I was very much astonished, on receiving your letter, to find that you were stopping at this hotel. I thought the best was none too good for you. What does it mean?"

"It means," began Madame, with some nervousness, "that a complication of circumstances compelled me to come here instead of going to the Hoffman, as usual. You will doubtless be still more surprised, William Norwood, when I tell you that I am a poor woman."

"A poor woman," repeated the man, aghast, and cutting her short, while his wife caught her breath sharply. "Nonsense, Aunt Felice! That cannot be possible."

"Well, but it is possible, and an absolute fact. I have only about five hundred dollars to my name," affirmed Madame, who had now regained her customary composure and was watching her visitors with the eye of a lynx.

"But your estate—those valuable business blocks in Montreal and Quebec! What has become of them?" gasped her nephew.

"Gone—all gone! Passed out of my hands forever," was the grim reply.

"But I cannot understand it!" repeated Mr. Norwood. "How on earth did it happen? Who is to blame?"

"What! Nettleton? You cannot mean it! Was he false to his trust? Why, you have always said that he was the very soul of honor."

"So I have always supposed," said Madame Marton, laconically. "But it is the rule rather than the exception for men to be false to their trust, as I proved years ago, and women are fools ever to put faith in them."

"But can't something be done—can't Nettleton be held responsible? Surely, there must be some way by which you can recover at least a portion of your property, or else make him suffer for his crime," said Mr. Norwood, who was greatly excited.

"Well, there isn't," Madame returned with some sharpness. "I had no less than three lawyers out to see me one day last week, and went over the whole ground with them, and you know that I have a pretty good head for business myself; but they all told me that Nettleton had managed things so shrewdly that no one could lay a finger on him, and it would be utterly impossible to recover a pound of what he had made way with."

"I can't believe it—I won't believe it, Aunt Felice," Mr. Norwood angrily exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor with nervous, uneven strides. "You shall not be so foully robbed; I will myself go to St. Sauveur and look into the matter and see if something cannot be saved from the wreck."

"Thank you," dryly replied his aunt, "but I tell you that it will be only a wild-goose chase. You may rest assured that I left no stone unturned in the matter, for it is no easy thing to give up the home where one has lived all one's life and take up with a single room in a third-rate hotel."

"No, there's just nothing to be done about it but to grin and bear it, as you used to say when you were a boy; so I have come to New York to stay with you," Madame darted a quick, questioning glance into the faces of both her visitors as she said this. "You know you have always told me to come to you whenever I wanted to, and I should have a home with you; so now I am going to take you at your word."

"Ahem!—ah—yes—certainly, Aunt Felice," Mr. Norwood began, somewhat confusedly, while he glanced nervously at his wife, whose face, upon which mingled anger and dismay were plainly written, was a study for an artist. "Of course you must come to us," he went on, "only the house is all upside down just now, as we have only recently returned, and you will be more comfortable here until we can get your room in order."

"How long will that take?" briefly inquired Madame, with a slight hardening of the lines about her mouth.

"Well—Helen, how long do you think?" the man asked, turning to Mrs. Norwood, for with that look on her face, he knew it would not be safe for him to set any time.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she coldly answered. "We are to have some painting and kalsomining done, and—and we'll have to let you know when we are ready for you," she concluded, turning to Madame.

"Well, let me come as soon as you can, for I am compelled to be saving of that five hundred dollars, you know."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Norwood assented, getting more and more nervous. Then, to cover his confusion, he blurted out angrily: "Blast that Nettleton! I believe I will go to Quebec and investigate this matter, and push him to the wall if he refuses to make some restitution."

"Well, you are welcome to investigate as much as you please, William," said Madame with ready compliance; "but of course you know that it costs money to go to law, and I don't feel like putting out what little I have in my possession on uncertainties."

"I have made up my mind that those three lawyers knew what they were talking about; so, as far as I am concerned, I reckon things will have to stand as they are."

"It is the most incomprehensible thing in the world," Mr. Norwood remarked, with a gloomy brow. "You have trusted too much to that Nettleton—you'd better have let me manage your affairs, as I wanted to a few years ago; you made a great mistake then, Aunt Felice, for once in your life," he concluded, sententiously.

"Perhaps," the woman grimly replied.

Mrs. Norwood flushed again at this speech and arose.

"Really, William, I think we must go," Mrs. Norwood said, folding her rich mantle about her ample form. "I promised Blanche that I would go out to do some shopping with her. By the way," she interposed, as the thought of her daughter had recalled something to her mind, "what has become of your companion?"

"She has gone out to do some errands," answered Madame, sweeping the woman's face with a searching glance.

"Of course you cannot keep her, now that you have lost your property," Mrs. Norwood observed.

"Oh, no; I shall not need her, if I am to come to you," was the matter-of-fact reply.

Her visitor winced; but she asked with evident curiosity:

"What will become of her?"

"She is going to teach," was the brief rejoinder. Then Madame turned inquisitor. "How is Blanche?" she asked. "Happy, I suppose, with that smart husband she has caught?"

"Oh, yes, of course," the mother answered, but she did not look comfortable over this reference to her daughter.

"Is she going to set up a house of her own?"

"Oh, no; we could not spare Blanche," Mrs. Norwood responded, rather hastily. "She and her husband will make their home with us—at least for the present. I am afraid it is going to crowd us a little," she interposed, with a reflective air, "for we have had to give up a couple of rooms to them; but we shall have to manage some way."

"Humph!" grunted Madame, with quick perception; then, sharply: "When may I expect to

hear from you?"

"Well, I cannot tell exactly—just as soon as we can get ready for you I will drop you a line. Come, William."

And with frigid and hurried adieus, the husband and wife took their departure leaving Madame Marton to chew her cud of human ingratitude alone.

"I imagine that Blanche's letter to that Lovering girl was a rather truthful indication of the pulse of the whole family. However, I will not be in too much of a hurry to judge them. I will wait a little, though I am reasonably sure that I shall be a 'queerer bird' than ever, now that I am shorn of my golden plumage."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME FINDS HERSELF CAST OFF BY THE NORWOODS.

Upon her return to the hotel, Shirley was sure that the visit from Madame's friends could not have been a very pleasant one for she found her almost as curt, gloomy, and taciturn as she had been during the last of their stay at St. Sauveur.

She tried to make up for any unpleasantness that might have occurred by being doubly attentive to her, and finally won her consent to listen to a new book which she had purchased while she was out.

Monday came, and with it the commencement of Shirley's duties in school. It was not a difficult grade to teach, and, though she would have preferred to be engaged in more advanced work, she was fond of children, and believed that she would enjoy the position.

More than a week passed, and Madame had heard nothing from the Norwoods.

She then wrote a note to Mr. Norwood, telling him that she did not feel like incurring the expense of remaining longer in a hotel, and if they were not ready for her to come to them, she must go into lodging in some quiet part of the city.

A day or two later there came a few brief lines in reply, apologizing, in an indifferent way, for a further delay, but stating that they had a houseful of company and it would not be convenient for them to have her at present. They would let her know later, etc.

Madame read this, to her, significant epistle through twice; then, with a flushed and angry face she tore it into atoms, threw the pieces upon the floor and stamped upon them.

"Dear Madame Marton, who has been unkind to you?" Shirley inquired in surprise at her act.

Madame smiled derisively as she met her look. She observed, irritably: "My dear nephew and his charming wife refuse in a polite and indirect way to open their home to a homeless old beggar, for whom, until now, they have always professed the greatest affection."

"What do you mean, Madame Marton?" Shirley exclaimed, as she regarded her companion anxiously, while she began to fear that she was losing her mind.

Madame thought a moment before replying, then she gravely said:

"I will tell you, child, and here it is in a nutshell: I have been stripped of my entire fortune."

"Lost your whole fortune?" cried Shirley, amazed. "Oh! how did it happen?"

"Well, it is too long a story to tell you now," said Madame, with a shrug of her shoulders; "some time, perhaps, I may explain it more fully to you; suffice it to say, however, I am here in New York today with only about five hundred dollars in my purse."

"I am very, very sorry," said Shirley, simply, but with genuine feeling.

"Now I know what has made you so unhappy of late; it was shameful!" she said, lifting a pitiful glance to her face.

"You mean that you now understand what made me so cross and disagreeable to you," returned Madame, putting it more pitifully.

"Oh, but you were ill with that dreadful cold," replied Shirley, with kindly consideration.

"Humph! you needn't try to smooth it over, for I am not above calling things by their right names, even when they reflect upon myself," said Madame, with commendable frankness. "But," she resumed thoughtfully, "it is very evident that I am not to be taken into the heart and home of my devoted nephew, and since I am not going to fritter my money away in hotel bills, it behooves me to bestir myself and hunt up some other place to live in."

Shirley looked up eagerly at this.

"I know the place," she said brightly.

"Where is it?" demanded Madame.

"It is an apartment house on Ninth street. A lady has taken two suites there and lets rooms for a reasonable amount per week; we can hire them, either furnished or unfurnished, and she also serves meals, if anyone desires. One of the teachers was telling me about the place yesterday, and I thought I should go there to live when you were ready to go to Mr. Norwood's. Suppose I run over there this afternoon and see if I can engage a couple of rooms; and then, dear Madame Marton, we need not be separated at all," Shirley concluded, with a bright smile that was like balm to Madame's wounded spirit.

"Why should you care whether we are separated or not?" she curtly asked.

"How can I help caring, when I have been with you so long?" said Shirley, a thrill of pain in her tones because of the implied doubt of her sincerity. "You know that I have no other friends, and, somehow, I have been growing to feel as if I almost belong to you; so it seems a little hard to lose you and myself in this great, busy city."

Shirley tried to speak lightly, and completed her sentence with a little laugh; but it only half-concealed the sob that arose to her lips, and fell reproachfully upon Madame's ears.

"Well, I wouldn't have thought it," she said, in a softer tone than she had used for many days, "for I know that I have been a kind of human porcupine, shooting my sharp quills at you ever since you came to me, and I only wonder that you did not fly from me in disgust long ago."

Shirley laughed out musically at this original simile.

"But, you see," she playfully returned, "I am beginning to learn how to receive the quills, so I do not mind them as I did at first."

"Oh! then you did mind them at first," said Madame, with an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"Why, yes; I couldn't help it, you know," Shirley frankly replied. "When you spoke sharply to me, it made me fear that I had done something to displease you, although I tried to be faithful. But," she added, wishing to change the subject, "how does my plan suit you? If I can arrange everything comfortably, will you come with me? There is an elevator in the house, so there will be no stairs to climb; then I can wait upon you mornings before I go to school, the same as I do now. During the evenings I am sure we can have really cozy times reading the papers or some interesting books."

"You have a very good head for planning, child, and you have a wonderfully alluring way of tempting people to do as you want them to," said Madame, while her glance lingered wistfully on the fair young face before her. "You may go and see what you can get the rooms for, and find out the price of board," she added thoughtfully; "I must count the cost, you know, or my five hundred dollars will be giving out before I am aware of it."

"Very well," said Shirley, folding up her work; I believe that I will go at once, and perhaps we can arrange to leave here by the time our week is out."

Madame tacitly assented to this, but as soon as Shirley was gone she dressed herself for the street and went out also.

When she returned her face was pale and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

till you have seen her." His color came and went, he drummed the table with his fingers. "Why have you seen her? What about? I—I have no right to go to her, to force myself on her."

"That may be," said Linda, "but you will go to her."

"She is in trouble?" asked Larry quickly.

"Yes; she is in trouble," assented Linda.

Larry rose again, and again sat down; but Linda, after a long look at him, went out of the room. Larry sat there for quite a quarter of an hour staring before him; then, just as he was, in the rough suit in which he had made the journey, he left the hotel, and, calling a cab, was driven to Manchester Square. The footman said that Lady Marie was out, and Larry, with a combined sense of relief and disappointment, was turning away, when the man added: "I expect her ladyship every minute."

Larry was taken into the drawing-room; and he paced up and down, a prey to varied emotions, wherein suspense predominated. Presently he heard a step in the hall—he would have known it among a thousand—the drawing-room door opened, and Marie entered.

She had been for a long walk, and the exercise had brought a touch of color to her face; but the color fled as she saw the tall figure standing, waiting for her, and his name sprang from her lips in a tone of amazement—and was it also joy?

"Larry!"

"Yes, it is I, Lady Marie," he said, striving to conceal his agitation under a light, commonplace demeanor. "I'm back again, like the proverbial bad penny. Forgive me! I heard that you were—in trouble."

"Who told you?" she asked.

"A young lady; the young lady of whom I told you—Miss Hepburn."

"Ah!" she drew a long breath. "You have seen her—she has told you."

"Nothing but that," said Larry.

His heart was beating fast; so quickly that he could scarcely speak distinctly. The sight of her, the fact that she was in the same room, within reach of him, overwhelmed him.

She was silent a moment, her eyes downcast, her face very pale; then she said, for she knew that it was she who would have to speak:

"She has not told you? I am sorry, for I—I shall have to tell you. But wait! Why have you come back?" she added, with sudden eagerness, with sudden hope shining in her beautiful eyes.

"Through an accident," replied Larry. "A business accident."

Her face fell.

"Do you mean that you have had a loss?"

Larry shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes; I hope I am not ruined, that it will come right; my partners think so; but—I'm not a lucky man. But this trouble of yours, Lady Marie; can I help you? If I can—"

She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands; then looking at him through her long lashes, she whispered painfully, as if every word cost her a pang of maiden shame:

"Larry, will you marry me?" Then she hid her face again.

Larry started as if he had been shot, and stood for a moment transfixed; then he sprang to her, and laid his strong hand on her shoulder and gripped it.

"Will I—Marie! Will I marry you? Why you know I love you; love you better than life itself. Ever since we were boy and girl together I have worshipped you. You have been like a star to me, something not only to love, but to worship, adore. I have never had any hope; no more hope than the puddle the star shines on; but I have never ceased to think of you day and night. Why, all my life has been you. And now you ask me—Do you know what you are doing, what I am? Do you not mock me, Lady Marie? You can't forget what I am; one of the common people; an adventurer—yet, and a failure! A man not worth your notice; so far beneath you that I might be one of your servants, a gamekeeper, a fisherman—why, I am just that, no better. And you ask me—"

His hand fell from her shoulder; the great, strong man was trembling like a weakling; the room was still spinning round with him; but he saw the bent head plainly enough.

"I ask you," she whispered breathlessly.

He laughed, not knowing that he did so.

"I am like a lost soul who is suddenly offered a chance of entering paradise," he said more to himself than to her.

He fell on his knees beside her, and, drawing her hands from her face, kissed them passionately; and she resigned them to him, even leaned forward, consciously or unconsciously, so that her lips were near to his. He sprang up and drew her to him, and she surrendered herself, half dazed with the joy of that surrender, as he kissed her with the kiss which expressed all the longing of the past years.

"No, no; don't go!" he breathed. "It's only while I hold you that I can realize, believe that this is true. I can guess how it has come about—Linda Hepburn! God bless her! She is the best woman—bar one—that walks this earth. Oh, Marie, do you wonder that I can scarcely believe that I hold you in my arms; that you love me—love me!"

Then suddenly, as if his mind had cleared and, in his ecstasy, he remembered something of the past, he said in a low voice:

"But the marquise! Has he—has he—have you broken with him?"

She started slightly. She, too, had forgotten everything except that Larry was here; Larry, who she thought had gone forever; Larry was back, and by some miracle had told her that he loved her, was going to be hers, her very own. And now, in the midst of her bliss, came this question of his. She had not forgotten Philip, but under the influence of Linda Hepburn's magnetism, she had come to regard his fate as quite secondary to that of Larry's. Her face grew pale, she looked up at him doubtfully, even a little fearfully; for she dreaded that strong sense of honor which ruled Larry.

"No," she faltered. "I have not seen him lately. I have been ill. Oh, Larry, I wanted you so—And they sent me here. Don't look so—so hard! And don't put me away from you, Larry!"—for, half unconsciously, he had made a movement as if to do so. "You don't know—how—how my engagement to Philip came about. We were engaged in our cradle. I was to lose the Castle Ravenford if I refused; and—I could not bear the thought. You know how proud, how fond I am of it."

"I know," he said, in a low voice. "Then—then you never cared for him?"

She hung her head; then she looked up at him—with what a look!

"No, Larry. No, no!" she whispered. "It was only you. You are not thinking of the loss of the castle, Larry?"

He waved the question aside, as if it were not worth consideration.

"He cared for you," he said, almost to himself. "He, too, has loved you ever since we were children. I remember now!" He was thinking of the night Philip had thanked him for saving Marie's diamond pendant. "He loves you still—I know it. And he has your promise. He came between me and the thief that night, at Rouen, perhaps saved my life at the risk of his own; anyway, was badly hurt while defending me—"

She had drawn away from him, and he paced up and down, all the joy gone from his face, which was haggard and drawn again; then he turned to her with his hands outstretched, his agony in his voice:

"Marie, Marie! I can't do it!"

She leaned against the table, her hands gripping it tightly behind her. She was trying to summon all her old spirit to bear the blow, all the harder for this brief moment of joy.

"It is for you to decide," she breathed. "I said I would leave it to you."

He put his hand before his eyes to shut out the sight of her.

"For God's sake, don't tempt me, Marie!" he said hoarsely. "I am like a starving man with the sight of food before him he dare not touch. I can't do it—for your sake. The sight of you drove the marquis from my mind. I thought—no, I didn't think; my love for you, and—your words—"

"I know," she said. "I am not ashamed of what I said; and I shall never be ashamed. You have decided; and I know that you are right, Larry. I'll go back and tell Philip. But he will not let me go. He has known—known that I did not care for him; but he has held me—he will hold me to my promise still. Go now, Larry. I—I don't think I can bear it much longer. I shall be braver when you've gone."

Larry took a step toward her, but she shook her head; she knew that she would break down if he touched her. He stood for a moment looking at her, as he had looked at her at the inn on the road to Rouen; then, with bent head and dragging step, he went out.

Marie remained motionless for a minute or two; then she went in search of Lady Merston.

"I want to go back to the castle at once. We must catch the night mail," she said. "Don't ask me any questions, dear. I am in great trouble; I must see Philip at once."

Larry went back to the hotel like a man in a dream, and if the truth must be told, with no little bitterness in his heart. Fate seemed to be playing with him with all the cruelty that a cat displays toward a mouse. Some lines of William Watson's dinned in his ears; they seemed to fit his case so well:

"I do not ask to have my fill
Of wine or love or fame.
I do not, for a little ill,
Against the gods complain."

"One boon of fortune I implore,
With one petition kneel:
At least caress me not before
Thou break me on thy wheel."

Fortune had caressed him for one brief moment, and then cast him aside, torn and bleeding. The marvelously true and beautiful lines reminded him of Reuben, in one of whose books he had read them. How ungrateful he had been to him! It had been Marie, all Marie; and there had been no room in his mind, his heart, for anyone else.

He found Spon at the hotel, standing at the window and looking out with interest at the people below.

"I am going into the country, to Cornwall, Spon, said Larry. "I am going to see a friend, a man who has been like a father to me, whom I have neglected too long."

"Cornwall?" said Spon, eying sideways Larry's wan face. "It's a long while since I've been there. I think I'll run down with you, lad."

"Come on, then," said Larry absently.

"Right," responded Spon. "Hepburn has run this business very well; and I guess he can get on without us. Cornwall! Yes; I should like it. I'll be ready in a jiffy. Look up the train, Larry."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DENOUNCED BY THE SNAPPER.

Strangely enough, Marie slept through a greater part of the journey; and yet it was not strange that she should do so, for she had been exhausted by the scene with Larry and its tragic ending. On the way from the station to the castle they met Lord Stornaway, who was ambling along on his fat cob.

"You have come back!" he said, as he rode up to the carriage. "And unexpectedly! Well, I trust that's all the better for me; for Lord Belmayne is dining with us tonight; and I do hope you will not be too tired to join us."

Lady Merston was murmuring an excuse; but Mar broke in with almost feverish eagerness. Brave as she had thought herself, she was dreading the scene with Philip, when she should tell him the whole truth, and this dinner party offered a respite.

"Yes; we will be very pleased to come, Lord Stornaway," she said, pressing Lady Merston's hand to enforce her silence.

"But you are tired, dearest," urged Lady Merston, as the carriage drove on.

"No, no!" said Marie. "I should like it." Lady Merston looked at her anxiously; but she made no further remonstrance; for had not Marie forbidden her to ask questions? And Lady Merston was the slave of the girl whom she loved as a daughter.

They were received at the castle with the usual fuss and ceremony of welcome, and Marie went straight to her room; Meadows insisted upon her lying down and taking some rest.

Philip had not left the Hall that day, and he was ignorant of the fact of Lady Marie's sudden return. His state of mind might be described as chaotic. He had broken with the Snapper, had defied him; and there, in his safe, were the bag of gold and the rubies. Philip was, so to speak, at the parting of the ways. Still drifting, like a rudderless bark, he lay at the mercy of wind and wave. One moment he saw nothing before him but a full confession of his knowledge of the facts which the Snapper had revealed and an appeal to Marie's mercy. At another moment he was possessed by the desire to set the revelation at naught, to defy the old gypsy, the whole world, and to stand with his back to the wall, fighting to the last.

In truth, man is compounded of conflicting elements; no man is either entirely black or wholly white; the deep-dyed villain exists only in romance, and has no place in real life. Philip was simply the ordinary type of man, swayed by good and evil impulses, but, in his case, dominated by one great factor—his passion for Marie. He could have let all else go without a sigh, if she remained to him.

He kept to his own room for the greater part of the day, and he did not remember his engagement to dine at the Stornaways' until it was nearly time to dress. He was inclined to send an excuse; but he was still playing a part, the part of a prosperous man, upon whom the sun was shining at its fullest, the happy man who was about to marry the loveliest girl in the county; and he clung to the part, notwithstanding the perilous position in which he stood.

The carriage awaited him in good time; and, as he entered it and was driven off, he leaned back with a sigh of weariness; for he was thinking that, in half an hour or so, he would have to appear bright and cheerful—in fact, play his part. The road to the Stornaways' ran across the moor; and he drew farther back as he began to climb the hill near the spot where he had seen the gypsies' caravan. The night was a light one, and he could see for some distance; but, with a sense of relief, he saw that no human being was near the caravan or tent, which stood partly sheltered in the hollow; but suddenly, as if it had sprung from the ground, a figure stood beside the carriage. In the shadow of the lamps Philip could not distinguish the figure clearly; but he heard a voice emanating from it and addressing the coachman and he recognized the voice as that of the Snapper.

It was not so soft as usual, but hurried and agitated. Philip caught the word "accident," and, jumping to the conclusion that the man was uttering some threat, he let down the other window, and angrily bade them drive on.

At the sound of his voice, the Snapper, who must have been ignorant of the fact that the carriage was Philip's, uttered a cry, a snarl of fury, and, rushing forward, snatched at the door



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handle; but the coachman had whipped up the horses sharply, and the carriage, having reached the top of the hill, moved on rapidly; so rapidly that the Snapper, missing his hold on the door handle, slipped and fell forward, narrowly escaping the rear wheels. Philip heard him cry out with an oath; but he did not look back, and did not see the old man standing in the road and shaking both hands in the air in a frenzy of passion.

Not a little upset by the accident, Philip was pale and constrained when he reached the Stornaways'. There was rather a large party;

the handsome rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the guests, most of whom had arrived, were moving about or talking in groups in the drawing-room.

Philip felt dazed by the light, the sheen of the women's dresses, and the glitter of their jewels; for a moment he was the old Philip, shy and shrinking; then he pulled himself together, and received Lady Stornaway's greeting with what seemed smiling composure. It was past the dinner hour by some minutes, the butler hovered about the door; it was evident that they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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White-Egg American Fowl

AT last the great aim and desire of practical poultrymen has been achieved. For as expert breeders have been trying to create a new breed of chickens which would combine the advantages of the American with the Mediterranean birds, and after ten years' patient work a man in New Jersey has succeeded in accomplishing what had almost been given up as impossible. The new breed has a large frame of compact conformation, which is easily fattened; white plumage, yellow skin, and a small comb, which makes it an ideal table bird; and with all these, the new bird lays a large, white-shelled egg, a combination which up to the present time has been unknown, so of course it has been hailed as a true utility bird, which will fully double the profits of all market poultrymen. For the last ten or fifteen years,

WHITE-EGG AMERICAN
COCKEREL SEVEN
MONTHS OLD.

White Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds have been our nearest approach to a utility bird. They both have the shape which made them easy to fatten, yellow skin and small comb demanded by the high-class markets for table birds, and are prolific layers, but the difficulty has been the color of the eggs. New York, Philadelphia—in fact, every eastern city outside of Boston—demands white-shelled eggs, and pays from ten to twelve cents more for them than for brown tinted eggs. So, to reap the best price for winter eggs, people have been compelled to keep their Minorcas or Leghorns, both great layers of white-shelled eggs, but unfortunately possessing such a small frame and active disposition that it is almost impossible to get them up to the required weight at given ages, so the surplus cockerels each year and the hens at the end of their laying period, have had to be sold at a comparative loss, unless the owner had the houses and the ability to give them special care and feed. For I suppose you all know that when a quantity of hens have been kept to produce winter eggs, their most prolific time is over at the end of the first year, when they should be fattened and sold as roasters. When the breed of the bird makes that impossible, there is a dead loss to sustain. With Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds this is an easy matter, and the young cockerels which spring from them make plump broilers when six or nine weeks old, and for that reason many people have given these two birds the preference, trusting to sell their eggs in the winter to private customers who care more for the eggs being strictly fresh laid and good in flavor, than the color of the shell. But of course the man or woman who wants to make their entire living from poultry can't depend entirely on private customers, and therefore must keep a breed of hen which lays the popular white-shelled egg. This new bird being a perfect combination of all the good points of market records in different branches, will undoubtedly double the poultrymen's profits. These wonderful birds were shown for the first time this year at the poultry show in New York City, and breeders from all over the country are most enthusiastic about them. The breeder and owner, who is an old established poultryman, says that for ten years he has been devoting almost all his time to the thought of perfecting the breed, and can now positively affirm that their traits are firmly established and sure to be permanently reproduced in their offspring. He has named them the White-Egg American fowl, and this year has been getting five dollars each for every egg he has had for sale, for the really practical men in the business are quick to see the advantage to be made from the new combination. After much correspondence and coaxing, I have succeeded in getting the owner to have some pictures made of the new birds, so that our readers can see just what they look like for themselves.

Care of Young Chicks

So many of this month's inquiries have been about preventives or cures for gapes and bowel trouble, that I will take them for my text in-



A SMALL FLOCK OF THE NEW FOWL WHITE-EGG AMERICAN.

stead of trying to answer the individual letters. Bowel trouble usually attacks brood chickens—perhaps I should have said incubator chickens which have been reared in a brooder—more frequently than it does chicks under hens, and the cause is usually want of sufficient heat. Little chicks can't stand being chilly. If you notice even when hens are brooding, they will suffer if the hen happens to be a restless wanderer and a cold, damp spell strikes us late in the spring. The brooder must be warm and well ventilated, and there should be a sheltered yard for them to exercise in for the first two or three weeks. If you are running a heated brooder, use a thermometer, and see that it keeps steadily at ninety-five. If you have adopted the new fireless brooder, put plenty of cotton at the top, and never have less than twenty-five chicks to a brooder, for any less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm up the air inside of the brooder. It is also well to cover the bottom of the brooder box with hay sweepings or cut hay, which is warm and soft for the little chicks to lie on. It is also very important to see that they go into their brooder at night, for they are very apt to run into some corner and huddle together, and of course become chilled

before morning. Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under the hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with the hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop for then she is much more likely to brood them than when allowed to run alone.

Leg weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which can't be used up within two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as your clover and the young sprouts of onions or cress, chopped fine enough to be acceptable for little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food, when about half boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must go very carefully for some time until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, with a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the gill, or droopy in any way.

As I have explained before in these columns, gapes is really not a disease at all, but a parasite worm about one sixteenth of an inch in length, and like a thin thread. They lodge in the windpipe and suck the blood of their victim. They are supposed to materialize only on ground on which poultry droppings have been deposited for several seasons. For this reason it is best to try and locate the brooder coops on fresh ground each year, or have the ground where they have stood heavily dressed with lime and plowed in the fall. These wretched little worms multiply very quickly if they are not removed from the bird's throat, for the little chicks have not strength to eject them, no matter how much they cough and choke. Some of the remedies are as follows: Dip the end of a small wing feather in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, turn two or three times quickly, and pull it out. The worm may come with it, but it is so small that it is always difficult to tell. Another is, to mix salt and water, or steep tobacco in water for ten minutes, pour a teaspoonful down the bird's throat; keep the head up and the two holes at the base of the bill covered with your thumb and forefinger whilst you count five; release, and suddenly turn the bird upside down, holding by the feet. It will gasp, splutter, and usually eject the worm. But really I think it is much better to make it a practice to put the coops on clean ground, for trying to doctor little chicks is awful-ly difficult work.

Correspondence

R. P. C.—Would you please tell me what is the matter with my little chickens. They are droopy, and pass a watery substance, and in a day or two lose all power of their legs. I feed them corn chops, ground Kaffir corn, corn bread to eat, and give them water and milk to drink. I keep them in doors.

A.—I am afraid your birds are victims of diarrhoea. See the latter part of this month's article. You will find it much better to feed young chicks on dry food. There is a specially prepared ground mixture on the market, called chickfeed, which is a combination of cracked grains and small seeds, but if you are in a remote part of the country, where it is not to be had, you can easily make a mixture for yourself. Crack wheat, corn, and bulled oats, quite small, and pass them through a fine sieve which will only allow pieces of the size of mustard seed to go through. Break up charcoal and sieve in the same way. Use equal parts of each, measuring after they have been passed through the sieve, then add millet and white mustard seed, and ground animal meal; or, if you can not buy that, chop a hard-boiled egg on a little lean meat three times a week, and add to the mixture just before feeding.

L. J. H.—When you take eggs out of the incubator to cool them, the disk and lamp go down,



WHITE-EGG AMERICAN CHICKENS EIGHT WEEKS OLD.

and when you put them back in the incubator it still stays down until the heat reaches 102 or 103. Don't you think that stops the air and causes the chicks to smother? Don't you think it wise to open the side slide a little and keep it open, and do you have many bad eggs? I only have about six or seven eggs in a hundred that won't hatch, but the most I get out of a hundred is fifty or sixty. The chickens are not so good as I thought they would be. I keep them to see. My hens hatch fifteen out of sixteen, never less than twelve, unless I have an accident. I mean when the hen sets right I get fifteen, and have got the whole sixteen. I don't see why I can't get more out of the incubator. Does it hurt if moisture runs up to 104 when chicks are coming out?

A.—It is quite right for the disk to be closed tight down when the eggs are taken out of the incubator, and to remain down until the thermometer again reaches 102½ or 103 degrees. The disk has nothing to do with the air in the egg chamber. That is supplied by ventilators in the case of the machine. As to opening the ventilators at the side of the machine, that must be decided by the amount of moisture present in the egg chamber. The usual instructions are to keep ventilators closed for the first five or six days, then open or partly open, according to the conditions, until the nineteenth day, when they should again be closed, except in very exceptional cases. If the air space at the top of the egg is slow in developing, there is too much moisture in the machine. If, on the other hand, the space enlarges very quickly, there is not sufficient moisture, and it will be advisable to close the ventilators. The best way for an amateur to decide this point is to set a hen at the same time as the incubator, and compare the eggs under the hen and in the machine from day to day, or use a hygrometer, and depend entirely upon that. There can scarcely be too much moisture when the eggs are hatching, so don't worry if it runs up to 104. Heat also can be 104 or 105, and the hatch will be all the better, for a low temperature at the time when the chicks are breaking through the shell prolongs the hatch and weakens the chickens.

L. K.—Will you please give me some advice in regard to my chickens. They droop and get as though their breath was short. One of my neighbors told me they had the rab, and pulled something off their tongues, then applied pepper and salt. If that be the trouble, is there any other way of curing them without pulling the tip off their tongues? I have some chicks that are about three weeks old that have the same trouble. Is there a preventive? What is it?

A.—Two of our best authorities on poultry ailments differ about pip, one being convinced that the dry condition or horn growth on the tongue is only the result of the feverish breath passing over it, and of course, there is always fever present when the bird is suffering from roup, or any other form of cold, but he considers it foolish to remove the horny growth, and suggests watching the bird to discover the real cause of the trouble, and doctoring for that. But he also suggests that it might be well to relieve the condition of the tongue by rubbing it twice a day with glycerine. The other authority is of the opinion that pip is a real epidemic disease, and recommends removing the horny growth and rubbing the raw spot with a mixture of borax and honey. My advice is, try a combination of both. Shut the bird up in a small coop, and give it twenty grains of Epsom salts two mornings in succession, and rub the tongue with glycerine. Of course the bird should be fed on mash, or better still,

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bread which has been soaked in milk; but it is impossible for it to pick up hard grain and unless it has specially strengthening food, is apt to get sick from mere want of food.

B. C.—I have been a silent reader of COMFORT seven years. This is the first paper I ever read. I read the "Poultry Farming for Women," and find it lots of help. I want to know what is the matter with my chickens this spring. In February I noticed one of my hens looked pale and droopy. She could hardly walk, so I killed her and opened her. It would have surprised you if you could have seen her. She was pure fat inside; the fat was an inch thick all over her gizzard, and her liver was extra large, and soft and watery, and looked as though it was rotten. I fed them on Kaffir corn and hard corn. I dug poke-root and put it in the drinking water. Then they began to act as if they had something in their throats. They would throw their heads up and make a funny racket. I got plenty of eggs. I still feed them all the corn they can eat, and let them drink the poke-root. I have the Rhode Island Reds and Brown Leghorns mixed. My young chicks seemed to have the bowel trouble. I have lost lots of them this spring. Their droppings are black mixed with white and yellow, and it sticks to them and stops them up, and they just sit there and die, and some seem not to be bothered with it but die just the same. This morning I found one in the coop, and it was blind. It seemed to be peart enough, but it could not see. It looked like its eyes had been sore and running, and there was some dried stuff around its mouth, and a slimy and watery stuff in its mouth, and it soon died. I have been feeding cornmeal mixed with water, and dry corn chops, and plenty of fresh water. I feed some poultry food once in a while. I live in the country and my chickens run outside. My big chickens roost in a tree, and my little chickens roost in a box on the ground in the yard.

A.—Your hens are too fat. Put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in the drinking water every other day for a week, and as they are on free range, feed only at night, giving them Kaffir corn and oats instead of hard corn. Of course these rations are only for summer weather. In the winter they should have a mash in the morning and whole corn at night. I fear the alling, weakly condition of your young chickens is the result of the heme being taken out, when the eggs were laid which you used for hatching. Breeding stock should never be allowed to get too fat, for it always means that the chicks hatched from their eggs will be hard to raise. Read the latter part of this month's article, and answer to R. P. C.

E. L. T.—Will you please inform me where I can get a setting or two of Ancona's eggs. I have read all you have to say on the subject in March COMFORT, and feel sure I should like the birds. I never heard of them before. I will enclose a stamped envelope for reply and thank you in advance. Here is a question I would like to ask, and you can publish the answer in May COMFORT, or whenever its turn arrives. One of my Buff Leghorn pullets died very suddenly. I opened her and found a thing which looked like an egg, but when I opened it there was a lot of white matter substance came out of it. Could you tell me what it was, and if it caused the death of the pullet?

A.—I am sorry that I can't help you with any positive opinion. Was the substance in the egg duct? You don't say, but if it was, it might just be a malformation. Probably the pullet had been a heavy layer, and had reached the end of a clutch of eggs. If on the other hand, the substance was in the intestines or abdomen, it may have been a tumor, in which case it may have caused her death; but without more information it is really impossible to say.

A. W. F.—I wish you could tell me what is the matter with my bantam chickens. They have pale combs and look droopy. They get on the nest and come off several times before they lay, and the eggs are thin-shelled and a little bloody.

A.—This is another case of over-fat. Read answer to B. C.

V. K.—As we have bought an incubator from a neighbor and the book of directions being destroyed, will write and ask you to please tell me what temperature the incubator should be started at, and when and how much it should be raised during the hatch. Also about cooling the eggs. I have never used one, and I would like to have complete directions. They had already made one hatch this spring, and only got four chicks out of fifty eggs. I would like to do better than that. Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated. Answer as soon as you can, as I enclose stamped envelope. There is no name on the machine, so I don't know the make.

A.—Light the lamp, adjust the thermostat, and get the machine running steadily at 103, with the disk above the escape valve the sixteenth of an inch; then put in the egg tray. The eggs will cause the thermometer to run down and the disk to close, and leave things alone, and in a few hours the thermometer and disk will have returned to their right position. The machine should run at 102½ to 103 until the last twenty-four hours, when it will not hurt if it goes up to 104 or 105. After the second day, turn, and cool slightly. Of course the machine must be closed during the time the door of the machine must be closed. Even then the heat will run down and the disk will close, but when the eggs are returned to the machine, the heat will run up again within half an hour. After the eggs of the eighteenth day don't open the machine until the heat is all over, as the eggs don't need turning or cooling during this time, and it won't hurt the chickens to tumble over each other. Even a little, or any of those things which usually frighten the amateur into opening the machine. Opening the door of the machine during the time the eggs are hatching allows moisture to escape, and often kills a number of birds in the shell.

E. J., St. Louis.—Will you please tell me as soon as possible, what the instructions mean by "dry down eggs." Am using incubator, and am not successful. Heat runs steady at 103. My eleven-month-old pullet hatched ten out of eleven eggs, set at same time as incubator, which only hatched fifty-four from one hundred and seventy-five eggs. I noticed two-inch worms in her droppings. Will pills of asafetida be O. K.? I also put some in drinking water.

A.—I don't know just what is meant by the term "drying down the eggs." I think perhaps it has been a mistake, and should have been "cooling down the eggs." When the eggs are hatching, the machine must be closed during the time the door of the machine must be closed. Even then the heat will run down and the disk will close, but when the eggs are returned to the machine, the heat will run up again within half an hour. After the eggs of the eighteenth day don't open the machine until the heat is all over, as the eggs don't need turning or cooling during this time, and it won't hurt the chickens to tumble over each other. Even a little, or any of those things which usually frighten the amateur into opening the machine. Opening the door of the machine during the time the eggs are hatching allows moisture to escape, and often kills a number of birds in the shell.

L. D. H.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and in the April number I read your description of how to make but am at a loss to know just how to build one. If one, please notify me in your vicinity that could make will give shipping directions and remit purchase price. I also look through the advertising pages, and I think is also a cheap paper brooder on the market which I think you will find advertised.

W. M. S.—I am a reader of COMFORT, and wish to ask you a few questions about my chickens. I am just starting into the poultry business, and I'm having some trouble. The first trouble was with a hen that I thought had roup. She got so bad that she couldn't hardly get her breath, and I killed her. Then it symptoms; came off the roost and sick with the same side of her head swelled, but she would eat like there was nothing wrong. It wasn't but a few days till the swelling was gone out of her head and her eyesight seemed to be affected; then she took some

kind of bowel trouble. The discharges were mostly white and watery. After she was sick a week or so, her comb turned a very poor color, and she died. Now I have another one standing around sleeping. Some of their throats and wattles have been swelling up and turning right black. They would lay right on, and seemed to be in a healthy condition other ways. I would like to know their diseases and their cures. How long should I wait for the hens to be mated with a cock before I can get their eggs and expect his offspring? Should wheat be kept in hoppers for chickens to eat at their will? I forgot to mention at first what I feed my chickens. I feed them wheat bran and a little corn. When they first began getting sick I was feeding them warm mash of wheat bran and cornmeal at night. I thought that might be the cause and quit it. They have the farm and plenty of woodland for range. I have the White Leghorn and Barred Rocks mixed. Please do your best for me, as I am starting into the pure bred business, and want to get the disease stopped before my pure bred Leghorns hatch out.

A.—It is difficult to be sure from your description whether the birds had roup or not, but I fear they had. If you have any more birds which show the same symptoms, shut them up in a coop far removed from the rest of the flock, as roup is contagious, and may run through the whole flock if you don't exercise care. Get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium and dissolve one teaspoonful in one pint of warm water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with four tablespoonfuls of water, and spray the bird's throat, mouth and nostrils and eyes. It won't hurt if the bird swallows a little. If you have no syringe, use the end of a wing feather. Clean and whitewash the chicken-house, roosts and nests, and clear out all the old litter on the floor. Put a teaspoonful of kerosene oil in the drinking water every day for a preventive.

W. C. F.—I have two splendid Barred Plymouth Rock roosters. One developed very quickly, the other more slowly. Which is the best to keep for breeding purposes?

A.—Supposing that both birds were equally developed in other respects, the bird that developed first will be the best to breed from.

J. M. K.—I have some good prize chickens which I have paid fifteen dollars a setting for, and now all the people around here would like to have the same, and I sell them the eggs for twenty cents a dozen, for which they do not want to pay more. I would like to fix the eggs so they will not hatch. Please answer as soon as possible.

A.—The best plan is to keep some of the hens in a yard without the male birds, and sell only their eggs for table use; then people will know they are buying eggs that won't hatch, and must pay more for eggs from your hens which are mated.

Note.—I have received a great many letters from people keeping the White Langshan fowl, and they all speak in the highest terms of the birds. I asked for this information two months ago in this column, and am very much obliged to our readers who have furnished it, as I am always glad to add to my knowledge, so that I can help our COMFORT readers when they ask me for information. Letters about the Ancona birds have been forwarded to the secretary of the club who, I am sure, will furnish all the information required.

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Wrong Culture of Corn

A HIRED hand who does not properly understand the work of corn cultivation may do as much damage in one day as his wages amount to in one month. In the old days the hired hand was expected to cultivate nine acres of corn a day, with the walking, two-shovel cultivator and he had to walk fast to get that much done. The erroneous plan of culture commonly in vogue was to let the shovels right down, like plows, so that they turned a furrow, or at least burrowed deeply, close up to the growing plants. Now corn plants throw out side brace roots, as every observant farmer knows. These brace roots grow from above the surface level and they join with masses of little fiber roots in gathering moisture and fertility. If you have never done so dig up a lusty corn plant carefully, so as to avoid breaking its small roots and then wash it with water, by plunging it into a pail of water and sousing it up and down gently. It will at once become apparent that many of the roots lie along the surface and this being the fact these roots should not be disturbed, more than is absolutely necessary by corn cultivating implements. The old-time farm hand, and shall we say the farmer also, did not seem to be aware of this fact, and so he grubbed along tearing off the brace and surface roots and unwittingly killing his profits in the doing of this. If a big wind followed such a cultivation of "laid by" corn, down went whole regiments of plants and they never came fully up again. Besides this soil moisture was wasted through deep cultivation and by reason of both injuries the crop failed to produce the maximum yield of grain. The modern method of cultivating corn is to properly prepare the seed bed, have it deep, rich and mellow and then keep surface cultivating before the plants come up. After that, surface cultivation is continued, the aim being to break up the crust that follows each rain and to maintain a dust mulch for the conservation of moisture. Although proper preparatory culture may not have been given it will pay each of our readers to start surface cultivation now, after ridding the rows of weeds, and the hand hoe may have to be brought into use for the weed killing.

Rape and Other Catch Crops

When the cultivators are put through the corn field for the last time and the soil is moist, fine tilled and warm why not throw on a little rape or rutabaga seed? Many do this and find it a good plan. The rape and turnip seed (rutabaga or white turnip) come up quickly, shade the land and furnish an excellent "bite" for sheep and beef cattle in fall. The right kind of rape to seed is the Essex variety. This gives a good growth of green feed and is excellent for pigs as well as sheep. It is especially valuable for the brood sows, as succulent feed is needed for them as a preparation for farrowing. Dairy cows cannot well be pastured on rape, as their milk is easily tainted by strong tasting or smelling feed. The rutabagas are not pastured, but the roots may be "topped and tailed" after the corn is cut and shocked, or taken to the silo and cut up for winter feed. It is not generally understood that in Great Britain the purple-topped Swede turnip is a staple feed for sheep and cattle and is largely used for milch cows. It is most commonly fed uncooked to sheep store and fattening cattle; but it is steamed, along with cut hay, straw and meals, for the dairy cattle. If fed after milking it does not usually taint milk. In Scotland half a million acres of land are devoted to this root annually, although not over four million acres may be in crop at the time. This shows the economical value of the crop in that country which has become famous, the world over, for its fine animals. Where corn grows well, and is not used for silage, roots are most useful, if they can be grown, and they will grow anywhere if moisture is plentiful and the nights and especially the fall seasons are cool. The best growth is made late in the season. Another catch crop to seed in corn is rye. This makes an acceptable pasture for animals in fall, in some climates or in spring in northern latitudes, winter rye being seeded at the rate of a bushel and a half per acre, or thereabout.

Fodder Corn for Fall Cutting

In any district where the wheat, rye, oat and barley crops come off the land early it may be taken as about certain that the grass fields become dry and short soon after the harvest season. For this time of the year it is imperative that some supply of green feed should be forthcoming. Such a supply can be had by broadcasting corn on disked stubbles, provided they are sufficiently moist; but if dry, shallow plowing may be done quickly and the corn put in as quickly as possible, by means of shallow disk and harrowing. No crop will supply more green feed than corn. In a majority of districts and climates where there is sufficient heat and length of time before heavy frosts to insure of sufficient growth. Where the season is too short to allow of growing a good crop of fodder corn Hungarian grass or millet will usually make a sufficient development to supply a fair pasture and these crops are commonly employed as "catch crops" on land where the spring seeded corn has been killed by cut worms. This was commonly done last year, when cut worms worked havoc in many northern fields, and the catch crops gave good satisfaction when used early and not cut late as matured seed bearing plants. It should be remembered, or understood, that late cut millet, with matured heads of seed, is extremely dangerous feed for horses, if fed in large quantities for a prolonged period of time without due admixture with other fodders grain and bran. It causes a form of lameness of the hock joints, akin to rheumatism, and no remedy has been found. Much millet seed also may cause abortion, in pregnant animals not gradually accustomed to the feed.

Use of Silage in Summer

Where a sufficient supply of silage is provided for there is little need of catch crops for dairy cows that can have sufficient pasture on moist land to allow them the exercise they need and some grass. Many good dairymen are now feeding silage in late summer, to help out the bare and dry pastures and lack of succulence in the feed. The first attempts to use this feed failed for the reason that the silage molded badly be-

tween feeding times. This was due to the fact that the silos were made extra wide in proportion to their height and so the silage could not be fed off quickly enough to prevent molding. Now the silo is made high and narrow, so that a larger amount of silage, in depth, may be removed at feeding time. The object is to use a layer from the entire surface of the silage at each feeding time. The mold forms on parts that are left exposed to the air for a few days. This occurs when not all of the surface layer of silage can be removed at one feeding time. The silage is made from well ripened corn, allowed to wilt before it is cut and run into the silo. If too dry water from a hose is run in along with the cut corn fodder and so the mass is kept sufficiently moist to settle well and mature properly. Silage made from green corn quickly ferments, becomes acid and is unfit for use in the summer. A little silage also may be fed with benefit to idle horses, brood mares, growing colts, sheep and swine.

Preventing Torture from Flies

It never pays to turn out horses and cattle on dry, bare grass pasture during the daytime in the season of fly attacks. It is cruel in the extreme to allow mares and foals to stand on such pasture without shade and fighting myriads of flies whose attacks prevent all comfort, retard growth and lead to emaciation and disease. Horses should be turned out nights in hot weather, if turned out at all, and where pastures are used for cattle in daytime, there should be plenty of shade and fresh water in each field. If trees are not available for shade, sheds with open sides curtained with gunnysacking may be provided for the purpose. It is usual to board up the side exposed to the prevailing winds; but at least one side should be left open to allow free circulation of air. The sacking darkens the shed and so tends to prevent fly attacks, while not stopping the circulation of air. Cattle exposed to flies may be sheeted lightly, or flies may be kept away fairly well by spraying the animals with a commercial fly repeller. It is necessary to spray often if benefit is to result from the "dope." In the range countries cattle are now sprayed by machinery, being made to pass through a chute from every part of which the disinfecting solution or parasite destroyer is forcibly thrown from needle point nozzles. The apparatus is used for the treatment of scab, but incidentally has the effect of keeping off flies. It scarcely pays to make fly repellents at home, so cheap and effective are the advertised or commercial preparations; but the following formula has been recommended by the Virginia Station for the destruction of horn flies which do most harm: Kerosene emulsion was made from a one half pound of yellow soap, one gallon of soft water and two gallons of kerosene oil. This mixture after preparation was diluted again with one gallon of water. This stock solution was diluted just before using by adding one part of it to five parts of water. An ordinary spray pump was used, and piping was so constructed and fitted with nozzles as to throw the spray upon the animal from all directions, but particularly on those parts which the horn fly most frequents. It was found that 15 gallons of the diluted solution was sufficient to treat 100 cattle. Daily spraying for two weeks reduced hordes of flies to a point of insignificance.

Making Kerosene Emulsion

Take one half pound of yellow soap, one gallon of soft water and two gallons of kerosene. Shave the soap fine and dissolve in the boiling water. Place the kerosene oil in a spray pump and add the hot soap solution and thoroughly churn them together. One gallon of water should then be added to the creamy mass, which is to be kept as a stock solution for use as required. Dilute with five parts of water when used. This emulsion is also useful for destroying green bugs (aphids) on growing plants and trees. It also is fairly effective for parasites on animals.

The Kansas Station Fly Repeller

At this Station it was found best to keep the cows in cool stables during daytime during the worst part of the fly season. The stable doors and windows were screened. Grazing was only allowed at night. Where this cannot be done the following fly repeller is advised for use. Resin, one and one half pounds; laundry soap, two cakes; fish oil one half pint; water, enough to make two gallons. This mixture is applied with a brush, or if used as a spray, a half pint of kerosene may be added at time of using. The cost of the mixture is said to be seven or eight cents per gallon, and one half pint is considered enough for a single application to each cow. It was found that at first two or three applications per week were necessary, but later treatment need not be given so often, since the tips of the hairs become coated with resin.

Screen and Darken the Stables

There is nation-wide agitation at present directed against the house fly and we strongly advocate this good move. "Swat the fly" is merely a slogan or "war cry" of the army of reformers. Flies never can be got rid of by the swatting process. That may help; but the first and vital step against flies is to do away with their breeding places. Flies breed in manure and manure heaps. The droppings of all animals should be removed as made and either spread on the land, far away from the stables and houses, or better still, should be worked into the land. If manure must be collected and composted a house should be provided for the purpose, with a cement floor and collecting tank for liquid and the doors and windows should be screened against entrance of flies. All stables should be screened during summer and darkened also to keep flies from biting. If flies cannot be kept out altogether hang big bunches of sweet clover by the roots to the ceiling rafters back of the animals. The clover has a fine odor and also collects the flies that may be in the stable. Use disinfecting solutions freely on stall floors and in the gutters and outside pits and manure heaps should be treated with crude carbolic acid to prevent fly breeding. Remember that the health of the people also is conserved by killing flies. Typhoid is carried by flies and it has lately been discovered that the stable fly, which is the stinging insect, carries the germs that cause infantile paralysis or spinal meningitis. A single fly—every single fly that lights on your pie—carries on its body millions upon millions of fifth germs and many

of them disease germs. Swat that fly! Better still provide cheap fly traps and place them where they will do most good. Screen the garbage pails. Do away with all places where anything decomposes and festers. If you do so the flies will be lessened, animals and people made more comfortable and disease lessened.

Marketing Wool

Prof. Coffey of the Illinois Station recently advised that farmers should be much more careful to keep dirt and manure out of wool than they are in many districts. These things are objectionable, but they do less harm than burrs, chaff and litter. All such "foreign bodies" make the wool less attractive and add to the shrinkage in the process of scouring. Tags of manure in wool are very objectionable to buyers. They are very heavy, and since they usually contain much moisture they often cause the wool to mold. There is no excuse for wrapping dung tags in wool if proper care is taken at shearing time, but it is better to handle sheep so that comparatively little dung will cling to the wool. All the sheep in a flock should be docked, and late in the autumn, the wool should be sheared off around the dock. Dung clings to the wool only where the feces are soft or when the animal is scouring. When the animal scours it should have a change of feed and possibly medical attention, so that a case of chronic scours will not develop. Oil and paint marks also are objectionable. Fleeces should be tied with a hard, glazed twine, not larger than one eighth inch in diameter. Make firm, hard knots that will not slip. Binding twine and any loosely woven twine injures wool as the fibers mix with the twine and cannot be removed. Paper wool twines are suitable as "india" three-ply size No. four and one half. Pack fleeces of ewes, rams, wethers and lambs separate. Store in a clean, dry place; not on bare ground, even though the wool is in bags. If the wool is contracted for before it is shorn and is to be immediately delivered it need not be placed in bags. If it is packed in a clean wagon box and covered with a canvas sheet that will suffice.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our readers and we will advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have the questions answered. We had and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

GRASS FOR COWS.—I bought twelve acres of land in Texas, with the intention of growing Irish potatoes, but they seem to be such a drug on the market, that I have decided to seed it down in grass, and then start a dairy. It is first-class soil on the bank of the river. What kind of grass would be best to seed it down with? I have been advised to sow bluegrass, white clover, meadow-fescue, English blue grass. Would these be good grasses to mix? (2) Would the Jersey be the best cow for dairying purposes? (3) Would twelve acres be sufficient pasture for twelve cows? (4) About how much do you suppose twelve cows would bring in a year by milk and butter, not counting the calves?

A.—Look around the district and when you have found a field that shows a fine stand of grass ask the farmer to tell you what mixture of seeds he used and with what grain crop he seeded the land. The mixture you suggest would be a good one, if each of the grasses mentioned succeeds in your particular district, and they may be seeded along with oats; barley, wheat or rye according to which of these grains thrives in your district. It always is best to take local expert advice in such cases. If the pasture does well it may maintain three or four cows and send a good one to market every year. Jersey or Jersey grades will prove suitable if you wish to make cream a specialty and if the demand is good and the price high a good cow may return more than we have suggested here.

STONY MILK.—For a while after my cow came in from her second calving this spring I made first-class butter from her, but for the last month the butter has been tasting old almost as soon as churned. She is in good flesh and gives lots of milk. She is running in the pasture and I feed nothing but a little salted corn meal as she will not eat salt alone. I keep the milk in cool running water in crocks which have been well washed, scalded and aired. The milk is as good and sweet as one could wish.

MRS. S. C. SPEEDWELL, Tenn.
A.—Allow the cow free access to rock salt instead of feeding salted corn meal. Substitute for corn meal a mixture of five parts wheat bran and one part cottonseed meal. The corn meal may be fed and the odor, if it is most likely, however, that the milk becomes tainted in the stable or when standing in the crocks. Warm milk absorbs bad odors quickly and the cow may not be to blame at all. Do not let the warm milk stand for any length of time where an odor can be absorbed.

SMUTTY WHEAT, BEAN STRAW FOR HORSES.—Is smutty wheat injurious when fed to hogs? (2) Is there any danger in winter artificial ice made on the farm without the cost being prohibitive? (3) Is bean straw a good roughage for horses?

L. O. McC., Kendrick, Idaho.
A.—Smutty wheat contains ergot in a majority of cases. Ergot takes the form of a small, purple-black fungus sprout protruding from the seed hulls of the grain and if this is seen the grain is deadly to all animals. It also is a common cause of abortion. If you do not mean that kind of smut a little affected grain, along with plenty of sound feed will not hurt fattening hogs; but do not give it to sows. (2) An artificial ice plant would be too expensive for ordinary farm use. (3) No. It is too coarse, rough and bulky, for the needs of the very best and not nutritious feed possible as they have small stomachs and cannot care for woody roughage.

BASIC SLAG.—What is basic slag? I see it mentioned in articles relative to the fertilization of crops.

G. F. Canada.
A.—It is a by-product in the manufacture of steel and contains the phosphoric acid originally present in the iron ore. Ground in very fine powder it is now largely applied to pasture lands in Great Britain and there has been found to stimulate growth of clover. It is applied in fall and is slow in showing effects upon crops. It should contain from 15 to 20 per cent of phosphoric acid. It is applied at the rate of 400 to 1000 pounds per acre, mixed with one third of kainite. Kainite is the most common potash salt in fertilizer.

HULLING ALFALFA SEED.—Can alfalfa seed be threshed out with threshing machine, or must a huller be used?

A.—Prof. E. G. Montgomery of the Experiment Station of your state says that the threshing machine is not found so satisfactory as the huller. The threshing machine may get all of the seed. A skilled operator with an ordinary threshing machine may get all the seed, especially if the threshing is done in cold weather or on a frosty day, but the machine rarely cleans the seed. The trouble is that hullers cannot usually be found in districts where little alfalfa is grown, hence a threshing machine is to be used. The alfalfa must be thoroughly dry if a threshing machine is to be used. Threshed seed contains a great deal of dirt and must therefore be cleaned afterward. The huller cleans the seed.

DISINFECT STABLES WITH FORMALDEHYDE.—I have heard that the formaldehyde we use for treating out seed against smut is also good as a disinfectant in stables where disease has occurred. Please tell me how it should be used?

A. J. F. Pa.
A.—The solution commonly in use contains 40 per cent of formaldehyde. It may be used either as a liquid or in the form of gas. As a liquid mix four ounces of the solution to a gallon of water and apply thoroughly to all surfaces in the stable. Formaldehyde gas can only be effectively used in tight room or stable. It is useless in most stables. If the place can be made practically air tight then generate the gas as follows: For each 1000 cubic feet of air space place 16 2-3 ounces of permanganate of potash in a shallow pan then 25 ounces of formaldehyde solution or formalin is poured upon it and the room is kept tightly closed for 12 hours or more. The temperature of the room or stable should be not less than 50 degrees Fahrenheit if the disinfection is to be effective.

BUCKWHEAT ON NEW LAND.—What do you think of buckwheat as a crop for new, rich and rather

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sandy soil? Does it stand frost well? How long does it take to mature? **P. R. H., Minn.**
A.—Buckwheat is an excellent crop for the land mentioned and is much used in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan by settlers who have what is termed "good potato soil". It readily kills with frost. It matures in 70 to 75 days from the time of seeding. It is much liked by bee men as it supplies rich stores of honey after the bass wood (linden) blossoms are past. It is chiefly valuable as a grain crop for poultry and hogs, while buckwheat middlings when ground supply a rich protein feed for milch cows. It may also be used as a soiling crop for cows. The varieties usually sown are Japanese, Silver Hull and Common. Of these the first named is most popular and is recommended for use in the West. Seed two to three pecks per acre, either in drills or broadcast, covering two or three inches deep. It will succeed well on any well-prepared, fertile soil.

GROUND LIME AS A FERTILIZER.—Do you advise the use of ground limestone? What does it do in the soil and in what shape should it be applied? **J. H. G., Wis.**
A.—Yes. Ground limestone is now being used in many states and is giving good results on soils deficient in lime. It acts more slowly, but in time and gradually has the same effect as other forms of lime. It binds light soil and opens those that are heavy and close in texture. It acts upon insoluble potash compounds in the soil, changing them into forms available as plant food. It corrects acidity. This is its most important action. Good limestone should contain at least 90 per cent of calcium and magnesium carbonates. Its value depends also upon its fineness. Ground limestone should all pass through a sieve of 80 meshes to the inch. Material coarser than that may remain in the soil for several seasons before becoming available. This form of lime may be applied to the soil in almost any quantity without danger, but it is recommended by the Michigan Experiment Station in Circular No. 11 to use it at the rate of 2000 to 2500 pounds per acre.

MARI AS A FERTILIZER.—What is the best way to apply marl? **J. B. M.**
A.—Dig the marl, throw into piles, and allow to stand for some days or even weeks before hauling to the field. By some it is recommended that the marl should be dug in winter. This will allow much of the water in the marl at the time of digging to evaporate. The marl should then be hauled to the field and distributed in piles. When air dry the marl is easily pulverized and distributed. A slanting blow with the back of a shovel will usually reduce a large lump of air-dry marl to powder. If the marl is very rich in lime some farmers also mix it with good earth to form a compost which is turned once in twice before taking it to the field. It may be spread by means of a manure spreader.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Simple Clothes for Summer Wear

By Geneva Gladding

No. 6206—Ladies' Dress. A charming dress having a plain blouse with drop shoulders and medium-sized collar and a three-gored skirt. In front of the waist there is a straight and narrow panel and the same idea is carried out in the skirt. The closing of both waist and skirt is placed at one side of this band. Two tabs on both waist and skirt button over the panel, and at the neck a wide flat bow is worn with ends pulled under the tabs. Printed crepe, ratine, eponge, chaille, serge, linen, gingham and many other wash materials can be used for this dress.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5888—This very stylish skirt has three gores. It is high in the waistline and one of the front gores is cut away and a piecing inserted. This insert may be of the same material or in contrast. In crepe skirts these piecings are often of silk and in silk skirts of different colors. The model will be just as handsome in one material and color as in linen, ratine or the like.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6218—Ladies' Skirt. This four-gored skirt may have high or regulation waistline. It has an extension tab and a reversed plait at the lower portion of the front gore and in the back forms a panel. It is at one side of the back that the closing is placed.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6216—Ladies' Dress. This effective model will be excellent for linen, poplin, figured silk and heavy gingham. The blouse is plain with front closing scalloped and edged with a contrasting color. The four-gored skirt also closes in the center of the front where there is a small plait or tuck. This same idea is carried out in center back seam.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5858—Ladies' Dress. A simple dress developed in combination of materials. As illustrated, the dress is of white linen with large collar, cuffs, belt and flounce of the skirt made of all-over embroidery. This design is also charmingly trimmed with a light color or made of two colors, so fashionable just now; the dress of light tan with collar, cuffs, belt and flounce of a much deeper shade. Two shades of ratine would make a handsome dress. Pearl or lace-covered buttons are effectively used.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material with one and three quarters yard of 27-inch contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5857—Girls' Dress. This simple frock has two box plaits in front and also in the back with panels in between them. The round neck is trimmed with a pretty collar and the sleeves are finished with ornamental cuffs. A leather or material belt completes the dress. These dresses are made of linen, pique, gingham, lawn and the like and trimmed with embroidery, lace or the same material in a different color.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5425—Girls' Dress. This stylish frock consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse has a group of small tucks at each shoulder in front and a single rever extending from one shoulder to the belt at the opposite side of the dress. The plaited (or gathered) skirt is joined to the blouse and both open in the center of the back. The neck is trimmed with a wide collar and the elbow sleeves are finished with a band.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three and five eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5867—Misses' Dress. A smart model with the familiar sailor blouse in becoming lines. The large armhole, set in plain sleeves and generous collar give the desirable effect of ample fullness. The skirt has four gores. On the right side is a braid trimming; also the braid is carried around collar, belt and cuffs.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; size 18 requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6230—Girls' Dress. One of the latest models for the school girl is here illustrated. The drop shoulder continues from front and back well down over the plain sleeve. The blouse is plain with eyelets for the passing of ribbon which terminates at the front with a square knot and ends. The skirt is in two pieces and gathered at the top.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6141—Boy's Dress. An up-to-date little dress for the small boy, consisting of a simple blouse, belted in at the waist and trimmed with a handsome collar at the neck. There is a removable shield and the sleeves may be long or short. Duck, pique, linen and similar fabrics are used for these suits which are also worn by little girls.

Cut in sizes one, two and three years; medium size requires one and three quarters yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6221—Girls' Dress. Simple and new in design is this pretty dress with plain waist and three-piece skirt, both of which open in the front. The neck is trimmed with a shaped band which extends down the entire front. Cuffs and belt match.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three quarters yard of 36-inch material, with one quarter yard of inch wide elastic and three yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 2144—Ladies' Brassiere. The corsets of today are made so low in the bust that every woman needs a bust supporter and the brassiere here with illustrations is about the best of the many offered. There is a yoke in front and a fitted lower portion, the seams done in French style and wide enough to hold narrow steels in most cases. The backs cross and tie in front. Muslin, cambric, jean, allover embroidery and ribbon and lace are used for these brassieres.

Cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires three quarters yard of 36-inch material, with one quarter yard of inch wide elastic and three yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6231—Boy's Russian Suit. This little suit is cut on the graceful, slender lines of the present fashion. The neck is round and a shaped piece takes the place of a collar and continues down the front where the opening is arranged. There is a belt of material or leather as desired, held in place at side seams by straps under which the belt passes. Small knickerbocker trousers complete the suit. Gingham, duck, linen or galatea are durable materials for suits like this. Little girls as well as boys are wearing these two-piece suits and by the practical mothers are found to be very satisfactory. Bloomers are worn more and more, especially with play suits when the petticoat is discarded.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; medium size requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6165—Lingerie Hats. The craze for lingerie hats is as great as ever and the illustration gives many different styles for them. Linen or plain gingham make becoming, picturesque hats very useful for garden or slip-on wear when a protection from the wind is desirable. In fact, the fortunate possessor of one or more of these hats finds them very useful.

Embroidery designs can be had for two: No. 8263 for the one at top of group, and No. 8262 at the bottom; price, 10 cents each.

The group of hats comes in one size including every style. Price, 10 cents.

No. 8241 T—Corner for Tea Cloth. Small table cloths are extremely useful as every housewife knows, their use extending beyond the conventional tea table. The design here shown is dainty and graceful. The central figure is to be worked in French eyelet, which is not difficult in fairly heavy material and the leaves of the design are to be worked solid, in French style.

The same pattern may be used on pillow slips. Coarse lace, hemstitching or scallops are used for edges. Price, 10 cents.

No. 8221 T—Oblong Rose Pillow of unusual beauty. Silk, burial, a natural color linen and plain white may be used for the cover and the design worked in deep carmine tints with brownish leaves.

and stem, or in some of the brighter reds and also in yellow. The straight band may be darned in or a strip of lace can be used. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11-4-47—Waist Design. The embroidered waist is a strong feature with summer costumes, both as a separate waist or when waist is joined to skirt. As lace and embroidery combine charmingly, it is well to join waist and skirt with coarse lace insertion. If a low or round neck

is desired, use collar design around top; the center part directly in front with remainder on either side. Narrow insertion either side of embroidered cuff would match lace belt and be very pretty. So many of the fine shirt-waists have the yoke effect that this design should be especially welcome. At the upper part there are dots to be worked solid and below this are festoons of small flowers. The blossoms are to be worked in eyelet and the leaves solid or in fine outline. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

COMBINING LAVANDER.—ADA MORREN, for a simple light lavender dress showing just a touch of a darker shade, use pattern No. 6216 on this page. From the dark shade put very narrow crossways bands on collar and cuffs and stitch both edges flat. Use piping at waist and skirt joining, also pipe around back strap. Face the scalloped edge

with dark shade, letting the facing extend well back of buttonholes; also pipe buttonholes with dark shade which is not difficult. At the place where each buttonhole is to be made, baste a piece of material on the right side, stitch around the length of buttonhole with about a quarter of an inch between stitchings and cut open, turning the piece onto the back side. Arrange piping so it will just fill space. If a wider piping is preferred, make stitchings wider apart.

COMBINING MATERIALS.—CLARA BELL, Nos. 6206 and 5858 show attractive ways of combining materials, a style very popular this season. I would use No. 5858 for your poplin, using the pink for collar, cuffs, belt and flounce at bottom and your white for dress. Yes, girls to the age of twelve years wear full rompers in place of petticoats and drawers. White long cloth or other soft white cloth makes those worn with dress dresses or very light ones desirable unless made of dress material. Rompers are not starched. By all means keep very low heels on your children until they are at least sixteen years old. High heels are accountable for many weak backs, to say nothing of large joints which are painful and make it out of the question to wear well-fitting boots through life. The fact is, the foot cannot take a natural poise, and brings the weight of body on the ball of foot and toes.

REMODELING WHITE LINEN.—MRS. E. D. R., to make your four-gored skirt narrower, change the double boxplait at back to a single one. Do the same in front, stitching it flat a half inch from edge, and to within eight inches of the bottom, and cut out the surplus cloth underneath from this point to belt. To hold the short loose plait in place stitch through to skirt twice. Remove the soiled cuffs and collar and use red velvet ones which are very fashionable. Make them separately so they may be removed when coat is laundered and tack on with a long blind stitch. Use white pearl or velvet covered buttons.

LENGTHENING PETTICOATS.—MRS. C. L. M., make your little girl's outgrown petticoats into princess slips. Cut off the binding and even the top and it is all ready to join to a long waist as a ruffle. Cut the waist long enough (or you may find it necessary to take a piece from top of petticoat) to have the ruffle join where the fullness is needed and will not make the dresses too full. You also may decide to take a little from the width of petticoats as several years ago they were made full enough to set the dress out which is no longer the fashion. One ingenious woman made two slips for herself from an old-fashioned, very wide skirt that had a deep ruffle of tucks and insertion.

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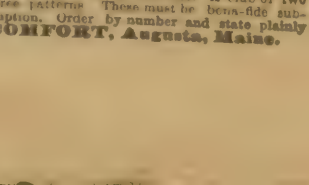
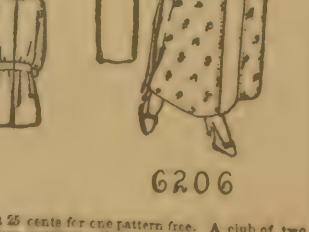
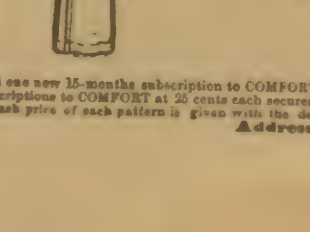
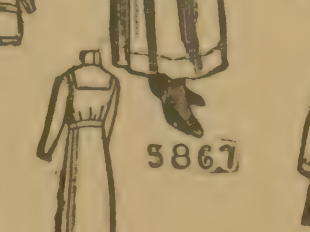
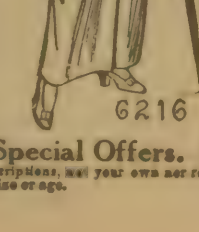
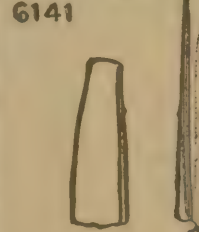
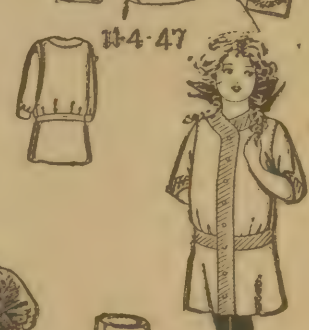


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His Red, White and Blue Girl

Holiday Story Cyclis—No. 7—by Joseph F. Novak

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CHAPTER I.

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore."
Oliver Wendell Holmes:
Voy of the Gd. Ship Union.

"MARSHALL, may I ask a favor of you?" Miss Adora Swayne, in an extravagant kimono, came into the morning parlor, and after a winking little nod to her caller, she plunged into the matter which was the subject of his early morning call.

"Why," he returned gallantly, "it is customary for me to do favors for you, and feel flattered to be thus allowed. Therefore, why do you ask in such a timid manner?"

"Because, Marshall, it is a favor that I fancy you would rather not grant. Mrs. Buford has been suddenly called upon to entertain Sir Richard Molton, and so has arranged for a short yachting cruise for tomorrow, and for a dance at the yacht club in the evening. She wishes us to be numbered among her guests. I told her of your Fourth of July Launch Party for the lads of the village here, and that I was to chaperon, as it were. She said that she knew you wouldn't mind postponing the affair for a day, so I promised that we'd accept her invitation. You will postpone it, won't you? I really



HE SOON REAPPEARED, CLUTCHING THE HALF DROWNED, MUCH SCARED BOY.

hate to ask you, but—"

Marshall Searles looked up at her, with clear, frank eyes, in which indignation was now slowly kindling. Adora had never seen him angry, nor did she expect to see him grow so now. Nor did she, though he was seriously near to it. He merely said, almost disdainfully, however:

"Who is this Sir Richard Molton, pray, whom Mrs. Buford presumes can upset our arrangements with impunity? Is he such a lion that all must listen when he roars? Well, I for one, shall not, and I do not intend to disappoint my boys."

"It isn't disappointing them, Marshall," Adora interrupted, for she saw that he would not be easily shaken, "it is just postponing their pleasure a day, and gives them twenty-four hours more to think about the glorious time coming."

"Well, the fifth of July isn't the Fourth of July, and never can be. I can only say, Adora, that Sir Richard's coming is not going to spoil my plans for tomorrow."

"But Marshall, I'd rather cruise with Mrs. Buford."

"Would you?" he asked, with hurt in his voice.

"Very well then, Adora, I'll release you from your engagement to go with the lads and myself tomorrow."

"Won't you postpone the affair?"

"No."

"And you won't be angry?"

"Angry? Why should I be? Do you think I'd insist on having you keep your engagement with me, when I know it would be kept in unwilling spirit? Can I insist when I see your whole thought is to be included in Mrs. Buford's party? And lastly, when you tell me you'd prefer the cruise, can I do otherwise? There's nothing to be angry about."

"You've stated three excellent reasons that would be good cause for anger. But Marshall, dear, you know I've gone boating, canoeing, and tramping with you so many times that I think I'm entitled to be excused this once."

"Well, haven't I excused you?" he asked, his voice gentle, for he knew she had been unusually kind to him.

"Yes, you have, but somehow I don't feel right in availing myself of your kindness. Now, if you'd just be a little vexed, provoked or angry, I'd feel as if I were in a measure punished for spoiling your plans. But Marshall, if I can set off your disappointment by making some arrangement for a frolic or excursion of some sort in the future—"

"Don't bother, Adora. It isn't my nature to accept balm for little sacrifices."

"I know I've spoiled your Fourth of July party, but really I can't help it, and I think you could oblige me."

"I suppose I ought to, Adora, but I can't disappoint the lads, if it is only a matter of postponement. Why, the day after, their Fourth of July spirit will have fled. And then too, I don't care particularly about meeting Sir Richard; there will be other opportunity. I am only sorry because I won't have you help me entertain the boys. I've told them of the Red, White, and Blue 'Lady' who was to recite war-time poems and sing war-time songs for them. I told them of the gown they were going to wear, and that I'd wear my uniform. They'll be so disappointed."

"Well, Marshall, why not ask someone of the other girls? There are rafts of them who would be able to sing and recite, and who would fly at the offer of playing chaperon—"

"Thanks for the compliment your words imply, but I never make eleventh hour engagements."

He was hurt to think that she should want to forego his party for the boys, he didn't want to be angry, but in his inmost heart, he wondered why she should be so anxious to meet Sir Richard. Well, what affair of his was it, he continued, in thought. She was not engaged to him, and could he expect Adora, who was belle of the fashionable summer colony known as "Dell-Rocks-By-The-Sea" to be away from the social whirl the coming of Sir Richard Molton would create? Nay.

But he was sorry to see in her, the woman instinct to worship a coronet.

The girl was silent before the unmeant rebuke. Marshall, feeling that the interview was over, rose, and picking up his yachting cap, which he had tossed to the floor, he walked to the door and out on to the porch of the pretty summer cottage on the beach.

At the head of the stairs he stopped, and crossing his wind-tanned arms (for he was in a deshabille, having rowed over from his hotel) he said:

"I don't want you to think, Adora, that I wish to be a boor in this matter, and to prove it, I want you to enjoy yourself, and forget that you had a previous engagement with me. Perhaps I ought to oblige you, and yet I cannot disappoint my boys. If I've been rude, I beg your pardon, but when a chap has been looking forward to an affair for a few weeks, and then suddenly finds his plans 'knocked on the head' he can't be any too angry. Now, I'll say good by, and touching his cap, he swung down the walk and out upon the rocky beach, where his small skiff lay.

With contending emotions the girl watched him as he sprang into the little craft and sent it into the deep. Not until he grew an indistinct flick on the shimmering morning sea did she withdraw her gaze. Then with a little frown, she went back into the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

Pop! Pop! BANG! BANG! BANG! BOOM! ! ! These sounds greeted Marshall Searles on awakening the next morning. It was early, but 5.30 o'clock, and the young man, after awakening for some time lay luxuriously idle in his bed in his room in the hotel, from which place, he, seaward, could see the ocean with its fascinating heaving, or, landward, the flags upon the cottages streaming in the morning breeze.

He thought of the day and what it was to bring. A little disappointment, of course, but he determined to bear it, and not show it before his boys, lest it spoil their pleasure, which was to be a full day's ride in his launch on the ocean, and a display of fireworks in the night.

Near the bed on a chair lay his uniform and hat, relics of his rough-rider days. As he gazed upon the garments, listened to the Fourth of July racket outside, or contemplated the floating flags he thought of the days when the same sounds meant things serious, things not to be rejoiced at. A flood of patriotic sentiment rushed over him, he sprang up to don the old uniform with the same alacrity that he employed in war-time days at the reveille of the bugle.

Dressed, he stepped to the window and looked out upon the morning. Far down the pier, he could see Mrs. Buford's yacht already steaming up, for a light curl of smoke came from her funnel chimneys. A feeling of regret came upon him until he espied a few of his lads whirling away the time by touching off crackers. Then he smiled again, and descended to the dining-room, blithely whistling "Yankee Doodle" to the nervous despair of several dowagers already disturbed from their morning sleep by the booming of explosives.

Breakfast dispensed with, he picked up the newspaper and read until the hour neared eight, at which he was to meet the lads. Then he left the hotel and strolled toward the wharf, gradually gathering in his followers who gazed upon him in his uniform in undisguised admiration. He greeted them jovially, then they all clambered into the launch, which the man had been cleaning and putting into order. It was gaily decked with flags and bunting, in holiday array.

He admonished the lads to hurry, for he wished to push off before Mrs. Buford's yacht did. But in spite of warning, haste and admonition, they did not get under way as soon as he expected, and then the thing which he least of all wished, happened. Mrs. Buford's guests began to arrive, and among them came Adora, and with her, Sir Richard, who was dressed with all the nicety of an English society man, making Marshall in his khaki uniform and leggings and felt hat, feel slovenly and unkempt.

Adora was dressed in a deliciously cool looking gown of white, with a huge white panama hat on her head. She had discarded the variegated ribbon that had previously adorned it, and now replaced it with a broad soft-silken band of red, white and blue, with a silver spread-eagle at the knot. Instead of the usual scarf of some dainty hue which the ladies of the yachting party sported, Adora wore a long silken flag of red, white and blue. The glow of the morning was in her brilliant cheeks, her blowing brown hair under the big hat made her altogether delightful.

She nodded pleasantly to Marshall and to the boys, then went aboard the yacht.

"Why, isn't the 'Red, White and Blue Lady' coming with us, Mr. Searles?" one of the boys asked. "I know you said she wasn't coming, but I thought maybe she was sick! My! She'd look better longside o' you, 'cause you'd make a nice couple, you with your soldier suit and she with all that silk flag stuff."

"Well, Billy, Miss Adora has seen fit to make other arrangements, so we must excuse her."

"But who's going to tell us all them nice poems 'bout Fourth of July?" he persisted.

"Why, we'll have to cut them out, but I'll try and make it up by telling you war stories."

"O, that'll be grand!"

"All right. Now, are we all ready? All aboard!"

With a grand hurrah, the launch slowly moved off midst the terrific crashing of giant crackers, which, tossed into the ocean threw up fountains of spray. The shouting and racket and banging of exploding crackers kept up as the launch with her proudly floating flags swept with steady swaying into the sun-glade shimmering on the ocean.

All morning the merry launch sped over the water, sometimes dashing far out into the ocean, again hugging the shore, or exploring bays and inlets. Now and then the happy party disembarked, had glorious pow-wows, attacks, battles, Marshall leading them in their boyish sports. Then at noon they dined gloriously without a thought to proper blending of food and were none the worse for it. They interspersed bites with singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" while the photograph vied with them in keeping up the hub-bub.

All wished to drink from Marshall's canteen which had gone through the war, they huzzahed him as he told stories of the battles in which he had been, and though he assured them that his escapades were not acts of particular bravery, still the lads dimly realized that any man who fights for his country who fights with his whole soul, is as much a hero as he who performs the greatest of deeds.

The boys gazed upon their hero, as he, coatless, hatless, with the breeze tearing through his hair, detailed vividly the adventures he had in Cuba and of his affairs in the Philippines.

And so the afternoon wore on, the hour was nearing four, and the launch was again headed toward Dell-Rocks-By-The-Sea. Over the water she shot with the speed of a meteor, dashing through the rolling swells and spluttering the spray against the wind shield, leaving in her wake, a white-capped trail.

A great white-sailed yacht, now hove into view, her great boom dipping into the ocean, and it was not long ere Searles recognized it as that of Mrs. Buford. It was coming at a steady pace, and continually gaining.

"O, let's race it!" exclaimed several of the lads.

"I don't think we can, boys," Marshall said, "but if she overtakes us, we'll give three rousing cheers."

He hardly wished to be observed by those aboard the yacht, for he felt he was scarcely an object of beauty. His hat had been off, his face felt coated with salted spray, his hair was

awry from the wind. He was coatless, his army khaki trousers were splashed with spray and here and there with grease.

The great yacht was speedily gaining and it was only a matter of a few moments now when she would be upon them.

"Now, as soon as she comes, wave your flags as if charging the enemy, and yell three good cheers," Marshall instructed, "and just as she reaches us, let us sing the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

With boyish voices, fired with the patriotism of youth, they shouted out the inspiring chorus:

"Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just
And this is our motto:
'In God we do Trust!'
And the Star Spangled Banner
In triumph shall wave
O'er the Land of the Free
And the home of the Brave!"

From the yacht came the clapping of hands, and as it sailed alongside, came dazzling smiles from the ladies, while the men shouted: "Bravo!"

Searles stood up in the launch, then he bowed and turning to the lads, he shouted:

"Now boys, three cheers and tiger for the yacht and all aboard her. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger!"

They yelled lustily. At that juncture, Sir Richard Molton came to the starboard side. Adora was with him.

"Now, boys, three cheers for Sir Richard Molton," Searles cried, and they gave them with spirit, accompanied with frantic waving of flags.

Then—just how it happened, no one knew. There came a scream from Adora. Searles turned about and beheld a small struggling figure in the water.

One of the lads in his excitement, had stood up, and toppled over into the water. Searles saw, quick as a flash, he stopped the launch, the next moment he had dived over the railing, and disappeared.

He soon reappeared, clutching a very wet, half drowned and much scared young patriot, who, in spite of everything, was still clinging to his flag.

It was over in a moment, he had the spluttering, coughing boy in the launch in no time, none the worse for his dive.

He picked up his coat and wrapped it around the dripping figure, he shouted a farewell and in spite of his dripping state, sat to the engine and sent the launch scudding off toward land.

But not before he heard a rather grim laugh, and the sound of a voice, which said:

"Ah, a very cleverly arranged program."

It was the voice of Sir Richard.

Searles' cheeks burned. He felt that the rescue had been a rather ridiculous performance.

He sent the launch with vengeful speed, scudding over the waves, so fast that its sides were almost on a level with the water. Then the clubhouse reached, the lads were taken to his particular room where they washed up, and latently partook of the lunch prepared for them, after which they sat out on the piazza of the clubhouse overlooking the ocean, while the night slowly fell.

Searles had changed his clothes, he now wore summer flannels, a dark blue coat and yachting cap. He wandered, somewhat restlessly up and down the piazza. Somehow to the lads, he looked taller, more stern and less the jovial fellow of the afternoon, for his boyish mood was gone, replaced by that of the man.

Perhaps the boys dimly realized this, for one observed covertly to another:

"Mr. Searles seems kinder blue-like."

At last it was dark enough, and Searles announced that they would take to the launch again. Timothy was to manage the engine, so Searles sat with the lads and watched the display from the piazza of the yacht-club.

The launch was soon at a little distance from the clubhouse, and it was not long ere the wonderful display began. Searles had hired a man from the city to bring down a magnificent lot of pyrotechnics, and the small lads now watched, almost in awe, the bursting mobs, the clinging stars, the rockets and glaring lights which lit up the water as far as the eye could reach.

The little lad that had tumbled into the sea sat beside Searles. He noted the faraway look in that young man's eyes, noted his seeming stern quiet.

"Mr. Searles," he whispered, "ain't you feeling well? I was wondering if maybe you wasn't sick because you had to jump into the water to get me, and then you sat in your wet things all the way back to the clubhouse."

Searles laughed jovially.

"Oh, I'm not sick," he returned. "I don't mind an occasional ducking. But if I seem to be quiet, why it is just because I'm listening to the music. Isn't it beautiful?" and he directed the attention of the lads to the music that came from the orchestra within the clubhouse, softly yet clearly o'er the water in the midst of the bursting brilliant bombs.

They little suspected that his heart was with-

ing away from the music.

His action caused the flag to drape gracefully about him.

And then, as their lips met, from the ballroom, quite appropriately floated the strains of "The Stars and the Stripes Forever."

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to come invitingly. It stirred his soul. Then he decided to go to the dance. It was Mrs. Buford's affair, and while she might be provoked with him for not attending the cruise, yet he knew he could, by tantalizing flattery, win her over.

The affair was informal, and summer flannels seemed to be the thing, so that he was quite in keeping as to dress.

He entered the ballroom over which a patriotic wave had swept. The favors had been given out, they consisted of flags, banners, silver eagles and the like. Everyone was quite bedecked.

He saw Adora among the throng. She had draped about her, a large silk flag, as had many of the other girls. She seemed displeased, however, in spite of the fact that Sir Richard followed in her train.

But when she saw Searles, she smiled and nodded brightly.

"I'm not making up a card," she said, "but I must keep my promise to dance with you," she finished, as the music commenced.

Some chap approached her, clamoring for the dance. "Your dance?" she queried. "Why, really, you must forgive me, and move your dance one back, for I've promised Mr. Searles that I'd give him the first dance as soon as he came in, though I had my doubts as to whether it would be claimed or not."

They slowly danced to that enchanting two-step, "Jamestown Dixie," and when it was finished, they stepped to the piazza and away from the rest of the guests.

"I enjoyed the dance very much, Adora," Searles began.

"What did you think of me for insisting on dancing with you as I did? You must hate me, but really I had to ask you. I want to know whether you really have forgiven me for deserting your party in the shameful manner I did."

"Why I told you yesterday that it would be all right. Did you enjoy the cruise?"

"I didn't," she exclaimed. "It was a bore. And then when I saw you among those happy-faced lads who revered you, and then when I saw how unhesitatingly you sprang into the sea—"

"Stop!" he cried, his face crimson. "Don't you, of all persons, remind me of that. I couldn't help that the lad tumbled into the water, and I couldn't let him chance on getting back into the launch safely, could I? In addition to that, I had to stand for the geying of a fellow who stopped for his disgust and humiliation choked him."

"I know how you felt," she returned. "When the lad tumbled into the water, Sir Richard never moved an eyelash. I was amazed, but it was no more than I could expect. But after all, I am rather glad it all happened as it did, for

She hesitated, and as he looked at her with that look she so loved, she said lowly:

"Mrs. Buford told me that I was favored above all others in Sir Richard's sight. And when she told me that, I quickly ceased being agreeable, for the little incident showed me his character. To become 'Lady Molton' sounds fine, but I hardly think I care to leave the protection of this," and she drew the silken flag's folds, more closely about her.

"Then you mean you want an American chap to take care of you?"

"Yes," and her voice grew low.

"And can I be that man?" he cried, as he caught her hand which clasped a corner of the flag.

"Yes, Marshall."

"My own Red, White and Blue Girl," he breathed rapturously, as he gathered her close. His action caused the flag to drape gracefully about him. It was a beautiful tableau.

And then, as their lips met, from the ballroom, quite appropriately floated the strains of "The Stars and the Stripes Forever."

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have received so much benefit from the sisters' letters, I thought I would write a few lines if the waste basket does not happen to catch this.

Mrs. A. C. Shephard, I heartily agree with you about the card game. So many people will say there is no harm in playing cards, but the Bible tells us to "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Did I ever hear of any good coming from a card game? On the other hand how often do we read of quarrels starting at a card table in saloons and homes, and how often do we read of cheating. Does not it seem to you that cards have the "appearance of evil" stamped upon them?

I, like Mrs. Shephard, think we should put our spare moments in doing something we will not be ashamed of at the judgment day. We who are Christians should follow closely in the footsteps of Christ. I can imagine Jesus sitting at a card table enjoying himself. Not when He was here on earth He was always "about His Father's business."

With all good wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson.

Mrs. BESSIE HARR, Weir City, Kans.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Thanks for such a little rest in your midst and allow me to say a few words about kissing. Perhaps some may think it not a fit subject to talk on in our Comfort Sisters' Corner.

A kiss when true, is a token of love and kindness. In another sense nothing is more dangerous than a villain's or a would-be lover's kiss. Is it not so? I say, mothers, warn your girls. Have them understand that their boy friends must not kiss them. Some may say there is no harm in just a little kissing, but in many cases it leads to harm. Remember if there were no kissing between opposite sexes before marriage, there would be few if any fallen women. Girls, remember the more distant girl is more respected by a gentleman. Love has well said, "There is no common sense or propriety in half the love affairs among young people; and the kiss and the hug of the lover have often either bred contempt by familiarity or else disgusted in licentiousness which has turned many a well-begun and well-meant match that never meted, into ruin that never righted." Girls there is time enough after marriage to kiss and hug. The kiss is then true to its token or significance. Mothers do not let your daughters say when asked by a boy to kiss them, "well mother never taught me there was harm in it so I don't suppose there is."

Please pardon my plainness. I would like to hear a more gifted writer on this subject.

Mrs. ROSA WENDT, Stone Point, Texas.

Mrs. Weedin. The subject of kissing is an entirely proper one to discuss in our corner and I agree with you in all you say.

It is step by step that harmful kissing begins. Children as a rule are inclined to shrink from kissing or being kissed except by father and mother, which is an instinctive trait. As they grow older, the example of promiscuous kissing is all too frequently before them, with the natural result that to them, a kiss has no particular significance.

Then follows the freedom of school life, an age when kissing games are often indulged in, or other sports where the kiss is stolen "just for fun." Too often parents applaud these childish pranks, forgetting there is a morrow.

The next step is when friendships become more than passing and love and romance play a part: the age of being self-responsible has come, and it is right at this point where so many thoroughly good boys and girls through ignorance, have committed follies, the results of which lead them through life, and I believe the kiss, not so hard to refuse because it was "only a kiss" has played a very important part in their downfall.

All this can only be comprehended by those of mature years; it would be impossible to impart all this to the young we would protect, so the only course, as it appears to me, is not to set the example of promiscuous kissing and teach against all familiarities; and above all, shield the boys and girls from temptation, for a parent seldom knows when or where the first seed of wrong thinking was sown.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never written before, but hope I may get space for this suggestion. Mrs. Rosa Geyer wrote how olive oil cured paralysis caused by spinal meningitis. I know from experience that olive oil is a wonderful remedy.

I had inflammatory rheumatism until I was helpless. I could not raise a finger, and the medicine did me no good. Finally a neighbor told me that pure olive oil and alcohol, equal parts, rubbed thoroughly in would help me. I tried it and in three weeks was well.

We have found this good for several things. Used with camphor it is excellent for headache. The alcohol may be left out, as it is only used to drive the oil in quickly. In quick, in quick, get only the pure oil. Much of the inferior grades are only cotton-seed oil.

Mrs. N. G. CARBAS, Ft. Laramie, Wyo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never before attempted to enter your circle but nevertheless enjoy it very much for it's the first thing I read. I find so many helpful suggestions. I just wonder if any of the sisters live at Corpus Christi, Texas. If so, I would be glad of any information about the little city as I am thinking of moving there in the near future. I am a widow with two children to rear; a boy of eleven and a girl of seven, and feel a big city is no place for them. I keep rooms, do plain sewing, washing or any kind of work to make a living, but am growing tired of the long winters and would like to go South and raise chickens, cut flowers and garden.

I just want to say to Mrs. Mary Lindsey, Lockesburg, Ark., keep your children on the farm. You are independent. I am one who sews and washes for others and know what it is. I would be glad of some suggestions for making money at home. Made little fancy aprons to sell this summer and did fairly well.

Most sincerely,
Mrs. MAGGIE OGLESBY, Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Oglesby. I am glad you turned to our Comfort sisters for information, and I feel certain it will be given you.

Just a word of caution: Investigate well any propositions made by agents with real estate to sell or rent. All real estate agents are by no means swindlers, but enough are to warrant a woman being extremely cautious.

May success follow your untiring efforts.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

It has been a long time since I last wrote a scribble for our dear paper, but I do love the very name of this dear paper COMFORT; there is a great deal in the one word.

I mean to talk to the mothers as I see we have numbers here and all look just alike and feel tired out, but have gathered to see and hear all they can to help them in their daily task; not only daily but hourly, for never only while asleep does the mother have rest. Dear mothers, I feel we try to take too much on ourselves. If we would consider and not try to spread ourselves out over so wide a surface, we so often do enough in one day for two. In fact a clever mother two often makes the most of her family. I feel for she has an idea that the world would stand still if she did not give it a few every hour in the day and a final push at night. No wonder there are so many ordinary daughters for extraordinary mothers exhaust their nervous energy too soon by having too many ideas to the five or six, or by burning their candles at both ends and at last become nervous wrecks through the strain and fret of trying to keep their daughters in school, or ready to go to every entertainment and keep them dressed up in style. To keep their sons' clothes always ready for him to step into at any time, and at the same time try to have her meals always ready for John for fear if he happens to come in from town or from his club and the meal not ready there would be a racket. Also trying to keep the house tidy, for if you have grown up daughters and sons you never know when they will come home with company from Monday morning till Sunday night. Mothers are always busy. No time to visit, having to stay right at home and keep everything going. Sunday morning comes on and you are alone, and you are so tired from your week's work for clean clothes and off they go, even to John, shame on all the Johns, for little thought have you that the once fair maid you courted is feeling—feeling so fast and why? I can tell you. It is partly on your account. Just stop and consider

if it isn't your place as well as your wife's to help in anyway you can with the children. You can lighten her burden often by doing little tasks around the house. Well, says John, "I make the living for the family and it's a wife's place to stay at home and take care of what I make." Yes, it's her place to take care of what you make, but don't you think you could stay at home with the little ones if you can't take them all, for sometimes a large family is not all fixed to go; maybe the baby's shoes are worn or the little boy's cap is unfit to wear, this being the case it is usually the mother who stays at home with them while John goes off and often stays all day Sunday, when he should have stayed at home and suggested that his wife go. It would make her feel so much better to know he even thought of her so kindly. Then why not stay at home and talk to your wife? You used to stay all day on Sunday and could hardly leave Sunday night; now you stay away all day and can hardly go home at night. I don't mean to hurt anyone, but if no one feels guilty they will not get offended. Sometimes a wife is the cause of her husband leaving home, so continually does she nag him, and, as the old saying goes "keeps him in hot water trying to be boss." Then again, sometimes a wife fails to take herself up, or fails to keep her house and the children clean and her husband becomes discouraged.

Dear sisters, consider every thing essential for the making of a good true woman. "Open her mouth with wisdom and eateth not the bread of idleness."

I am afraid I will worry you all so I will go by telling you that I have been married twenty years the twenty-first day of last May. How I would enjoy being an old maid and can walk only across the room. I sit by the window and watch for the mail carrier.

Mrs. Ed. DeBarr, Savannah, K. E. 2, Tenn.

What Shall We Name the Baby?

The selection of a name which seems good enough for the little stranger is often a difficult matter, particularly so, when John and Mary each have a decided preference for different names. This situation has often deprived baby of a name until several months old, during which time the family had called the little one "baby" until the word became a fixture and when at last the name was decided upon, it didn't seem to fit baby.

However, there is a very pretty way to overcome this. For instance: John would like his daughter to be named Viola in memory of his mother, while Mary, for family reasons, prefers the name of Grace; so why not combine the names, calling her Viola Grace. The name Grace, according to the present custom, would be dropped at her marriage to give place to the family name. Should Viola Grace Wilson marry Mr. Jewell, she would take the name of Viola Wilson Jewell. There is no question about the sweetness of a name being chiefly from association, for who does not find happiness in speaking or writing the name we love; the name "grows" on us, and we desire it carried from one generation to another.

Following is a list of names printed for the purpose of helping Comfort Sisters in naming baby. I have been materially assisted in making this list by Mrs. Nora Crandall, Martinsville, R. R. 1, Ill., Mrs. Leslie Hendricks, Ulmon, R. R. 1, Mo., Miss Pearl Miller, Danvers, R. R. 2, Ill., Miss Augusta Koplin, Tahlequah, Okla., and Mrs. Mattie Voorhees, Oakland, N. Y.

Girls

ABIGAIL, my father's joy.

ADA, happiness.

ADELIN, a princess.

AGATHA, kind; good.

AGNES, chaste; pure.

ALICE, nobility.

ALMIRA, lofty.

ALTHEA, a healer.

AMANDA, worthy of love.

AMABEL, lovable.

AMY, beloved.

AMELIA, busy, energetic.

ANTONIA, inestimable.

ANNETTE, grace.

ARABELLA, a fair altar.

AURORA, fresh, brilliant.

BARBARA, foreign, strange.

BEATRICE, making happy.

BERNICE, bright, beautiful.

BETSY, consecrated to God.

BLANCH, white.

BRIDGET, strength.

CATHARINE, pure.

CELESTINE, heavenly.

CHLOE, blooming.

CLAUDIA, feminine for CLAUDIUS.

CORNELIA, feminine for CORNELIUS.

ERNESTINE, feminine for ERNEST.

FRANCES, feminine for FRANCIS.

FREDERICA, feminine for FREDERICK.

GERALDINE, feminine for GERALD.

GEORGINA, feminine for GEORGE.

ALBERTA, feminine for ALBERT.

ALEXANDRA, feminine for ALEXANDER.

AUGUSTA, feminine for AUGUSTUS.

AURELIA, feminine for AURELIUS.

CAROLINE, feminine for CAROLUS.

CECILIA, feminine for CECIL.

CHARLOTTE, feminine for CHARLES.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

WORMS.—We have a mare about twelve years old and she is most always gnawing on her trough or some other part of the stable. The mare is not very fat and doesn't seem to be easy to fatten. J. A. McL. A.—Worms are the probable cause. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian; then mix in the feed night and morning for a week one tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron and sulphur; then skip ten days and repeat the treatment. Muzzle her when she is not feeding; or smear aloes and oil on the things she gnaws.

LAMENESS.—I have a small mare about fifteen years old. Her back seems to be hurt across the hips; she will hold her hind leg up and then she'll hold the other one. It hurts her to go up or down hill, or to pull. She fell on the ice last spring, but I do not know if that was the cause of it or not. She eats good. We feed oat and wheat hay. She drinks very little water. She has always been a good saddle horse.

A.—She no doubt strained the muscles of the loins and external applications do no good in such a condition. She should be turned out to grass for the summer and may then recover. If necessary feed her on grass. If she must be stabled give her a roomy box stall and if needed put slings under her at night.

WEEK EYE.—I have a Scotch Terrier, two years old. Ever since he was a little pup he has shed his hair constantly. He does not scratch him but just sheds all the time. One of his eyes is pink around the rim, it is very weak and waters a good deal. M. H. A.—Bathe the eye with a ten per cent. solution of boric acid applied twice daily on fresh swabs of absorbent cotton. Have the dog clipped; then wash with coal tar dip solution made according to directions of the manufacturer. It can be bought at the drug store. Let the dog live out of doors as much as possible and feed one small meal each night.

PINING COW.—I have a thoroughbred Holstein beef between three and four years old. She came in last August. She and calf did well. She gives a good mess of milk but seems to be losing in flesh all the time, although she has a good appetite. R. R. A.—Tuberculosis is to be suspected in this case and should therefore have her tested with tuberculin to make sure. Any veterinarian can apply the test. It would be best not to use the milk, unless she is proved free from tuberculosis.

DIARRHEA.—Please tell me what ails my dog. He first started as though he had cold, his eyes and nose run and he coughs quite a bit. He got so he couldn't use his hind legs, and they seem stiff. He is fat and eats heartily, gets him fresh milk and ten drops of niter. Bowels loose. Please tell me what to do for dogs when bowels are so loose. He got burrs up under his leg which made an awful sore before we found the trouble. Do you think it could cause blood poison? Mrs. P. B. A.—Ten grains of salol every four hours would be likely to stop the scouring. It may well be that he absorbed poisonous matters from the wound. Wash it with peroxide of hydrogen twice daily, then dust with one part each of boric acid and powdered alum and six parts of starch powder.

WOUND.—I have a mare that was cut on a wire fence just in front of her about eighteen months ago. The man who owned her put line on the cut and it has never healed. Her leg is swollen from the cut down to the pastern. She does not limp nor seem to suffer from pain in her leg. Is in good condition and works all right. The upper part of the cut is a lump protruding over the lower part. If she stands still in the barn some days her leg swells more and becomes harder. She is about seven years old and weighs about thirteen hundred.

A.—Work or exercise the mare every day and let her occupy a box stall in stable. Bandage the leg from foot to hock each time she comes into the stable. Wash the wound clean then paint it once with a mixture of iodine and alcohol. Apply iodine daily a mixture of one dram of boric acid and one ounce of balsam of Peru. Do not again wash the wound, but wipe it gently with cotton batting, if that seems necessary.

LAMENESS.—I have a fine mare which is lame in her fore legs and feet and her hind legs are affected some. The joints feel inflamed but not swollen and crack considerable when moved. She has been lame mail route two years and last fall went lame then got better and about four weeks ago became worse. I took shoes off and stood her in clay but with no results. Mrs. H. E. F. A.—Without an examination we cannot diagnose mysterious cases of lameness; but if she thrusts her fore feet out when standing still, especially when starting to walk, it may be found that we would clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and blister them with a cerate of cantharides a number of times, one at a time, at intervals of three or four weeks.

ORPHAN FOAL.—Will you please give me advice to raise a colt on cow's milk? It is a week old. The mare died two days after it was born from injuries received in foaling. We are feeding it separated milk. Is this right? We separated milk enough for it? How much should it be fed in a day? W. T. L. A.—Use whole milk from a fresh cow; but the milk should not be rich in butter fat. Feed it milk warm, sweetened with water and have limewater added at rate of one ounce per pint. An orphan foal should be fed a half pint or so once an hour at first and gradually the amount of milk may be increased and the feeding times made further apart. By the time this reaches you the foal should be feeding six times a day and taking about all the milk it cares for. Also allow it to lick oatmeal and after a time add wheat bran. When foal is six weeks old you may begin substituting some sweet skim-milk for the whole milk and when it is three months old it may be taking straight skim-milk, besides feed and grass.

SICK SOW.—I have a Poland China sow in a serious condition. She brought pigs six weeks ago and did very well for the first two weeks. She seemed to have chills. Eight or ten days ago she would eat a little and vomit. I have been giving her corn, and bread and milk and a little spirits of turpentine, but for the last few days she won't eat anything. P. A.—Do not feed corn to a nursing sow, feed light, laxative rations and make sow take plenty of exercise, then she will be able to stand the strain and drain of nursing. If she is alive when this reaches you wean the pigs at once and feed her milk and mid-dlings in form of slop. Chances of recovery are poor.

TUBERCULOSIS.—I have a cat that was two years old last April. Some time ago he appeared to have a very bad cold and wheezed a great deal. He got a little better and now we can hear him when in another room. It sounds like a snore or a groan, and he does it sleeping or awake. Mrs. B. G. D. A.—The cat probably is tuberculous and should be destroyed. The glands of the throat are affected. It is unsafe to have such an animal around.

FISTULA.—I have a three-year-old mare which has a running sore underneath her jaw bone. She came up from the pasture with her jaw swollen (that was over a year and a half ago) and I thought it might be a snake bite. In a few days it broke and run and left a running sore. It seems to heal up for a little while but it breaks and runs again. I had a veterinarian and he said her jaw bone had been cracked and his medicine didn't help it any. She is in good shape and I am working her.

A.—If pus discharged the fistula probably connects with the root of a diseased tooth and that should be extracted. If the discharge is clear liquid it is a fistula of the salivary duct (Steno's) and operation by

a graduate veterinarian would be necessary. Meanwhile inject a little of a two per cent. solution of protargol twice daily. This medicine is very expensive but wonderfully effective in some cases of fistula.

STOMACHING.—I have a five-year-old mare that will take spells and slobber for four or five days at the time when I feed her dry feed. S. W. B. A.—Her teeth need attention from a veterinarian as a sharp point or split or diseased molar tooth is interfering with mastication or sharp points may be causing lacerations.

RINGBONE.—My horse has ringbone on one of her hind feet down by the hoof. It was burned two years ago but now it grows out on the other side. Would you please tell me what to blister it with? We live so far from a doctor so would be glad for your advice. Mrs. J. N. A.—Clip the hair from the hoof-head and ringbone and tie her up short in stall for a six weeks' rest. During that time blister the hoof-head three times with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides. Rub the blister in for fifteen minutes. Wash it off in forty-eight hours and then apply a little lard oil daily.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

are doing is a blessing to us all. I want to ask a question. Do you think by us having a change of Presidents, it will change and better our conditions at all? I think it is time for something to change this old world of ours. But whether we will be helped any I don't know.


I am nineteen years old, five feet three inches tall, weigh about one hundred and eight pounds, have dark hair and gray eyes and dark complexion. Would like to hear from all the cousins. Will try and answer all.

Your niece and cousin
MABEL IRELAND. (League No. 34,854.)

Yes, Mabel, I have seen the Indians dance. Have been all alone in a crowd of three hundred of them, and though they didn't take my scalp, they took all the tobacco I had. I also attended one of their dog banquets, and saw them do the sun dance. It was the big band of Cree Indians who used to roam Montana, that held me up for my tobacco. I'm sorry farming has not been more remunerative for you and yours. The trusts and the middle men have got the farmer in most instances, by the neck. You have also I believe, had a succession of dry seasons in your state, so altogether you've been up against a pretty tough proposition. Yes, I suppose you do wonder that I can see life as I do, and remain cheerful when harassed by a thousand pains and a million cares. Well, my dear, God has been very good to me. He has put enough sunshine in my heart to last me through a hundred worlds and for a billion years. Everything to me has a funny side, and even when the folks gather around my bedside and think me going to leave the twig—and they have done that pretty often of late—I crack a joke and tell them I'm going to live a little longer, and gloom goes out of the window and smiling hope comes in at the door. Cultivate cheerfulness and a sense of humor, if you can possibly do it, and most of you can if you try, and you can be happy in the electric chair with the current turned on.

You ask me, and that is the important point in your letter whether a change in Presidents will change conditions. No, my dear, things won't alter in this country materially for a number of years yet. If conditions don't change, don't however, blame the President, but blame the people. I have often told you that a nation gets just the kind of government it deserves. If the government is bad it is because the people have not sense enough to insist on having something better. There is plenty of good individual thought in this country, but the individual can go off in a corner and think himself black in the face and it will not do good to either society or himself, for it's not individual but collective thought that counts, and there is very little collective thought in this land of ours. People do not think, don't get together, so little unless they do get together little can be accomplished. Eighteen years ago the Supreme Court—you ought to love that Supreme Court, it's always doing such beautiful things for you, I don't think—declared the income tax, which Congress had passed, to be unconstitutional. It has taken just eighteen years for the eighty or ninety millions of people in this country to upset the opinion of that court. I don't suppose one in a hundred of you even know it has been upset, and if you saw it in the paper, so little interest do most of you take in national affairs that you would pass the item by, not knowing or even caring what it was about. But oh! if there was an account in the next column of a spicy scandal, telling how Mrs. Vanderbilt Jones had deserted her husband, how you would devour every unsavory detail of that domestic tragedy. Now there's the trouble with the American people today—the frivolous American people, as many foreigners call us—we get excited about things that amount to nothing, and scarcely pay any attention at all to those matters of public policy which vitally concern our interests. The politicians know about this, and they go about their business as if you didn't exist. It's a long hike to Washington, and most of you don't know what is going on there, and don't care. That's the trouble with our system of government. To get good results you've got to keep your eye on both state and Federal legislatures, one eye at home and one in Washington, and finding this a tedious process and being engrossed in your own affairs, you pay no attention to either one or the other. It takes from ten to thirty years of agitation to work up sufficient national sentiment in this country to bring about any great reform. The only national body that comes anywhere near representing the people is the House of Representatives, but beyond that body there is the lordly Senate, members of which you don't elect, and beyond that the Supreme Court, the members of which also you don't elect. So the will of the people as expressed through its representatives, can at any time be scoffed at by the Senate, and bludgeoned by the Supreme Court. The people of England make their will known to their Parliament by representatives, and Parliament, a body ten times more democratic than the most progressive of our legislatures, immediately commences to carry out the people's instructions. There is no Senate and there are no courts that can dictate to Parliament. The House of Lords has no more say in the government of the country than the king has. If Parliament fails to do what it set out to do, it immediately dissolves and the people at once elect another body of men to carry out their orders. That's representative government that represents, and the head of it is not holding down an easy chair in the White House all day as the head of our government is. The President, or Prime Minister of Great Britain, has to take his seat daily in Parliament and answer a thousand and one questions that are put to him concerning the affairs of the empire over which he presides, before the regular business of the day is proceeded with. The heads of the British government are on the rack every day. They are called over the coals and hot shot is fired into them without mercy. They have no skulking lobbyists buying votes and influencing legislation over there. All is fair, square and above board, and the nation with eagle eye watches everything that takes place. Now that's representative government the kind of government we ought to have, quick and instant in its response to the will of the people. They also have a Department of Labor conducted by a working man, an ex-mechanic,—John Burns, who is a member of the Cabinet, one of the greatest of government officials. There you see is a republican form of government. Our government is bure-

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aucratic and plutocratic, and not democratic. Its whole machinery is cumbersome and unwieldy. It is an institution especially designed for the purpose of keeping the people from getting what they want, taking millions from them for armies and navies and yet leaving them at the mercy of every foreign foe. That is why we have a republic only in name. That is why the opinion of one judge of the Supreme Court kept the people for twenty years from getting the income tax, the best and most equitable system of taxation ever devised by man. The burden of taxation in this country today, is shifted from the backs of the rich where it ought to be placed, and thrown upon the backs of the poor where it ought not to be placed. All other countries have an income tax. All other governments make their Rockefeller and Morgans pay for the upkeep of government in proportion to their incomes. They soak them living, and when they are dead they soak them again. And that is how it should be in our "republic" under a democratic form of government, but, alas, it isn't! We, loving the rich and having little use for the penurious masses, charge the poor wretch who is earning a dollar a day as much for the upkeep of government as we charge Rockefeller who has millions a year. You will say: "But I have never paid any Federal taxes." Oh, yes you have, and do. There is scarcely an article that you eat, wear or use that you do not pay indirect taxation on. That sugar bowl of yours for instance is mercilessly taxed. When the income tax is in operation you are promised free sugar, and millions that now are wrung from the poor by the sugar tax will remain in their pockets. But remember it took eighteen years before two thirds of our State Legislatures voted to have the constitution amended so that all incomes above a certain sum, could be taxed. Then too remember, it took us thirty years to get this contemptible apology for a parcel post. It took us the same length of time to get postal savings banks and other reforms, and so you will see that anything you want, you must wait an interminable time before you get it, and then instead of getting what you want, you will be handed the rankest kind of lemon, made to look like the real thing. In proof of this remember that President Taft and the Republican party were sent to Washington for the one purpose of lowering the tariff, and instead of lowering the tariff they boosted it. Now if the people thought collectively and acted collectively, this farcical state of things could never be. That President Wilson will be able to do much for the people I doubt, because the people have not arrived at that stage

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Earn \$10 Per Day

Selling Our New 1915 Styles Silk Neckwear.

Sell three 50c ties for \$1. Give Free ad Front monogrammed Cuff Link and Stick Pin Set. Cooper made 100 sales in 4 days to business men, profit \$40. Miss Garwood sold 117 boxes in 11 hours. 25 new proposition. No competition. Repeat orders. Big profit. Samples Free to Hustlers. Send postal at once for particulars.

DAYTON NECKWEAR MFG. CO., Box 12, Dayton, O.

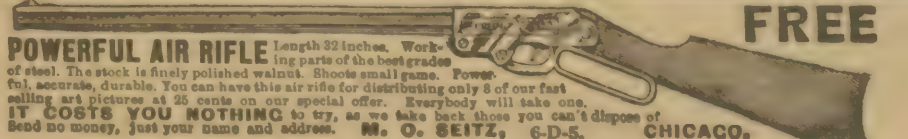
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with our wonderful Champion Picture Machine. Takes, develops, prints photo in half minute; \$30 an hour. No dark room. No experience unnecessary. Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You could make money anywhere. Small investment, big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc. **AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.** 2214 Ordway Ave., Dept. B55 Chicago, Ill.

INDIGESTION!

Nothing knocks a man out quicker! Here's relief! Send 10c today for sample package of PROLAK. Absolutely safe. Immediately effective. Contains no dope. Taken as a delicious cooling drink. **PROLAK MFG. CO., 566 Mercer St., Jersey City.**

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Work of steel. The stock is finely polished. All parts of the best grades. Powerful. Accurate. Durable. You can have this air rifle for distribution only at our fast selling air pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. **M. O. SEITZ, 6-D-5, CHICAGO.**



If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use \$5.00 a day for a little space of time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say "Send me your special offer," I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.

Address: L. E. ASHER, President
BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 364 CHICAGO

For Indigestion

Reck's Dyspepsia Tablets are a simple, old-fashioned and very effective aid to good digestion. They act to eliminate the cause of the discomfort and distress of flatulence, stomach acidity and other annoyances caused by faulty digestion and improper food assimilation. Sold and recommended for over thirty years. Sold by The Retail Drug Stores located in over 5,000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada, or mailed upon receipt of price: 25c. United Drug Company, Boston, Mass.



\$4 a day SURE

Easy work with horse and buggy right where you live in handling our ironing and fluting machine. One agent says: "Made \$50 in 31-2 days." We pay \$75 a month and expenses; or commission.

PEASE Mfg. Co., Dept. 42, Cincinnati, Ohio

WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year. No former experience required. Perfect use of time. We have a large stock of goods for sale. We are looking for men and women who are energetic, reliable, and have a good knowledge of the retail trade. We will give you a full training course and a large salary. Write for particulars to Dept. 175 National Salesmen's Training Academy, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Toronto.

SILK PIECES Great Big Package. Bright colors, no two alike, mixture light and dark. Large Art Square and Premium Slip FREE. P. BRENT 12c
SILK MILLS, Portland, Maine

Asthma & RAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address: W. K. STERLING, 574 Poplar St., Sidney, Ohio.

YOU Can Write a Short Story. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 32, Page 344, Chicago.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR FROM WIND AND RAIN

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 5 to 11 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up cliffs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a desirable premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer: For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes.

Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Summer Necklace Novelty

SILVER CHAIN WITH PENDANT

Artistic neck chain of silver with Platinum Pendant, mounted with ruby or emerald with three brilliant diamonds in lower pendant. The most graceful and most fashionable neck ornament for this season. Both silver and gold chains and pendants are in vogue, with silver in the popular lead. Platinum jewelry is the rarest, most costly and most sought for today by those who want always the correct thing, but its cost is prohibitive for all, but the few very rich. In this outfit we offer an 18-inch cable link silver chain with Platinum Pendant, stone set, and to those unfamiliar with the genuine there is no difference except in price. To wear with Summer Dresses, and Shiftwaists there is no equal, for dainty attractiveness, for hot weather.

Club Offer. For a club of but two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we send post-paid one of these Silver Chains with Platinum Pendants and give you choice of Ruby or Emerald setting. If inconvenient to send a club of two, send 35 cents to extend your own subscription 15 months, and receive a Necklace and Pendant free.

Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

appeared in October number of COMFORT and all the pleasure I have had been my mail. My dear, noble friends, how I bless you for all your kindness to me, you can never know how much real sunshine and happiness you have brought into my lonely, narrow life. Let me tell you how I manage your letters so as not to be partial. I have your letters in two four sacks and I just take out the first letter I see and read and answer it, so you see I do not select the letter to answer, and if your letter has not been answered it is because you are down among the other unanswered letters. But if my strength holds out I shall answer you letter if you are in the bottom of the sack and it takes a year. Dear hearts, I thank you a thousand times from the depth of my heart for your kindness to me. I thank you seems so little to say when compared to the gratitude that swells my heart.

I beg H. A. to send me full address. Now my friends do not stop writing to me for letters are more pleasure to me than anything else in all this world. Now I must close for this time and I want you to write to me and pray for me for I need your prayers so much. May God bless and reward you all as my prayer. Your little shut-in sister,
MATTIE BURRAGE, Daleney, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a silent reader of COMFORT ever since the days when we paid but ten cents for a year's subscription. It has grown and improved until I think it a wonderful paper and almost like a member of the family.

I am alone and a widow. I do laundry work for my support. Can someone tell me a remedy for eye strain. I have read and crocheted by lamplight too much, thus straining my eyes.

I pray God's blessings on COMFORT readers.

MRS. EMILY BAILEY, 410 N. St., Mayfield, Ky.

Mrs. Bailey. I give you a simple remedy for eye strain which is used by eye doctors. Three times a day, on arising in the morning, at noon and just before going to bed, hold hot water compresses to the eyes for five minutes. An easy way to do this is to fold a wash cloth several times, long enough to lay across both eyes and dip in hot water and apply and when it begins to cool, dip again in hot water. Repeat for five minutes. After the morning application, use cold water on the closed lids for half a minute by lightly applying with fingers. This only for a minute to get a reaction. Afternoon application, instead of cold water close eyes for few minutes. I hope this will relieve you. Of course you sit with light shining over your left shoulder.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and think it the best magazine in publication. I get more reading matter and a different kind of reading matter in COMFORT than any other similar publication and that is what counts, so here is our hearty "Vive La COMFORT."

In rummaging around in the attic we found among other odds and ends an old paper printed nearly a score of years ago containing the following poem entitled "The Long Ago." We think it almost matchless in beauty. The name of the author is not given. Will be pleased to hear from as many of the sisters as may care to write.

MARY A. R. MOTTEN, Jefferson, R. R. 1, Md.
The Long Ago

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are blowing,
There's a cloudless sky and tropical climate,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is "The Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are hearts of dust—oh! we love them so—
And there are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a little unwept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for age be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers a while,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

—B. F. Taylor.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have often wanted to write to the Sisters' Corner, but feared the waste basket, the contents of which I suppose are sent to Uncle Charlie's goat anyway, so perhaps it will help all a more it does no more.

I am five feet five inches tall, weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds, fair complexion, brown hair, grayish brown eyes. I have never charmed a snake with beauty but I admire a pretty disposition more than a pretty face and strive harder each day to learn beauty of soul.

Following is a short piece of poetry about children which expresses my opinion on equality of boy and girl better than I can. Preacher Lyons, our great Evangelist, said that a girl who had done wrong was no more ruined than a boy who had done wrong. I think we should impress that on the minds of our boys.

Sin is Sin
Don't send my boy
Where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger
For boys you know,
Because they all have
Their wild oats to sow."
There's no more excuse
For my boy to be low,
Than your girl, so
Please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy
Where your girl can't go,
For a boy or girl
Sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands,
Are as clean and white,
And his heart as pure
As your girl's tonight.

How many sisters know the value of brown sugar in sweetening gooseberries, rhubarb, fried apples and sweet pickles. I learned these experimenting.

Rinse your milk vessels in strong soda water and see how much longer your milk will keep sweet in summer.

Could you Mrs. Wilkinson, or some of the sisters, give me the oil cure for constipation? My mother, who is an old subscriber to COMFORT would like to get it; also the mode of living called Fletcherism.

I want the women to get the ballot to vote out the whiskey demon, as I don't believe there are many. If any women, who have to go down into the gates of death to bring a child into this world, could go to the poles and vote for something that would ruin it. The men throw the old slur at women about the devil tempting Eve, which fact alone shows that women are harder to tempt and slower to yield to temptation. I know some good men, but I know a dozen good women to every good man. I once heard an old gray-haired preacher say, "If it were not for the good women in this world it wouldn't have stood this long."

I enjoy the talks about rearing children more than any other. I wouldn't live without COMFORT unless I was compelled to by poverty or something similar. I think Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie are doing a noble work. Long live COMFORT's staff of workers.

MRS. BERTHA COLLINS, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mrs. Collins. Since the oil treatment for constipation first appeared in our corner, I have, whenever opportunity offered, gathered what information I could on the subject. Cottonseed or olive oil are used; the former much less ex-



Railroad Watch

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of High Watches we will send this elegant Railroad watch to you for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full-finished silver-plated case, luminous on dial, lever movement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to our 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address: R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

98 cents
5 YEAR GUARANTEE
Please mention COMFORT when you write.

perable and just as beneficial, and both are procurable at drug-stores. The method of taking the oil into the colon through a catheter attached to a tunnel is very tedious, and a bulb syringe which forces the oil further into the colon is less so and results more satisfactory. It is difficult to take oil injections without assistance. A large sized catheter should be inserted two or three inches into the rectum (after first being well covered with vaseline nearly the entire length) then the tube of bulb syringe inserted. Force a little oil through catheter, then try inserting a few more inches of catheter until ten inches have been passed, then take entire amount of oil, half a cup is the right portion. It is well to lie on back with hips elevated for five minutes following injection. Take treatment just before getting into bed. The oil prevents dryness, in time will cure catarrh of bowels it is claimed and is soothing and healing to the intestines.

Horace Fletcher, the originator of "Fletcherism" meaning temperance of eating, careful mastication, superabundant activity, practical altruism, optimism, etc. For twenty years Mr. Fletcher has made an unrelenting study of simplicity of habits of living, and to this practice believes his longevity is due. His books on these subjects are intensely interesting.

Mr. Fletcher eats of simple and inexpensive foods, beans, potatoes, cornbread, occasionally eggs, milk, cream and butter, toast, fruits, fish, etc., being his food range. Mr. Fletcher invariably selects his food according to the dictates of his appetite, his next rule being not to take food until hungry. Another rule of "Fletcherism" is the moment the appetite begins to slack up a bit and the saliva does not flow as freely or that the appetite is in the least satisfied, to stop eating.

"Fletcherism" means to sip all drinks except water and if this is done that only the amount required by the system will be relished. No true "Fletcherite" can be intemperate in the use of alcoholic stimulants; that to sip liquor is to soon cease all desire for it.

No doubt you would find Mr. Fletcher's books very instructive and interesting.—Ed.

COMFORT EDITOR:
I write you as it is impossible for me to answer all letters in regard to the goose-oil curing cataracts. The letters come most every mail asking where to get the oil, which is "nothing but the fat of a goose (a fowl) which they would find in the country where geese are kept. Some drug-stores keep it.

Drop only one or two drops in eye, as more will cause too much burning. Use three months if necessary. The oil absorbs cataract.

MRS. MINNIE MACOMBER, Hamilton, N. Y.

Requests

The following requests have been sent to this department to be answered by COMFORT sisters, and on receipt of such answers they will be herein published: How to make plum pudding, with grape jelly, jam from plums, salt pickles that will not get soft, sauer kraut, pickled made of cabbage, green tomatoes and onions, catsup from both green and ripe grapes. To clean hard finished walls. Remedies for tapeworm, scurvy of gums and numbness of hands. How to keep dried fruit free from worms. Recipes for "Lottie's Message," Song, "By a Cottage in the Moonlight Stands a Soldier and a Maid." What color are genuine R. I. Red baby chicks? Particulars of a consumptive remedy made by inhaling fumes of burning tar. Short prayers for children.

Remedies

BLOOD POISONING.—Beat white of egg till stiff, stir in one half teaspoon of powdered alum and spread on white cotton cloth and apply. Renew as fast as it dries until poison is all drawn out.

Another is white vitriol dissolved in water in saturation solution, or until water will dissolve no more of the vitriol. To one cup of water add tablespoon of solution; wet cloths in this and apply.

MRS. ANNA ROGERS, Amber, Wash.

CORNS.—Soak bread in strong vinegar and bind onto corns for three nights in succession; skip three nights and use for three nights again, then rest the corns three nights and make three more applications, nine in all. The corns should then come off.

MRS. DELIA MILLS, South Point, Ohio.

SCALD HEAD.—Dissolve teaspoonful of powdered borax in one pint of hot water. Let cool enough to use and add six drops of carbolic acid. Wash head twice a day, using warm.

CURE FOR DIARRHEA.—Mix a teaspoonful of flour with the white of an egg and eat raw.

Another is white of the roots of blackberry bushes is also very good, but I have never known the egg and flour to fail; of course you may have to repeat the dose.

MRS. JOE GERMAINE, Rudyard, Mich.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives column, include a club of three months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-four words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Mrs. Ella Minice. She was in Maitland, Colo., in 1907. Please notify her sister, Mrs. Ollie Eaken, DeBeque, Colo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Charley and Laura Arrowsmith, last heard of at Long Lane, Mo., write to June Nelson, Tecumseh, Kans.

Wanted.—Information of relatives of Wilda Cooper and L. C. Cooper. Mother's name Wilda Carpenter before marriage. Wm. L. Cooper, Idaho Falls, R. R. 4, Idaho.

Wanted.—Information concerning my husband, Major

Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

were waiting for another guest. Lord Stornaway came up to Philip with a sly little smile.

"Somebody else to come, Belmont," he said.

"We're trying to give you a pleasant surprise."

As he spoke the footman announced Lady Merston and Marie. Philip's heart seemed to stand still, and his eyes were fixed on her face as if they would never leave it.

It was she who went to him.

"Philip, are you ill?" she said, putting her hand upon his arm.

He found his voice with difficulty.

"No," he said, with a ghastly smile. "I am all right. But you—you are better? You have come back! When?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Get the Book--Read the Story

You may now secure the complete story "Creatures of Destiny" in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding. This offer enables you to read the entire story without waiting for the monthly installments to appear, besides furnishing another book for your library or reading table. Send only one new 15-months 25c subscription to COMFORT (your own won't count) and receive "Creatures of Destiny" post-paid. Send \$3.00 additional, 30c in all for your own sub. renewal, or extension and get the book.

Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Younce, thirty years old, who was last heard of in Alabama. Mrs. Major Younce, 815 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wanted.—To know the whereabouts of Charlie Burnett. Black hair and eyes. About five feet, four inches tall, weight one hundred and sixty. Last heard of in Cedar Town, Ga. Fannie Burnett, 1038 Lee Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Comfor Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange list it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Frances Pendergraph, 510 Gattis St., Durham, N. C. John Fitzpatrick, 1420 S. Cleveland Ave., Canton, Ohio. Carl Ponder, Lillie, Box 34, La. Louise Broffelt, 1912 Rockingham Road, Davenport, Iowa. Miss Mattie Wall, Council Bluffs, R. E. 1, Iowa. (Views and scenery.) Mr. Gene Johnson, Eucha, Okla. C. L. Waldron, Lytton, Iowa. Joseph N. Whitworth, Zillah, Wash. Eleanor, Box 101, Alida, St. Nashua, N. H. G. L. Eugene Taylor, West Alexander, R. R. 3, West Alexander, Pa. Alton Kaites, 155 North Main St., Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Amy McGowan, 716 Hartford Ave., Providence, R. I. Miss Claude A. Key, Tavares, Florida. Mamie Pine, Giant, Cal. Miss Nora Belcher, Attia, Va.

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Yes, men, it's true—never before a chance like this to make big money easy! No money—no experience—no salesmanship needed—Elk clothes sell themselves. Our agents coin big money—make \$10 a week and more. Let us show you how you can do the same or better.

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We give you a handsome suit FREE! Write at once for amazing free offer and big outfit. Everything absolutely free sent at once express prepaid. Write today Sure!

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BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE

BOYS! Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed, or combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. Will Not Cost One Cent. Send your name and we will send you 8 sets of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the \$2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. WRITE TODAY for pictures. No harm done. I take back what you can't sell.

M. O. Seitz, 3-M-5 Chicago

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We have LADIES' SMALL and gent's, HUNTING and open case watches to anyone, for selling our art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 50 packets now. When sold send \$2.50 and we will send you FREE a clean-shaven, 6-year, star-antenned watch, highly engraved, proper size; also signet ring and handsome chain.

PALACE MFG. CO., Dept. 11 CHICAGO

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I will gladly give any sufferer on Herb Recipe Absolutely Free that positively Cures Rheumatism and Kidney troubles. Enclose 2 cent stamp. Address: W. G. SUTTON, 2651 Orchard Avenue, Los Angeles, California

\$100 SALARY

A month and expenses to men with right to introduce our new compound. No competition. Straight, honest business. W. H. NETZGER MFG. CO., Dept. P. QUINCY, ILL.

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very well. MAGNUS A. HESS CO., 837 Ashland St., Chicago.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasant or otherwise one of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs, and everyone is wearing them.

Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.



Premium No. 331.

Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Good for \$1.00 Pair
When filled in and mailed to **MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Dept. 756, Jackson, Mich.**
Name _____
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Return mail will bring you \$1.00 Pair of Drafts to try FREE. Read this offer.


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I'll send you a Dollar Pair of Magic Foot Drafts the same day I get your coupon—fresh from the laboratory, ready to begin their work the minute you put them on. They are relieving every stage and condition of this cruel disease, whether chronic or acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout—no matter where located or how severe. They are bringing comfort even to old men and women who have suffered all their lives, as well as all the milder stages. Don't neglect rheumatism, I urge you, for I know the horrible torture and deformity it so often leads to. Send today for the Drafts. I send them on free trial because I know what they have done for many thousands and I have faith that they can do as much for you. Try the Drafts when you get them. Then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. Can't you see that I couldn't sell my Drafts year after year if they didn't really do just what I claim for them? Address **Magic Foot Draft Co., Dept. 756, Jackson, Mich.** Send no money—just the coupon. Write today—now.




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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.
No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.



We Have Paid Thousands of Dollars TO AMATEUR SONG WRITERS. If you have a gift for writing a catchy melody and clever lyrics, we want to hear from you. Send us your best work, and we will pay you handsomely for it. This is a rare opportunity for you to make money from your talent. Write today to: **SONG POEMS WANTED**, c/o Music Publishers, 153 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.




38-Piece Fishing Outfit



FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces—each one of which is guaranteed to be strictly high-grade and of the very best quality. There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Smelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Float or "Bobber", and 1 Kinged Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be strictly high-grade and just what you would want to buy in any store, although the 38 separate pieces, if bought outright, would cost you at least one dollar. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit absolutely free, if you will accept the following offer and know that you will be pleased and delighted with it.
Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, Premium No. 28, packed in a good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid.
Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Comfort's Information Bureau
Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

H. C. U., Barrington, Ill.—We believe the original Morse telegraph instrument is in the National Museum at Washington, though it may belong to the W. U. Tel. Co. The first characters made by that were dots and dashes, still known as the Morse alphabet. The zig-zag or needle system consists of a swinging needle responding to the electric current. Read the subject in any encyclopedia. Operators' wages run from twenty-five dollars a month up, good ones getting one hundred dollars up.

H. A., Red Oak, Iowa.—Write to Mayor of Kansas City for information. (2) The eastern, northern and southern portions of the Texas Panhandle are the settled sections and better for farming because of their access to markets. The annual rainfall is about forty inches.

S. B. S., Richmond, Va.—Mrs. Southworth's novels are classics in their class, but they are hardly in the highest class of fiction as Thackeray is and nothing she wrote compares in literature with "Vanity Fair." At least in the opinion of critics, though many lay readers will think of Mrs. Southworth and stare on Thackeray. Mrs. S. used no names of real persons in "Ismael" or other novels, as heroes or heroines of her stories, that we have ever heard of. (2) It would indicate a very unusually good memory, a phenomenal memory indeed, if the possessor could read "The River" and make copies of it verbatim. Memories of that kind are too good, for they leave nothing to the imagination.

W. M. B., Needosha, Kans.—In view of the fact that railroading is one of the most complicated and difficult businesses it does require a great deal of experience to become a railroad auditor. One may become a ticket collector with less experience than for an auditor, but even that is not to be done right by a green hand. Make inquiries for positions among the railroad people of your town. That sort of business is not taught in schools.

C. F. G., Richmond, Va.—Both Kansas and Nebraska celebrate Dec. 25 as Christmas day and any book statement to the contrary which you may have read is not reliable.

O. F., Stockton Mo.—We are not coin experts. Inquire of those who advertise in COMFORT. The object of advertising is to let readers know where their wants may be supplied. Other COMFORT inquirers about coins please take notice.

G. S., Marlon, Ind.—Thousands of people are writing moving picture scenarios these days, most of which are no good, but for the benefit of you and any other COMFORT readers who may try their hand at it, I wish to say that reliable and reputable companies do not require a fee with the manuscript. Don't send manuscript to any company that does.

Mrs. L. O., Matthews, Ark.—A phonograph record is a very delicate thing and when it has in any way had its very fine lines broken or deformed or obstructed it cannot be repaired successfully. What you think are spots or rust on yours are defects that cannot be removed.

A. T. B., Return, Va.—People eating oysters quite often bite down on a pearl, but they are very rarely of sufficient size to be of any value. One the size of a No. 4 shot would not be worth enough to bother about.

X. Y. Z., Jefferson City, Mo.—Bashfulness and lack of nerve cannot be cured by medicine, and whiskey is not a remedy for it but is likely to make matters worse. The best remedy for bashfulness is to mingle with people as much as possible and to think about them all the time instead of yourself. Bashfulness is one form of self-conceit.

E. D. W., Pineville, Ill.—The American Bible Society, Astor Place, New York City, issues Bibles in many languages. Write to it. The Society was founded in 1816 and during 1912 it issued 3,691,201 volumes. Since the beginning it has issued about 95 million copies.

A. E. E., Standard, Fla.—President Lincoln's wife died some years ago and was buried at Springfield, Ill. His son Robert Todd, the only surviving member of the family, lives in Chicago.

X. Y. Z., Kittrell, Miss.—Singing is taught by mail; holly successfully depends on the instruction and the pupil. (2) There is no commercial instrument that gives much help in seeing objects ten feet under ordinarily clear water. (3) The electric needle is not a deplimentary in the usual sense, although it is used successfully for killing hair roots.

E. O., Byron, Minn.—There is nothing quite so annoying as one's neighbors' children when they hang around, and you would be within your rights to drive them out of your house and off your place, if you had notified their parents to keep them away. Have a hickory switch handy and show it to them when they come around.

Subscriber, Bellingham, Minn.—Buttermilk used on the face will not cause the hair to grow so that you would notice it.

D. E., Chelsea, Okla.—The Marine Corps is practically a force of infantry soldiers on shipboard, but belongs exclusively to the navy. The men do not perform any of the duties of sailors except to fight, and when necessary they go ashore and fight, while sailors also do when necessary. They also garrison navy yards and naval stations, which sailors do not. Qualifications for enlistment are about the same as in the other branches. Minors must have the consent of parents or guardians before enlisting. The age is from nineteen to thirty-five. The Marine Corps consists of 345 officers and 9,921 enlisted men, 7,942 of whom are privates. The term of enlistment is for four years. Full information may be had from Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. Join the corps if you can.

A. M. S., Columbia, Miss.—Stenography may be learned by mail, or the theory of it may, but the real work and success is in practice. You cannot learn typewriting without a machine and that can't be mailed. If a girl has the ability to become a first-class stenographer, it is about as good public work as she can undertake. There is a demand for really first-class stenographers at fair to good salaries. But a good education is a necessary qualification for a first-class stenographer.

L. T., Winchester, Ky.—It is lawful to write parodies on religious songs whether they are religious parodies or not. Such songs can be sold to publishers if they want that kind of songs and they are good enough. Song writers do not have to obtain licenses to write or to sell verse to which music may be written. The publisher usually buys the work's copyright and from what he possesses with them. Publishers pay from one dollar to ten dollars for the words of a song, but they pay very few from out-siders as most of them have their own writers. If you don't want to be disappointed, don't try song writing.

S. J. R., Hattiesburg, Ky.—The power in electric magnets may be shut off instantly by shutting off the electric current. Magnetism acts with equal force through all substances, but magnetic attraction diminishes rapidly with increasing distance. (2) The weight of aeroplane engines varies from a few pounds to hundreds. The Curtis Co., Hammondsport, N. Y., and the Wright Aeroplane Co., Dayton, Ohio, manufacture them.

H. N., Uvalde, Texas.—A colony of bees is a stock of workers, mostly, but having one queen and several drones.

LET US MAKE YOU FAT 50c Box Free

We Want to Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



Fair Bath: "I'm going to leave this writing in the sand and see if that skinny pair yonder won't take the hint."

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman who reads COMFORT. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing. We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money. The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the

system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take. Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results. We could not publish this offer in COMFORT if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 126 Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

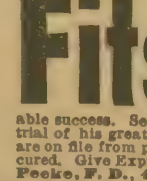
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This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 126 Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Brooks' Appliances. New Discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 10, '01.
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are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. **W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 116 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.**

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FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments
I am a woman.
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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

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to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. **DAUGHTERS,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sick-ness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315**
NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

Getting Gray?

How Your Hair May Be Darkened and Kept So

FREE DOLLAR BOX

Gray hair is believed by most people to be evidence of weakening in physical and mental power.

Those who have gray hair and must rely upon employers and others, are often compelled to meet a secret psychological opposition.

Prejudice Against Gray Hair.

The gray-haired person soon realizes that younger appearing men are chosen for positions, although he may know some thus favored who are really older than he is.

Among women, doesn't the one who possesses hair of the natural dark or dark-brown shade (rather than gray, white or bleached), meet with the highest favors?

As a matter of fact, gray or white hair usually has nothing whatever to do with the loss of physical or mental vitality. It is caused by a disorder of the pigmentary glands in the hair follicles, due to such causes as a shock, fever, tight-fitting hats, neglect of the hair, etc.

Don't Paint Your Hair.

Most gray-haired persons make the mistake of relying upon what are commonly sold as instantaneous hair stains, dyes, etc. It would be quite as sensible to use ink or stove polish, for these cheap nasty dyes deceive nobody but those who use them.

Restoration of Hair Color.

At last what we are confident is the best hair-darkening method has been evolved, which has as its object, restoring the hair to a natural shade of youthful days, and developing luxuriant, silky, strong, beautiful growth.

It is aimed that the hair roots and glands are reached scientifically, so the best possible results are attained. This new Method is directed at causing the hair to darken gradually, so that the appearance is that of improving health and vigor.

Box and Book Free.

An illustrated, very interesting book will be sent absolutely free. It has information about restoring men's and women's hair to natural color, overcoming baldness, lasting removal of dandruff, how to stop hair from falling out, etc.

It will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, by Koskott Laboratory, 1289 Broadway, N 359, New York, with a dollar size of Koskott No. 1, out of Koskott Triplex Treatment, if you return (or copy) Coupon below. Do not delay if you want to save your hair, grow new hair, or restore color.

FREE \$1.00 COUPON

This Coupon, when returned with 10 cents (silver or stamps) to Koskott Laboratory, 1289 Broadway, N 359, New York, N. Y., entitling sender to our Big Book Entitled "Perfect Hair" and a \$1.00 Box out of the guaranteed Koskott Triplex Treatment.

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others. Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk delay by delay.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you a Bee Cell Supporter in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

French Ivory POWDER BOX With Mirror

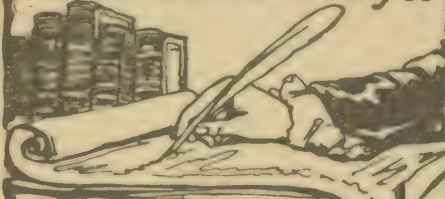
A box for toilet powder is something that every woman and girl is desirous to own. This box is made of French Ivory and has a hinged cover with a mirror inside. The puff, while small, is very fluffy and is just as useful as a large one.

These Vanity Cases are handy to carry in the pocket or just right to go in a traveling or hand bag, and if you are at a dusty and travel-stained you can easily wipe your face and put on a little powder, and your skin will feel just as soft as when you started, the mirror being always with you in which to take the last look. With each vanity case we will send a package of perfumed toilet powder to go in the vanity box. You will find this powder a luxury for the face, as well as giving a delicate odor if used on any part of the body. These cases come only in this pure Ivory white, and as they can easily be kept clean by washing in warm water you will always have a sanitary powder case. This style combination Toilet Case is popular for gift purposes on account of its dainty appearance, practical usefulness and durability.

Club Offer: For a club of only two subscribers at 25 cents for 15 months we will send you one of these attractive Vanity Cases free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 875.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as one of the principal missions of COMFORT is to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT, thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. T. P. H., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents are entitled to the custody and control, and also to the earnings of a minor child; we think, however, the court has power to take this custody and control away from the parent and award it to someone else in case such parent is not a proper person or provides a home for the child such as would not be for the best interests for said child; cruel treatment by a stepparent would be a ground for taking the custody of a child from the parent who provides the home for the child with such stepparent provided such cruel treatment was such as to make it necessary.

Mrs. G. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of Indiana, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, his widow would receive his whole estate if the same did not exceed one thousand dollars in value, if it exceeds that amount she would receive three quarters of same provided both or either of his parents survive him, if neither survive him she would receive the whole estate; we think all property inherited by him would upon his death be treated and administered as his estate provided same vested in him during his lifetime, but property, in which he only had a life estate, would not form any part of his estate, but would, upon his death, go to the remainder man.

J. K. L., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, the widow would receive one-half of a third interest for life in his real estate, and a child's share of the personal property, she would also receive some other allowances and exemption and homestead rights if he left a homestead; she could have no interest in property held by him during life as a tenant by curtesy in the estate of a former wife; her child by a former marriage would have no interest in his estate.

E. C. M., Ohio.—We think a creditor can collect his debt from any property his debtor may own except such as may be exempt by law from levy under execution, which would only be a very small amount.

Mrs. M. W., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband must support his wife, and that in the event of his failure to do so, she can compel him in the proper action for that purpose; the fact that he was only eighteen years old at the time of the marriage, which occurred four years ago, would not relieve him from this obligation; abandonment by the husband, without cause, in your state is a serious matter for him.

R. L., Connecticut.—We think a moderate amount for clothing is a proper charge against an infant's estate, in a case where the infant is a school boy and the income of his estate is insufficient to pay such expenses; we think his guardian can get a court order allowing him to make such disbursement if necessary.

Mrs. A. R. McM., Texas.—In cases where the parents separate, we think the custody of the children is a question to be disposed of by the court in its discretion after hearing the evidence as to the cause of the separation and qualifications of the parents; if the child is under one year of age the mother is the natural person to have such custody for the earlier years, but we think the father is also entitled to see the child.

Mrs. J. F. McI., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, the whole estate after payment of debts, would go to the surviving husband or widow.

H. H. M., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations would run against a promissory note in six years from the time of the last evidence of indebtedness, but that the payment of interest would be an evidence of indebtedness and that the proper action would limit the enforcement of the collection of such note until the expiration of six years from the time of the last interest payment; that the note does not become void after the statute of limitations has run against it, but it becomes practically worthless for the reason that the owner cannot legally enforce its collection in the event of the debtor's pleading that the statutory time has elapsed for the commencement of an action to enforce its collection. We think it a good practice to endorse interest payments on the back of a note.

O. O. O'N., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that females become of age at eighteen years, and that until that time their property rights should be administered by a guardian.

J. W. F., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an inheritance tax is imposed upon some estates under some circumstances, the full text of this law is too lengthy for us to explain in full through this column.

Mrs. M. E. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children or descendants of a deceased child, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share; that the property other than community property would be divided as follows: one third of the personal property absolutely, and a one third interest for life in the real estate going to the widow, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share; the husband or widow of a child who predeceased the parent would have no share, but the children of such deceased child would receive the parent's share. We think children may be disinherited by will, but that testator cannot dispose of more than one half of the community property. We think in the event of there being children, upon the death of one of the parties to the marriage, one half of the community property goes to the survivor, and the other half goes in equal shares to the children or their descendants.

Mrs. W. D. K., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, but leaving children by two marriages, his estate, after payment of debts, would be divided in equal shares between all of his children; we think the income after his death, and before the division of his estate his death, and before the division of his estate, should be divided in equal shares among the children, and that the timber could not be sold by the guardian of the minors without the consent of the adults; we think the partition of the property, or a sale of the property and a division of the proceeds could be compelled by any party in interest in the proper action brought for that purpose; we think the children or descendants of a child who predeceased the intestate would receive their parents' share from the intestate's estate.

Mrs. W. J. M., Idaho.—We think the same rule holds in case there is a will, that if the executor does not pay legacies after the period of administration has expired, and if there are funds in the estate, it will be necessary to bring a compulsory proceeding in court to compel the executor to account and pay over the share or shares to the person entitled.

Ten Cents' Worth of Honor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

for my own. You must know how much I care for you, for I loved you as my ideal woman even before I glanced up and saw you standing in that doorway, looking as if I were dust under your feet; and since then, my darling, as I've seen how much sweeter and truer and finer you are than any ideal I could form all by myself, I've loved you more every day and every day and every day till it has seemed as if my heart would burst if I could not tell you."

"Why could you not tell me?" she whispered. "Just because you were you, my darling," he answered simply, "because all along I was trying to do something that didn't square with my sense of honor and right dealing as my Lady of Honor herself had taught them to me; and how could I offer you such half-hearted worship as that? But now, thank God, I am free!"

"Free?" cried the girl breathlessly. "Yes, but what about my father? What does all this mean? I must know, John."

At the naive admission of the last word, Brayton bent over the little hands he held and kissed them slowly and tenderly. In spite of the girl's efforts to draw them away. Then he lifted his head and faced her again.

"Honor," he said gravely. "It's nothing between you and me, darling. It's only that your father and I have disagreed about some business matters, about the conduct of the work, and I told him I must go and he was very angry and said I might leave at once, then. So I'm leaving, you see, but I want to take his daughter with me. It's more than presumptuous, for I haven't anything to offer; only my love and maybe, by and by, a little bread and butter—I still have that dime, you know," he added whimsically. "But I always was a daring sort of fellow and I dare to swear I can make you happy. Will you go, my little lady, will you go?"

Honora breathlessly freed her hands from his grasp and moved along the seat away from him. "I must think," she cried appealingly. "Help me to think it out. There is something you have not told me, something serious." Then, hotly, "Do you dare to think that my father is dishonorable? You never could. Why my father has always been noted for his business honor. You told me once that was why you came to him."

"Yes," agreed the man hastily—"You are right. He is honorable. He's always been the soul of integrity. Only just now—he's facing a crisis, and these men some of the big financiers, have shown him a way out. Well, probably it's all right only I can't see things his way. People don't always agree," he added lamely.

"Oh," cried the girl, with a sudden air of relief. "So that's all, is it? Just that you and father don't see alike? Would he take you back, do you think?"

Brayton looked at her in surprise. "Take me back?" he queried. "I suppose so. That's really why he's most angry. He thinks I'm deserting him."

The girl smiled and moved nearer. "Then it's all right, isn't it?" she cried. "I'll get father to take you back and then, you and I—you and—" She extended her hand toward him with an adorable little gesture of surrender.

Brayton grasped it firmly, but he did not smile. "Honora," he cried. "Honora! Oh, you don't understand, dear. It isn't that your father has sent me away. I can't stay—of myself."

"Not even for me?" questioned the girl. "Not even if that's the only way to win me?"

"Not even then," answered the man sadly. "Oh, my little Lady of Honor!"

The girl rose haughtily. "Ah, then," she said. "I see just how much you love me; not so much as your own self after all; not enough to put aside your pride and stubbornness for me." The man also rose. "I am," he replied quietly, "as my love for you has made me. It is too late to unmake me, even though you misunderstand." His face grew suddenly warmly tender.

"Don't you remember those old Cavalier lines, sweetheart? 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.' Surely you understand that."

"Oh," she exclaimed. "It was right. Why did you try to spare me? It is a matter of honor, something vital, and you thought I had deserted you."

In an instant, Brayton was beside her, on his knees and with his arms about her. "My little sweetheart," he murmured, "my little sweetheart! No, only misunderstand," she whispered.

"I would never misunderstand," she whispered. "Does that mean, my little lady, that you love me? That you will go with me after all?"

She raised her head and looked into his eyes beseechingly.

"Oh, John," she cried, "you know what I want to say; but I must think of father, my dear, dear father. John, is it because he's afraid of losing money, do you think, if he does as you think best?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And is that all?"

"That's a pretty big all to most men, sweetheart."

"Yes, I know, but not to father. You don't understand. It's all for me he wants to make money, that he's gone into these big deals and all that and if I say that I'd rather have less, oh, I know he'll gladly change. He likes you too, so much, John. You'll let me talk to him, won't you? You forget that conditions are different now from what they used to be and people consider things wrong that they didn't when father was young, lots of things in business I mean that they didn't even question then. We can't go off that way without giving father a chance to change. You'll promise me to stay and fight it out with him—John?"

"Yes, darling, but—"

"There are no buts. We two and love and father's honor all together on one side, and only a little money on the other. We're bound to win!"

"And then?"

"And then?" The soft hands held him tantalizingly at a distance for one moment longer. "And then, succeeding or failing, going or staying, living or dying, John, I'll be—"

A little flash of humor lightened the seriousness of her eyes and lips, "your ten cents' worth of honor!"

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(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

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with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Stoolsoftener as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 340 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

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COMFORT has always believed in giving premiums that are useful as well as ornamental and in this fancy yet well-made, durable Scrap or Work Basket there are both these admirable qualities combined. While serving its purpose as a convenient catch-all for scraps of paper, worthless odds and ends or fancy work of all sorts, yet it is so daintily and attractively that it helps "dress up" any home or office. As the illustration shows it is not a miniature affair but just the right size to hold all waste that ordinarily accumulates in a day in store, shop, office or home. It is nearly 11 inches square at the top, 8 inches square at the bottom and it stands 13 inches high. It weighs only 10 ounces, yet very strong and durable, being made of braided straw in handsome alternating colors of green and cream interwoven with stout white, willow uprights. The top of the basket is further decorated with a wide handsome band



of braided colored straw, the base of the basket is strongly reinforced with two strong willow strips, the bottom is made of wood. The beautiful, ornamental appearance of this basket is further enhanced by a handsome, wide, braided strip decorated in colors which extends entirely around the middle of the basket on the outside. We would not be able to offer a premium of such size and value were it not for the Parcel Post which permits us to send such articles by mail at small expense. As a matter of fact, we would not be able to offer this basket as a premium at all, if we had not imported a large quantity from Germany thereby getting them at a greatly reduced price. You can obtain this large, useful Scrap or Work Basket by accepting the following Club Offer: For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this useful Scrap or Work Basket. Premium No. 364, free by Parcel Post prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair, dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

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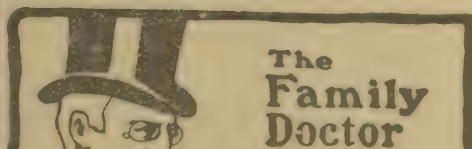
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Every Woman's Flesh Reducer is sold in \$1.00 packages. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will send it to you on receipt of price, all charges paid. Send today. Full information on request. Address: The Every Woman Co., (Not Inc.), 1652 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Subscriber, St. Paul, Minn.—You have asked for two remedies which thus far have not been discovered, one being how to become taller, the other how to cure rheumatism. Some specialists claim to increase the height of a person, and they may add a very little to the length, but it is hardly enough to notice, if they succeed at all. As for rheumatism, it seems to result from so many causes that a definite cure has not yet been found for it, though various remedies often give great relief, careful diet, good drinking water, fresh air, and half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda taken in half a glass of water one hour after meals is one of the most effective treatments for rheumatism if followed up persistently. Get guaranteed pure bicarbonate of soda at the druggists. Talk to your doctor about rheumatism and he can help it some, perhaps.

A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—The red blotches that came on your face and neck after eating your lunch are no doubt due to poor digestion, or digestive disturbances. Suppose you take for lunch only crackers and milk, for a few weeks and don't swallow any food you eat until you have masticated it to a pulp. Don't swallow the milk until you have held it in your mouth until the saliva can get into it. A little judicious starving is good for anybody now and then. We often eat too much and we eat too fast all the time and we eat the wrong food many times. Read up on the subject. Books in plenty may be had at the public library.

D. A. N., Stark, Kans.—For bad smelling perspiration cleanliness is the first consideration and the feet should be washed frequently with tar soap and when rubbed dry, sprinkled with talcum powder. The soles of the stockings should be disinfected with saturated solution of soda. Oxide of zinc and rice starch, one part of the first to four of the latter, may be used to powder the feet with. A few drops of ammonia in the bathing water will afford temporary relief.

A. B. J., Calder's Station, Utah.—Rumbling noises in the head may be caused by indigestion, or by ordinary catarrh. There are other causes, but these are the most common and with proper care, the trouble may be relieved if not practically cured, but it means regular treatment by a physician and you must consult one if you want relief.

W. P., Forestdale, E. I.—Your daughter of fourteen, now changing from girlhood to womanhood, more than ever in her life needs the advice and treatment of an intelligent and kindly physician, and if you want her to become a healthy woman you will have such a physician for her instead of trying to treat her yourself when you know so little that you have to seek advice in print. Thousands of women with ruined health are so because their mothers did just what you want to do now and chiefly to save "doctor bills." It is the poorest economy in the world and many a suffering woman knows it. Our advice to you and to all COMFORT mothers with daughters as yours is, to consult a physician, preferably one who has daughters of his own.

Reader, Milton, Pa.—Classes should neither be too strong nor too weak and you have a poor oculist if you cannot be fitted properly. As to whether the weak or the strong lens is better, neither you is. The lens you get from an oculist or an optician is the same. Opticians are dealers in optical goods and oculists are graduated physicians treating the eye. First-class oculists examine the eye and give a prescription for glasses which the optician fills. They don't sell glasses, any more than other doctors sell drugs.

Miss E. O., Newark, N. J.—You are not by many thousands the only young woman who would like to have smaller feet, most women thinking that the small feet are marks of beauty. Nature, however, gives each woman the sized foot she ought to have and makes it impossible to reduce the size except as it is done in China which is torture and produces hideous results. Your feet may be large, but make your head so interesting that people won't look at your feet.

Mrs. M. M., Moab, Wash.—Appendicitis is not a disease that you should try to handle yourself unless you want to commit suicide. If you are sure you have it, you should see a physician and get his advice as to an operation. If he advises that, have it done as that is the certain cure and operations now are rarely unsuccessful and nothing like so expensive as formerly. As to what should be done in case of an operation may be avoided only the physician who examines you can tell what must be done in the matter of diet and other treatment.

Mrs. J. B. E., San Quentin, Cal.—One of the most difficult of diagnoses that physicians have to make is that for gall-stones and you would hardly expect us to guess at your case from Maine to California. Having tried a medicine that resulted in your passing so many, but which your own physicians doubt, we suggest that you take it again and preserve what you pass for the physicians to examine and judge for themselves. Gall stones are common among elderly people and many suffer from them, thinking they are nothing but severe colic. COMFORT readers will please make a note of this and consult a physician in cases of severe and continued colic, with fever and vomiting.

L. L. B., Kiowa, Kans.—As you started the growth on your big toe by wearing shoes with large seams inside, the only way to prevent it is to wear better shoes. Most women, young ones principally, wear shoes too small for them and then complain about various troubles with their feet. Stop hurting your feet and they'll stop hurting you. It is nature trying to teach you a lesson you ought to know naturally.

A. C., Frederick, Okla.—Phrenological "bumps" are natural and those that come after you are grown are not the kind phrenologists treat. What these are on your head can only be determined by a physician who can examine them. Small superficial swellings frequently occur on various parts of the body and as a rule they are not serious and yield readily to treatment. A physician must also examine the skin trouble to know whether it is eczema or not.

Tad, Dorchester, Iowa.—Rheumatism very often affects the thumb and fingers and that is probably what now makes your thumb so sore. Try chloroform liniment on it several times a day. Soak a cloth in the liniment and hold it around the thumb until it nearly blisters and then take it off for a minute or two and apply again. Do this three or four times a day and you will probably get relief. (2) Bad breath may come from the stomach, or from catarrh of the nasal passages or from bad teeth. If you think yours is from bad teeth you must see a dentist and have your teeth fixed. The cause must be removed before a cure may be had. (3) Backache comes from many causes. Usually a few applications of chloroform liniment will start the circulation and relieve the congestion and pain. Apply on a saturated cloth, holding it tight on till nearly blistered and take off. Don't rub with it.

Montana K., Jordan, Mont.—The sleepy feeling which comes on in spring and summer is due largely to

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Any drinker may completely lose the craving for alcoholic drinks if he or she willingly takes my gentle, safe home remedy for only three days. GUARANTEE GIVEN. It is perfectly harmless, overcomes the craving and wonderfully improves the health. By my A Method you can save yourself or another person. The craving begins to disappear in a few hours and the health improves every minute. An astonishing and lasting transformation! Also, I supply my B Method whereby the DRUNKARD MAY BE SAVED WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE safely and speedily. THE PERSON SOON BEGINS TO DETEST SMELL OR TASTE OF LIQUOR despises the stuff, and nothing can induce him to drink it. Any wife, mother or friend can give these preparations secretly in coffee, tea, milk, whisky, beer or other drink. They are tasteless and often truly wonderful in their action. Do not confuse them with numerous worthless things that are being advertised.

My Book *Confessions of an Alcohol Slave* tells how I was a heavy drinker for many years and was miraculously freed from the drink habit. It explains how the same joy can come to every other drinker. My Method is the most successful in the world. It is the lowest priced treatment, with GUARANTEE. Often succeeds after all others fail. Legions of testimonials from persons willing to have their names and details published, so you can call on or write to them. I will send my book, in plain wrapper, postpaid, absolutely free. Write for it, no matter how long person has been a drinker or how much he drinks. Correspondence strictly confidential. I can answer as well by mail as if you call. Write today if you can; keep this ad. and show others in EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 147 N. New York, N.Y.

NOTICE.—Woods' Method for conquering drink habit, is endorsed by physicians and experts of America and Europe as the quickest, best, perfectly safe remedy. Mr. Woods' Free Book often changes despair to joy!

heat. You go on eating about the same as you do in winter when you need more food to maintain the proper degree of warmth. Eat less and of a much lighter quality in warm weather, omitting meat, and you will find that you are about as wide awake as you are in the cold weather. Food is fuel and you need less fuel to keep the body warm in summer, just as you need less fuel to keep the house warm. The jerking eyelids and the hacking cough are due to nervousness, both of which will be relieved when you eat less and have a good digestion.

O. L. H., Big Cove, Pa.—What you and a good many others think are hives are often eruptions caused by disordered stomach, indigestion, to name it in one word. Don't take medicine to remove the hives, but arrange your diet so that the food you eat will be properly assimilated. Eat less and eat food that your experience teaches you causes no trouble even though you may not like it as well as some that always goes wrong. Don't drink coffee or tea and do drink all the water you can.

Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

drawn. Shutting herself into her own room she went directly to a trunk drew forth three legal-looking documents and separating one from the other she tore it into atoms, cast them into the grate and set fire to them watching them consume with a sullen eye. Now it remains to be seen what will become of the others," she said as she replaced them in and relocked the trunk. She had barely time to remove her bonnet and wrap before Shirley returned with a very bright and animated face.

"Oh, Madame, I have had the greatest success!" the girl exclaimed, as she tossed her hat aside, and threw herself upon an ottoman at the woman's feet. "Mrs. Wilbur—that is the woman who rents the suite of which I told you—had two delightful rooms vacant. One has hot and cold water in it, and the other adjoins it, while there is a good closet in each. They are furnished very prettily, and so I ventured to engage them."

"But what is the rent, child?" demanded Madame, rather sharply.

Shirley stooped to pick up her glove, which had fallen upon the floor, before she replied.

"Would you think five dollars a week too much for them?" she inquired coyly.

"Five dollars!" exclaimed Madame in astonishment; "they cannot be much for that price, at least in that locality."

"Perhaps you will come with me to see them, and then if you do not feel satisfied with them, we will not be obliged to keep them," Shirley responded, with something of embarrassment in her manner.

She had been guilty that day of the only act of willful duplicity she had ever committed in her life, and even though it was an innocent and most generous deception, she was rather conscience smitten on account of it.

Mrs. Wilbur's price for the rooms had been five and three dollars respectively; but Shirley, feeling that though the apartment might suit her, Madame would object to paying so much, had paid three dollars in advance, explaining why she did so to the landlady, who appeared to be a kind-hearted and sympathetic woman. She also promised to do this every week while they occupied them, so that Madame should not know the real cost, and feel that her five hundred dollars were melting away too rapidly.

Madame appeared much pleased with the rooms, though she expressed herself as greatly surprised at the price; she did not, however, suspect any strategy, and decided to occupy them immediately.

Their board was to be four dollars per week, and this, with the rent of her room, washing, etc., would, she remarked, make a big hole in her purse before the year was out; but, then, she supposed she could dispose of some of her diamonds if it were necessary.

They were very comfortable after they were settled, while the eccentric woman seemed kinder and pleasanter than she had ever been, and clung to Shirley with a growing affection that was almost pathetic in one who had always been so cold and independent.

Shirley's salary as substitute was only twelve dollars a week or fifty per month.

Of this amount she was obliged to pay four for her board, her room rent, counting the three which she paid out surreptitiously, was five, making nine thus leaving her about three for washing, clothing and incidentals.

Her boarding-place, unfortunately, was sixteen blocks away from her school, and this distance she could not walk four times a day. Her strength would not admit of it, and to ride would cost her twenty cents a day, or one dollar a week, which would sadly encroach upon her slender resources.

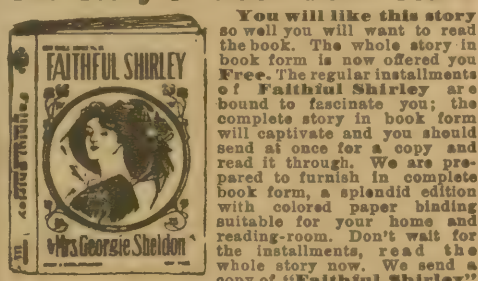
"I must find some way to earn my rides out

of school hours," she said to herself. "But how to do it seems to be a problem."

It was answered for her very shortly, however, and in a most unexpected and somewhat ludicrous manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Story in Book Form FREE



You will like this story so well you will want to read the book. The whole story in book form is now offered you FREE. The regular installments of *Faithful Shirley* are bound to fascinate you; the complete story in book form will captivate and you should send at once for a copy and read it through. We are prepared to furnish in complete book form, a splendid edition with colored paper binding suitable for your home and reading-room. Don't wait for the installments, read the whole story now. We send a copy of "Faithful Shirley."

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BEAUTIFUL BUST

How to Get a PERFECT FORM

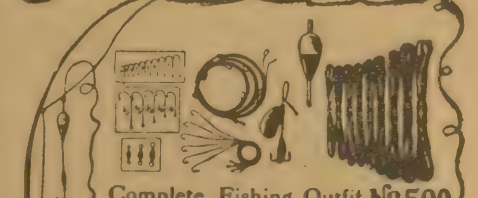
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We want to send you free a 50c package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write to-day and enclose 10c to help pay shipping

expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. DR. KELLY CO., Dept. 300 G. C., Buffalo, N. Y.

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This Fishing Outfit complete, containing the following: 1 Fancy Bamboo Fishing Rod, 1 All Brass Click Reel, 3 Doz. Split Shot Sinkers, 9 Fishing Lines Assorted, 6 Trout and Bass Flies, 6 Smelled Hooks, 2 Doz. Assorted Fish Hooks, 1 Trolling Spoon Bait, 3 Trout and Bass Leaders, 1 Float or "Bobber", 1 Adjustable Sinker, 3 Swivels.

Everything in this outfit is of high quality, practical and each item will give perfect satisfaction. If bought separately the Price would be \$2.48.

Not only is the fine jointed Rod a dandy, but each of the THREE DOZEN DIFFERENT ARTICLES are separately and collectively just what any man or boy wants to have handy for real fishing sport. Some part or all of this outfit will be required for any Lake, River, Sea, Stream, Brook or Pond Fishing, and it will be a delight to catch the different kinds of fish with this marvelous outfit.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only four three-year subscribers to COMFORT at 50c each or eight 25c subscribers for 15 months, we will send this 34-piece Fishing Outfit packed in a nice box by Parcel Post absolutely Free.

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Flexible Silvered Chain Bandeau

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to wear both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking for between the two roped chains are large brilliants which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different stones. They are especially attractive when worn at the evening, and will make a great addition to your toilet. The bandeau is almost a foot long and three quarters of an inch wide in the center, tapering to the ends. When worn on the neck it can be held together by a clasp, and will make a great addition to your toilet. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and

down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in illustration. When worn on the hair it can easily be adjusted with hairpins, and when worn on the neck it can be held together by a small box of black velvet or any colored ribbon. They can be worn at all seasons, and under the glare of the lights or sun the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfectly beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and they will not damage the skin or break the hair. Nice for a birthday or anniversary gift.

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We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results *Magnolia Blossom* can accomplish. If you suffer from *Leucorrhoea* (Whites), *Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains*, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our *Free Box of Magnolia Blossom*. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

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LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE \$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE

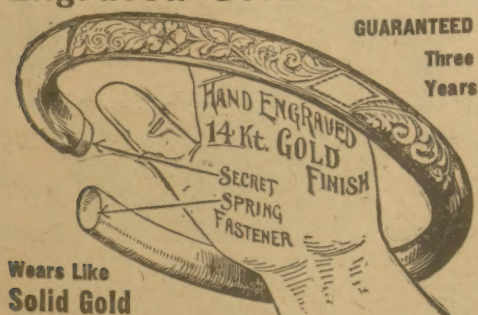
If I could meet you face to face in my office and tell you the many cures my Goitre Treatment has made, you wouldn't continue to suffer and be disgraced with "Big Neck." You wouldn't give up hope because of past failures. No, you would get my treatment immediately. I can't meet every goitre sufferer personally but I will gladly send you \$2.50 worth of my wonderful treatment free for a test. It's the same treatment that is curing hundreds of cases every month.

Listen to what Miss H. Rebecca Thomas of Linville Depot, Va. writes me: "There is no sign of goitre on my neck now and I only took one treatment. My general health, too, is fine. No choking or disagreeable feeling in my throat. I cannot thank you enough for what your treatment did for me."

Don't mail me any money. Just tell me all about your goitre and I will send you free in plain package my \$2.50 Test Treatment. Write.
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MAKE PINK FLESH
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Wears Like
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THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like solid gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your Initial or Initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1913 style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, my dears, did the June roses bloom brightly for you and did you all get a good start as summer girls? I hope everything is delightful for July will not be as pleasant as June, at least, in its weather, and you may become so warm that your tempers will be ruffled now and then. Anyway, you will have the Glorious Fourth to think about and that is and always will be a great day and don't any of you girls ever marry a man who can't share with you the highest regard for that day of days. But I mustn't make a Fourth of July speech with your letters waiting to be answered. So here goes for the letters:

The first I take from the pile is Cousin E. M. of Clarksville, Texas, and she tells me in red ink of a young man who lied to her about writing to her then told lies on her, then lied when he said he didn't lie, and she told him she hated and despised him and forbade him ever to speak to her again and she says she loves him anyhow and wants to know if she should forgive him. Sure she ought. If she can love that kind of a man she should be able to do anything. But, say, cousins, aren't some girls just too silly?

Brown Eyes, Longview, Texas.—If he keeps on postponing the wedding, though you have been engaged a year, I think you should break the engagement. He doesn't want to marry you, that's plain and is using the engagement just to flirt with you. Plenty of young men are like that with silly girls.

Anxious, Gardiner, Ore.—If you know he can't possibly get along without liquor don't you know enough to know that his promise that he will quit and make a happy home for you if you will marry him is worthless? Drunkards don't make happy homes for their wives.

Broken-hearted, Patoka, Ill.—My dear, instead of wearing your life out because the man has deserted you for another why don't you feel thankful to heaven that he deserted you before he married you and let you find out what he was like before it was too late. Forget such a man and be happy that you are free. Women should break their hearts over the loss of good men, but not of bad ones.

White Rose, Houston, Mo.—Why be in such a hurry to have him say something about marriage? Can't you write to a young man and be friends with him without wanting to rush him into marriage? If he is too slow, throw him over and get a fast one. I don't think it is nice for a girl to have no other use for a young man than to marry him.

C. C. M., Lansing, Mich.—We live in an age of speed, I suppose is why the young men neglect you nice, quiet girls for the fast and loud ones. But the best young men like best the quiet, nice girls and you should not worry because that kind of young men who like fast girls are not attentive to you. Indeed, you should consider it the highest compliment they could pay you.

Little Girl, Washburn, Maine.—You at sixteen are at least five years older than he at sixteen and you ought to know that he is only flirting with you. Sixteen-year-old boys are mere children and all sensible girls treat them so.

Doubtful, Webb, Okla.—Treat the man exactly as you would treat any other married man until he gets his divorce. After that it will be for you to decide whether you accept his attentions or not. Be very careful not to give ground for suspicion that you are the cause of his divorce. One of the cousins writes me that she thinks it a sin for a divorced person to marry. So do a good many other people, but many do not and the law makes no objection. (2) Young men may meet young ladies at the station when they have been visiting.

Twins, Oil City, Pa.—Don't be too hard on him because he was polite to a girl you didn't like and he didn't. Rudeness is almost as bad as jealousy and you shouldn't want him to be rude to anybody. (2) The young man who has any respect for himself or for any lady will not drink whiskey when he is with her—unless she is the kind who likes to take a drink herself, which I hope you are not. (3) Other company may be accepted in the absence of your "steady" with his consent. But he is not your "steady" unless he is engaged to you.

Beatrice, Granada, Mo.—If he is respected by everybody now except your family and was respected by them until you fell in love, I think you can take a chance on their respecting him again if you marry him. Anyway, you can try it and see. But don't marry him just because he is poor. Don't marry him until he can provide for you suitably.

Broken Heart, Lebanon, Ky.—I think, my dear, you had better be an old man's darling than live an old maid with your heart all smashed to pieces as you tell me it is because of the unfaithful Don who has deserted you for a wealthy girl. Don't hurry about marrying anybody. You think you are a terrible wreck now, but you'll be laughing over it this time next June. Wait and see.

Blue Eyes, Wilcox, Wash.—Better marry the one younger than you, my dear, if you love him more and he is of better character than the older. But I wouldn't marry at all, if I had to ask somebody which one to marry.

Worried, Carrollton, Ill.—Stop worrying and make up your mind not to choose the one who is very nice to you but not so nice that you can get the other one out of your mind who wants to come back. He is the one and he should come back.

There, my dears, I have answered your questions, I didn't have to pass on to other departments, and though some of you are unusually silly—maybe it is the effect of summer—I have scolded any more than was necessary. Now you have my permission to play summer girls until we meet again. By, by, and be happy.
COUSIN MARION.

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If you want to write. We have made good and can teach you to. Learn how to put your best thoughts in a telling, attractive and saleable form. There is a big demand for live up-to-date manuscripts. Tell us of your aims, ambitions and education. Advice, full particulars and our book—Does and Don'ts For Writers—sent upon receipt 25 cents. Owl's Club, 161 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



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Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause.
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I Can Make Your Fat Vanish by the Gallon!

I CONQUERED OBESITY PAST MIDDLE-AGE

I Ate Everything I Liked—Went Through No Exercise—Wore No Special Clothing—Took No Weakening Baths!

I Explain My Simple, Speedy Home Treatment to You—FREE!

I, Lucile Kimball, a married woman past middle-age, attacked by obesity for years, finally conquered the fat monster. Everything you ever tried, I tried. I went through exercises, rolled on the floor, cut down my food, gave up sweets, fats and starches, wore elastic clothing, tried electricity, massage, osteopathy, vibration, hot and vapor baths, swallowed pellets, capsules and teas—gained as rapidly as I lost—and so would you with those so-called treatments.

For years, my friends have asked me to tell them how I got rid of fat and kept rid of it. They know that I eat what I want—go through no exercise other than I get around the house and office; that I am FREE from obesity, happy, healthy, supple—and look younger by fifteen years than I actually am!

I was afraid that my Home Treatment might prove temporary. I waited months. My fat did not return, and I waited years, but my fat did not come back. Still, I postponed. I tried my Home Obesity Treatment on friends. They were equally benefited—men and women of all ages. And finally I decided to reduce the obesity of fat men and women all over the world.

You have figured fat by the pound. Your "methods" and "treatments" have attacked living tissues more than fat. What did you gain? Nothing! Your fat came back the moment you stopped your exercise or diet. It did not go if you tried anything else. But my Home Treatment is not exercise or diet. I say "diet" in its broadest sense—not "starvation diet," not "excessive diet," but diet of any kind.

Eat any kind of meat, vegetables, salads, pastry, fish, fowl, nuts, candy that you want—when you want it. Drink what you want—when you want it. I don't interfere with your food or drink. No bending over, rolling, playing golf, horseback riding, doing exercise of any kind. Sit in your chair at home, or in your chair at your office—and the fat will vanish from you by the pint, quart and gallon. It goes away rapidly. It melts from your cells. You feel better—stronger. Beauty returns to women; strength to men. You never heard of anything of the kind before in your life. Everybody says, "How wonderful!" It is marvelous beyond description, and it is absolutely harmless. It is so simple, you need devote only three or four minutes each twenty-four hours to its use.

Spend Just One Penny!

All I want you to do is to get my book. This explains the harm of most methods and treatments; why exercise and diet are useless. It tells how I overcame obesity, how I conquered fat; how I rid my friends of fat; how you can be free from the grip of the fat fiend. I know that you want the way pointed out for you, showing how you can reduce fat right in your own home, boarding house, while traveling or visiting. Don't wait. This book costs you nothing. It tells the how and why, and your name should be among the first to reach me. I pledge secrecy and a prompt response. This is the key to successful, rapid fat reduction. Write to-day—Now! Hurry your request—this moment! If you have been disappointed before, this time you will be satisfied. Write in a letter or on a post-card, "Please send Free Book showing how I can reduce my obesity at home." Sign your name and address. You are not obligated in any way. Get your request in now.

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PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does It. DR. CHASE, 234 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANCER Concerning its Medical Treatment write to the WEBER SANATORIUM, 17 W. 8th St. Cincinnati, Ohio. Established 25 years and well endorsed. 95-page BOOK FREE.

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Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Pontice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1523 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other 9 it is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensations in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 5 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this and pass it on. This adv. may not appear again. Mention if you smoke or chew. EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave. 147 P. New York.



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How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

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To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to



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The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

SILVER DEPOSIT CRYSTAL GLASSWARE

Here is something entirely new which will be of great value to you and you can get any article Free for only a little effort.

Something that is all the rage. Perhaps you are not acquainted and are thus unaware of the great popularity of this new style of glassware interwoven with silver. The bright man with the wonderful inventive mind conceived the idea of combining silver with glass and thus produced this marvellous and beautiful combination of so-called Silver Deposit Crystal Ware, a good sample being shown in this Vase No. 272.

VASE NO. 272



The way it is worked out the pretty design is first painted on the glass with a silver paint composed of pure silver ground so fine it is moistened and made into a paste and then the entire article is put into an oven or kiln and fired at such an intense heat that this silver design is burned into the body of the glass. This lays the foundation for the full thickness of silver deposit which is added by taking sheets of pure silver and placing the different articles in tanks in which are copper wires attached to electric batteries; the circuit thus formed reinforces and adds to the silver deposit. After remaining in this electric battery about 24 hours the goods are then washed and polished with rapid revolving, felt-covered wheels composition is applied to bring this up to the standard. When the goods finally receive this extra touch of silver polishing a beautiful luster is added and the finished goods have thus set the country wild over this magnificent product. COMFORT has arranged with the manufacturers for a supply of some of the prettiest and most practical designs, and while we cannot illustrate or give you any idea of their nice appearance we can by your getting up clubs of just a few subscribers to COMFORT send you some of the goods and then you can see for yourself and reorder other articles.

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The Wrist Pocketbook They Are All the Rage



This is one of the most attractive as well as practical premiums we have ever offered. Made of handsome soft russet leather with nickel silver buckle and celluloid fastener. Will hold coin, bills, ear tickers, etc. Where it is worn on the wrist it is the handiest change holder made. It is used extensively by women and girls, is the latest fad and greatest and most useful novelty of the season. When going to town to shop, or car riding to parties, and attending church, it will be found very handy. Many times when women and girls are going to fairs or among crowds, they will be found indispensable as when worn on the wrist under the sleeve it cannot be seen, and pickpockets will not notice it. Can also be worn with short sleeves as they are so attractive looking. Do not delay in accepting.

Our Offer: Get us one new subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months (it must positively be a new subscription, not your own), or send 35 cents for your own renewal or extension for one year, for this Wrist Pocketbook free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 374.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Card, Work or Jewel Holder

With strong, pretty birch bark, porcupine quill decorated bottom. This is truly a Canadian Indian idea and a very fragrant and useful one it is, too. The famous sweet grass is found in great quantities on the Canadian border as well as in Maine, and the different tribes of Indians are always in search of it for basket making purposes. Through a dull season they made up so many of these baskets that we bought a big quantity at a bargain and are thus able to offer in basket form some of this real, fragrant sweet grass, which constantly gives forth such a delightful perfume. They measure over six inches across the top and two inches down the sides, sewed in a very strong and substantial manner, are pretty enough for the center table or chamber and will be a lasting delight to anyone.

Club Offer: If you will secure one bona-fide new 25-cent subscriber to COMFORT for 15 months, or send 35 cents for your own subscription, renewal or extension for one year, we will send this Sweet Grass Holder No. 265 Free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RAFFIA CATCHALL WALL POCKET

This handy piece of wall furniture is very useful as well as ornamental. It has a long rattan frame covered with artistically wound, natural color raffia, then has wire braces and a decorative hanging ring wound in raffia in the attractive rope design. The illustration shows the general design of the entire article which has a strong wooden bottom, and is just the thing to hold a brush and comb; or as a receptacle for small articles it will be found very useful to place on the wall of any room in the house. Although imported from Germany we send this attractive premium, No. 249 free for two new 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months, or for 35c your own renewal subscription for one year.

This is certainly a rare bargain offer and we know you will be delighted with this catchall.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRAGRANT SWEET GRASS BASKET



This famous Sweet Grass which is largely gathered from the meadows of Maine by the Indians and made into such attractive and handy baskets gives forth a very dainty, delightful and lasting perfume which sweetens the entire room. The design of the basket, as shown in our illustration in reduced form, is twenty-eight inches in circumference at top and six inches in diameter at bottom, which is of attractive and strong inner bark peeled from the stately white birch tree by the Penobscot tribe Indians. It is artistically decorated with fine, bright colored porcupine quills. These baskets are not only handy to hold your knitting, crochet and other fancy work but they are wonderful souvenirs from the great Northern wilds and woods. They will last a lifetime and are just the thing to give as a present to mother, sister or lady friend.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25c, we will send one of these baskets, No. 250 free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair of Straw Cuffs

Always Keep Your Coat or Shirt Sleeves Clean
No matter what kind of work you are doing, in house, barn, shop, office or store, these large, roomy, well-made Straw Cuffs will protect your shirt or coat sleeves keeping them free from all dust and dirt. They cannot help but save the wearer many dollars in laundry bills alone in the course of a year by preventing sleeves and cuffs from becoming soiled, always keeping them fresh and clean. The Cuffs offered here are 6 inches long, strongly made of closely braided straw reinforced at both ends with an extra band of straw interwoven in such a manner that it makes a double thickness. Many women use a single cuff for a foundation to make a catchall or knitting work bag. It is very easy to sew on a top and bottom by using odd pieces of cloth running tape or string through to draw up the top into a regular bag. These Straw Cuffs, although a very common article, are really so useful, in fact indispensable to the housewife in performing her household duties, the man of the house in doing chores around stable or barn, the merchant or clerk, that we have decided to add them to COMFORT's large list of premiums and offer one or more pair absolutely free to anyone who will accept the following:

SPECIAL OFFER: For one new, bona-fide subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for 30 cents to pay for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription, we will send you one pair of these large, strong well-made Straw Cuffs, Premium No. 363, free by Parcel Post prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Deposit CANDLESTICK

Everybody is using candlesticks again—in country, towns and cities, people have them in nearly every room in the house, not merely as ornaments but as a means of securing that pleasant, soft, subdued light which only the good old-fashioned candle is capable of producing. In this beautiful Silver Deposit Candlestick we offer a new design which is selling like wild fire all over the country. As shown in illustration the handsome, silver deposit decoration is patterned after a combination scroll and floral design which extends the entire length of the candlestick and around the top there is a silver deposit band which further enhances its beauty. The base of this candlestick is oval in shape, measuring 4 1/2 inches across its widest part while the top measures 2 inches in diameter and it stands over 6 1/2 inches high. We also have this new, handsome, unique silver deposit ware in other forms such as Vases, Cologne bottles, salt and pepper sets, etc., and we know that if you send for this beautiful Candlestick you will be so delighted with it that you will be glad to avail yourself of our other different offers of this ware.

Club Offer: For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome Silver Deposit Candlestick, Premium No. 363, free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome Shirt-waist

Transfer Pattern.
No. S 492



Every lady wishes to have at least one embroidered lingerie shirt-waist and this season when everything is attractive in its simplicity, the bit of embroidery is all that is needed to give it a dainty finish. So why not obtain this transfer pattern of one of our best-selling shirt-waist designs and stamp it yourself. Any material would be suitable and the stamping the simplest thing in the world. Just lay the pattern wax side down, on the goods and press on the back with a medium hot iron. The design comes off distinctly with no trouble at all, and you will surely say that they are the best transfer patterns on the market. Try one.

Club Offer: We will send you the material all stamped ready to embroider if you will send us two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or we will send the transfer pattern for one new subscription at 25 cents for 15 months or your own renewal for one year and 30 cents, or if you cannot secure a subscription send ten cents in stamps for the transfer pattern.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Encased in Fitted Box Silverine Shield for Monogram

Though the price of these beautiful Sets are constantly advancing and are now up over 25 per cent, we are forced to offer a large, elegant Set once more in justice to our thousands of friends and COMFORT workers who have not received one. The beautiful dark green of this new Malachite finish with its wavy grain mottling gives this Entire Set of four pieces a rich appearance whether in the white fitted box or on the dresser or table and when given to a friend with their initial or monogram engraved on the silverine shields, you may rest assured that they will be pleased.

Take This Chance: For a club of only eight to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will, while they last, send this Premium Set No. 251 all Free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Bowl-shaped Work Basket

We know this cute, little Fancy Work Basket will delight the eye of every woman or girl who reads this offer. It is one of the daintiest yet most useful articles we have ever offered as a premium being made of very closely woven buff colored willow with two very handy and convenient rings, or handles, on opposite sides. It is bowl shaped, very strongly made and measures 5 inches in diameter at the top and 4 1/2 at the bottom. It can be used as a work basket in which to keep all kinds of fancy work fixings, scissors, thread, thimble, needles, etc., or it may be used as a jardiniere for small plants, ferns, etc. We will send you this dainty and useful article free as a premium if you will accept the following:

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, you will receive this handsome Basket, Premium No. 266, free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Basket Weave FRENCH IVORY HOLDER

Fine Corn Broom

The Brush is made of excellent quality corn and has a good durable handle of French Ivory.

We want to call your attention to the unique design of the holder which is woven in and out like a basket, and the top and bottom has a dainty and attractive border made of the same FRENCH IVORY in a woven rope design.

Club Offer: Send only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send this complete outfit Premium No. 268 free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

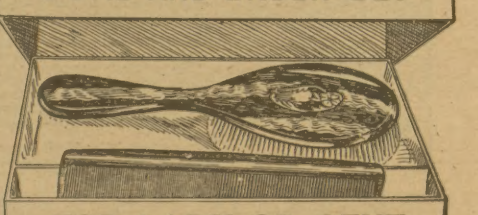
Girl's Dress No. 114

The material for this dress is stamped on Brown Holland Cloth which has the appearance of pure brown linen and has great wearing qualities. The cloth is almost a yard wide and three yards are sent in each piece. The design is already stamped for embroidering, and the illustration will give you an idea of how simple the pattern is. After the design is embroidered the little dress may be made up and trimmed in any desired style. If one wished more than one piece two outfits may be sent for as the stamped design is very easily washed out, and two pieces would make a dress for an adult, and the design would be most suitable for a waist front. Send your order early so as to be the first in your town to have a serviceable dress like this.

Club Offer: For a club of only 3 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these stamped dress pieces free by parcel post, or two patterns sent for a club of 5.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



FOR LADY OR GENT

Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post for a Club of Two

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one 1/2 inch half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth. A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 263 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Clothes Basket



This neat, attractive Clothes Basket will hold nearly a full bushel and yet weighs actually less than 1 1/2 pounds—the lightest weight yet strongest basket of its size manufactured. It is made of woven split white willow, has two strong 6-inch wide handles at either end which positively cannot work loose or pull out from the body of the basket. In size this basket is fully 15 inches wide and 28 inches long across the top from handle to handle. It has a depth of 9 inches and the firm, closely woven white bottom is 15 inches long and 10 inches wide. We take pleasure in recommending this new premium to lady readers of COMFORT because we know it will surely give the best satisfaction. There probably is nothing so indispensable around the house as a good clothes basket, in fact, most women find use for three or four, therefore, we feel sure that hundreds of COMFORT'S readers will be glad to take advantage of this liberal offer.

Club Offer: Send us a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send you this large, strong, light-weight, serviceable Clothes Basket Premium No. 263, Free by Parcel Post, all charges prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB, BRUSH, MIRROR AND CLOTHES BRUSH SET.



MALACHITE GREEN FINISH.

SUGAR AND CREAMER NO. 274

These goods are made of extra heavy glass, well deposited with silver in a fancy scroll design. The illustration gives a general idea of the shape of the beautiful Sugar and Creamer, but cannot convey the gentle effect produced by the design being worked into glass with silver.

This style of glassware is fast superseding the regular cut glass that was formerly so popular as it is a much more serviceable article and by far superior for every practical use from an artistic or decorative standpoint.

Vinegar Cruet No. 275

This bottle has the fancy-Crossbar design with the Silver Deposit inlaid in a most striking manner. The stopper also has the Silver Deposit on the top which makes the whole affair a great addition to any dining table.

OIL OR COLOGNE Bottle No. 276

This bottle in silver deposit design is very neat and the round glass stopper also has the silver deposit on the top. It is so pretty it makes the table, dresser or sideboard attractive looking. All kinds of toilet water, oil or other liquids may be kept in it.

Salt and Peppers No. 277

Notice their sensible shape and broad base and graceful curved sides and you realize at once how easily and firmly the hand clasp them and the comfort that comes when out shakes the Salt or Pepper so freely through the pretty white mother-of-pearl inlaid, strongly fastened, silver plated screw-on tops. Then these Shakers cannot be upset, when on the table being 3 1/2 inches high and two inches wide at base they stand as firm as a rock once set down. They are certainly not only the most attractive set we ever saw, but the most sensible and practical for either every day or dress up and company use. The Silver Deposit design is unique, pretty and artistic.



CLUB OFFER: For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you, by Parcel Post prepaid, this Salt and Pepper Set, No. 277, or your choice of any one of the above described articles with the exception of Vase No. 272. Or, we will send you Vase No. 272 for a club of only three 15-month subscribers at 25 cents each. This Vase stands 8 inches high and has a handsome silver deposit floral design as shown in illustration.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pennant Collecting the Latest Craze

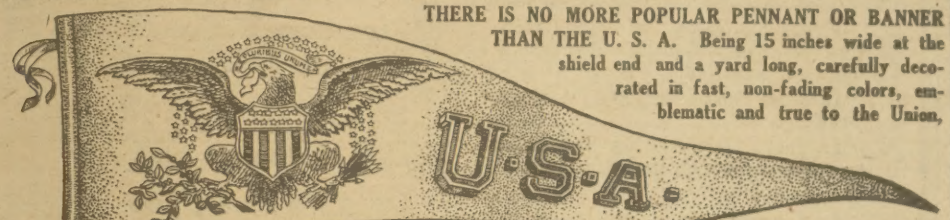
No more popular fad has struck the people of this country than this latest Banner or Pennant Idea and it bids fair to over-shadow the post-card collections, as it is based on decorative purposes and patriotic sentiment. We illustrate two of the best Pennants now in demand and can arrange for you to easily secure others of the various states.



THE WAVE OF THE PENNANT IS FELT and the love of Home and Country is inspired at the sight of one of these decorative, yard long, Felt Pennants.

It is the great fad now to display your pennant on all occasions, and knowing there are so many States of Maine people scattered all over the Union, we have had a lot of these Felt Pennants made up of the best material and workmanship possible. The pennants are a yard long and 15 inches wide at the largest part, having the State Seal reproduced and embellished in many colors which are accurate and are the true colors accepted by the different states. The beautiful shadings of yellow, brown, green, blue, white, with their various blendings on the finest quality State of Maine blue, add greatly to the decorative scheme of any room where they are either hung or draped; or they can be shown for patriotic purposes in place of pictures or may be displayed outside of the home or attached to any vehicle when out for a ride.

After securing this State of Maine pennant, you may wish others of different states of the Union or you may wish the seal of another state to begin your collection; if so, say which one and we will send whichever you call for first and thus start this collection for you. Remember that these various state pennants come in the true colors and seals of each state represented.



THERE IS NO MORE POPULAR PENNANT OR BANNER THAN THE U. S. A. Being 15 inches wide at the shield end and a yard long, carefully decorated in fast, non-fading colors, emblematic and true to the Union,

and should hold the place of honor in your collection of pennants.

To purchase these at retail would require a big price, but we buy in such large quantities, and as we want you to be up-to-date and a little ahead of your neighbors as readers of COMFORT, we are able to make you this special offer:

Our Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of a State Pennant or the U. S. A. For three subscriptions we will send two, or if you will send us four new subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send your choice of any three Pennants you select. Be sure and say which State you desire when sending your club.

Special: If you cannot get up a club now and desire a single Pennant, send 25 cents for a year's extension or renewal of your own subscription and 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, and we will send any Pennant you select.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY, do not fail to order U. S. A. Pennant illustrated above at once and we will send you Pennant free and our new plan whereby you can make money easier and faster than you ever did before in your life. Do not overlook this offer. It is the chance of a lifetime.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Queen Stamping Outfit



Over One Hundred New Up-to-date Popular Designs on Ten Large Sheets Bond Paper, One Tablet Stamping Preparation, Poncette, Full Directions and Book of Embroidery Stitches—All Yours FREE On This Wonderful Offer.

We have searched the market over for the more than one hundred latest, best, most popular designs included in this big stamping outfit and absolutely guarantee that you cannot secure these patterns elsewhere as they have been made up exclusively for COMFORT by one of the largest manufacturers in New York City. We have not the space to name all of the new pretty things you get in this splendid outfit but here is a partial list:

1 Corset Cover design for eyelet embroidery, 1 Waist for punch work, 1 Corner for handkerchief, 1 Design for panel of baby's dress, 1 Baby Cap for punch work, 1 Design for baby pillow or carriage robe, 1 Jabot for punch work, 1 Centerpiece, size 21x21, for French and eyelet embroidery, 1 single blossom, 1 Tray Cloth design, size 11x19, for eyelet embroidery, 1 Pincushion, size 6x12, for punch work, 1 Bow Tie, 1 Design for hemstitched scarf, 1 Design for pillow case, 1 Design for belt or carriage strap for punch work, 1 Repeating scallop border design, 1 Complete set of initials one inch high, 1 Large Collar, 1 Pretty Design for sofa pillow, 1 Design for hair receiver, 1 Design for lingerie hat, 5 Repeating borders, 1 Handkerchief or glove case, 2 Small doilies, 1 Design for towel end, 1 Dutch Collar and eyelet embroidery, 1 Napkin Holder, 1 Oval Doily for bread tray, 1 Design of two flags for boy's suits, 1 Set of Collars and Cuffs for child's coat.

Remember, the above list does not begin to represent all of the new, up-to-date designs that come in this wonderful stamping outfit. There are over one hundred of them, perforated on ten large 14x22 sheets highest quality white bond paper. The perforations are clean cut and very distinct so that you are sure of securing a clear working pattern on any kind of material which you desire to use. In addition to the more than one hundred designs we also send you absolutely free, a tablet of French stamping preparation, one Poncette, full directions for stamping and as an extra gift, a copy of Madame Du Parquet's book of embroidery stitches which clearly and fully explains eyelet, filet, shadow, wallachian, herring-bone, long and short stitch, solid Kensington, stem, overlaid, couching, satin, French laid, solid buttonhole, brier, French knot, chain and many other stitches, everything being so plainly illustrated and described that you can become an expert and experienced embroiderer with no other teaching or assistance. Remember, as we said before, this is an entirely new outfit of latest, up-to-date designs which you never saw before and which you cannot obtain anywhere except from us, as they are made up expressly for us to be given away as a COMFORT premium. We know that you will be delighted with this big outfit of all new designs and we will send it to you as above described, absolutely free, if you will accept one of the following:

Special Offers: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one new bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own) and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), or for your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this big Queen Stamping Outfit of over one hundred designs, complete as described above, Premium No. 35, free by Parcel Post, prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pet Animal and Floral Pattern Oriental Design Rugs

When You Get Out of Bed You Can Walk On Velvet

We offer you these beautiful velvety rugs in a variety of bright Oriental colors. The rugs are of very suitable and convenient size to fit many places in your home. Perhaps there is a little niche or snugly place, roomy enough to cover on some floor and if so the small size, which is a yard long and eighteen inches wide, or the large 27x54 inch rug, will just fill the place for both sizes are not only artistic but very serviceable and give a homelike and cheerful effect to any room and lend charm to the surroundings.



KITTENS AT PLAY

PET PONY

Club Offers:

For six subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months or if you prefer a large rug for a club of ten subscribers at 25 cents each we will send one 27x54 inches, in Oriental design or animal pattern of the same velvety texture. It is the nicest feeling thing to step out on when you get out of bed in the morning, and the most beautiful and decorative article to place in any room in the house. You get the same bright warm coloring and elegant effect in either sized rug.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Hammock Free for Everybody

THE COMFORT HAMMOCK

as a free gift for a small club
Read all about it



The fashions in Hammocks are ever changing. This year we offer you something entirely different from the usual premium hammock, a fine quality, fancy pattern, fish-net cotton, same as is used by fishermen; something substantial and is tested to hold 300 pounds, dead weight, is 10 feet long, over 32 inches wide. Highly colored in red, black, yellow and white. Each Hammock is fitted with strong wood stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock and are never out of place, but always in place to give the hammock suitable spread for comfort, also add much to the appearance of the Hammock when not occupied, giving an inviting finish. For hot summer days you can have nothing that will afford more pleasure than a quiet hour in a hammock in some shady nook. Now to everyone who will get up a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one of these Hammocks, FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. Prem. No. 361. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Glimpses of the GREAT CANAL Now Nearing Completion

Premium No. 421.

More than sixty authentic photographs of recent scenes along the line of the Canal are presented, including many interesting views of the mammoth locks, showing the principal features of their construction and the machinery by which the enormous Gates will be operated. There are also splendid views of the Atlantic and Pacific Terminals of the Canal and of the excavation work in the immense Culebra Cut, where American ingenuity has triumphed over every obstacle; also of the system of lighthouses and breakwaters, and of the social conditions under which the Canal officials and laborers live.



As the water will soon be turned into the Canal and the first ocean-going vessel will pass through the new waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific within a few months, every citizen of the United States should know what has been accomplished on the Isthmus and will thrill with patriotic pride at the sight of these photographs.

The descriptive matter is condensed but comprehensive. All the important facts regarding the Canal are clearly given.

CLUB OFFER: Send only ONE new 15 month subscription to COMFORT at 25c or 35c for your own sub, or renewal for a year and we will send above book. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Here is the latest hit—the newest "fad"—a real, true-to-life Indian birch bark canoe in miniature form. It is a beautiful ornament as well as a handy catchall for center-table, dresser or, if desired, may be hung upon the wall with fancy colored ribbons where it will present a very handsome appearance. This canoe novelty is made by the Indians of Maine and is fashioned entirely of genuine birch bark decorated with genuine beautifully colored porcupine quills and sewed with strong red raffia. It is of good size, being one foot long and nearly four inches wide at its widest part. It is fitted with two seats exactly like the real Indian canoe, the seats being fastened to the sides in true canoe style. We know that this handsome article is going to make a great hit with COMFORT's readers, so we are prepared to do a rushing business by purchasing a large supply of them.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome genuine Indian Birch Bark Canoe Catchall, Premium No. 344, free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

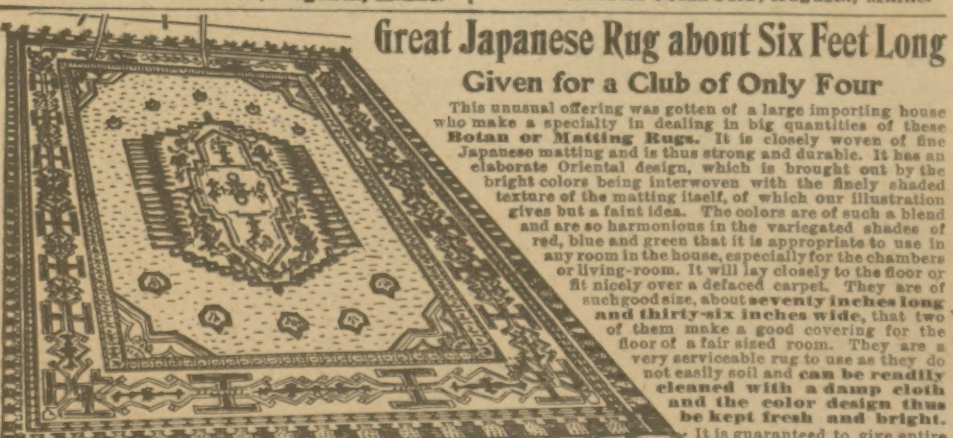


That Will Stand Long, Hard Use

The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver luster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking. We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of rich, black, ebonyized finish, pure white, well filled, rows of bristles held firmly in place by the metal which prevents dust and germs from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and being made of special black secret process material, is well named **Bull Dog or Unbreakable**.

This Premium No. 363 safely packed and sent by Parcel Post for a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given for a Club of Only Four

This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Boian or Matting Rugs**. It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about seventy inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.

It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A PAIR OF

Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who Send a

Club of Only 5 New Names.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How About that Tired Feeling?

It is at this season of the year, when summer sports and pleasures, plus summer work, are apt to fill our days a bit too generously, that the girl who wishes to be really pretty must pause a moment and see if she is not making some rather serious mistakes.

For not one sweet-faced girl in our big and friendly club can possibly stay pretty, if she keeps herself constantly at a high nervous pitch, and, when she has had an unusually full and busy day, gives no consideration to the repairs needed by her body, but goes right on adding another day to the score, equally as crowded and fully as taxing.

Are you the guilty person? I thought so!

Suppose we start today to institute a reform. I am sure you do not want to make permanent that tired droop to the corners of your mouth, or the tenseness which is evident all through your body, or that difficulty in getting to sleep when you finally do go to bed.

Nor can you be particularly pleased at the fact that tiny hollows are beginning to show at the base of your throat, once so smooth and pretty to look upon, that your cheeks are a little thin, and your arms not quite so rounded, and your bust losing all its pretty curves! Of course you aren't!

Then, heed what I have to say.

You must give your body rest—not just an extra hour's sleep tonight, though that is not to be despised, but rest the moment you feel a sense of tension or strain.

Tomorrow, about the middle of the morning, I want you to stop what you are doing and slip up-stairs to your bed where you may lie perfectly flat and still. Look at the clock first, so that you may know afterwards, whether you have shirked any of the fifteen minutes' relaxation I want you to take. Then, fixing your mind on some calming thought, such as the way the wind is sounding in the trees outside, or how cool it must be in the distant shady woods, draw in a deep full breath, at the same time stiffening slightly each muscle of the body. In turn, beginning with the neck, then the shoulders, arms, back, trunk and so on, until you reach the toes. Pause; then exhale slowly, at the same time letting every muscle relax and lie loose, just like so many strings let fall. Rest a moment, and repeat. Continue this for fifteen minutes, and you will have so equalized the circulation and relieved the nervous tension as to feel like a new woman. If you can follow this exercise with a little nap, all the better. Probably this will be impossible in the busy morning, but you should practice this exercise again in the afternoon, and you can surely steal an extra half hour then.

Go through this exercise, always, when you first go to bed, at night and you will find it will leave you in excellent condition for sound slumber.

If, perchance, habits of insomnia have so fixed themselves upon you that you need still further help to cross the bridge which leads to the City of Sleep, try lying very still indeed with all the muscles relaxed so that you sink into the bed instead of resting on it, and then turn the eyes up as though looking at a spot on the ceiling somewhere just back of your head. Hold them steadfastly in this way, and you will find that it is impossible for you to continue the thoughts which have been racing through your brain. Gradually drowsiness will steal over you, and you will soon be fast asleep.

A funny old doctor of my acquaintance, speaking of hours of sleep, used to say: "Seven for a man, eight for a woman, nine for a fool!" I don't quite agree with that classification, but even if it were true, then, please be content to come under the head of "fool", for I want you to have fully nine hours of sleep every night. Suppose you do have to go to bed a bit earlier for a while? You'll be much nicer to look at when you are awake, I can assure you, and those hollows will soon begin to fill up, especially if you give a little attention, as well, to the digestive and eliminative functions of the body.

When you keep yourself on such a tense strain, the organs of your body get just as irregular and un dependable as you do. Your liver is too tired to do its duty, your stomach revolts, and you soon have constipation and hundred other undesirable conditions to combat. Try eating some Constipation Bread every night before you go to bed, and drinking eight to ten glasses of water each day—two glasses an hour before each meal, and two glasses an hour before retiring.

Constipation Bread

Two cups milk, four cups bran, two cups gluten or white flour, one cup molasses, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, a little melted butter.

Mix well and bake in muffin or layer cake tins



MASSAGING OUT THE NERVE TANGLE.

in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Eat what will be equivalent to two good-sized slices of bread every night before going to bed.

When you are having a tiring day, resolutely take time for a moment's rest at intervals. Do not take refuge in a rocker, for you are sure to expend, in rocking, all the vitality the moment's rest might otherwise give you. Choose, instead, a Morris or high-backed chair. Never try to rest in a low-backed chair, for your spine fails to get its share of relief from tension.

When the veins at the temples seem to have tied themselves up in bowknots, turn up the corners of the mouth, exactly as if smiling. You will find the tenseness is loosened and what might have developed into a nervous headache can thus be nipped in the bud.

Massaging the forehead and temples with the finger-tips while closing the eyes will also relieve the nervous strain which is so frequently productive of headaches. Massages about the

eyes, in circles, pressing firmly just below the line of the brow and lightly beneath the eye, as your finger-tips go round and round, is another fine exercise. If you use a good massage cream on your finger-tips, you will be killing two birds with one stone, for your skin will benefit wonderfully by the process.

Massage Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and orange-flower water, beating with egg beater until cold.

There is one thing you can always do to rest yourself, even when busy, and that is to take a few moments' deep breathing. You can do this when sewing, stirring up a cake, ironing, walking to the store, straightening up in the mornings, or performing any other of the thousand and one duties of a day. To get the best results, you must draw in through the nose every atom of air the lungs can hold, being careful that you expand at the waist and diaphragm. Hold for a second, and then let the breath escape slowly. Do not open the mouth.

Well, are you going to be nice, obedient club members and have a good report for me when next month rolls around? That's right, I knew you would!

Questions and Answers

Bessie B., Billy, Elsie, Mrs. D. M. and others.—Your nose may be red because of some internal trouble and it would be well to discover the cause. Many times this defect is due to tight collars, cuffs, corsets, etc. I am giving below an excellent lotion for local application:

Bleach for Flaming Nose

Zinc oxide, one dram; glycerine, one dram; powdered calamine, two drams; cherry laurel water, eight ounces.

Before applying this lotion to the nose night and morning, be sure to give the bottle a vigorous shaking. Results will come slowly, but surely.

Trixie and Patty.—At bedtime, when the face has had its bath, spread the following paste over the skin and don a cheese-cloth face mask, cutting holes in it for the eyes, nose and mouth. When morning comes, remove mask and bathe face in warm, soapy water, then dry skin gently and dust it over with some pure powder. Take this treatment for several nights in succession, when the ugly skin tints will take to their heels, metaphorically speaking.

Tan and Sunburn Bleach

Fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin, one ounce strained honey, the white of one egg, enough oatmeal to make a spreadable paste.

Zephyr.—If you wish your nails to be longer, keep the cuticle at the base of the nail pressed back so that the half moon will show. In order to do this soak your fingers in warm soapy water for a few minutes, then press the cuticle back with the blunt end of the orange-wood stick.

Fickleness.—I do not think you have been persistent enough with the exercise you speak of. A simple freckle bleach is as follows: Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water.

Southern Belle, T. L., Catherine and others.—Please read my reply to Trixie in these columns. Constant daily massage with a good skin food will help to efface the smallpox scars. Yes, the olive oil will help the eyelashes to grow as well as the brows.

Gwendoline, Mrs. George, Farmer's Wife and others.—What your skin needs is an astringent lotion to firm the flabby flesh. I am giving one below which I believe you will like:

Astringent Lotion

Rose-water, six ounces; almond milk (thick), one and one half ounces; alum, eighty grains.

See my replies to Fickleness and Trixie.

Mrs. Cora M., A. C. R., Brown Eyes, Terre Haute, Ind.—Troubled Girl, Kitty and E. M.—Thick lips are sometimes reduced by rubbing them with the following astringent lotion: Melt an ounce of any good cold cream; add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips; let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth.

Anna A., A Friend, K. M. and S. A.—Yes, olive oil would make the scalp very greasy. However, when rubbing any oil into the scalp you must always be careful to part the hair as you go over the scalp so as not to get the grease on the hair. An excellent hair grower, one for which I have had many words of praise from my readers, is as follows: White vaseline, three ounces, Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces, gallic acid, one and three quarters drams, oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Timid.—See my reply to Fickleness. Buttermilk is a good bleach for a tanned face. Let it remain on all night and wash off in the morning.

Mrs. Isola.—I am very sorry but I do not send out any samples of the formulas I recommend, for obvious reasons, pass any opinion on proprietary articles.

Busy Bee.—Try massaging your scalp as you have been doing but substitute the hair grower given Anna A. for the vaseline. You will obtain quicker results. For your height you should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Why not try the epsom salt reduction treatment spoken of so frequently in these columns?

L. McK. L.—The beauty talks you speak of are merely advertisements. I am sorry but I cannot, for obvious reasons, pass any opinion on proprietary articles.

Marcelle and Edith.—I am sorry but I cannot tell you of any way to stop growing. There are plenty of girls of sixteen or seventeen years who are five feet seven inches tall. The carrots should be washed thoroughly and eaten raw, chewing very fine before swallowing.

Milly W.—I would not advise you to meddle with the moles as they are apt to cause a cancerous growth. It is best to have them removed by an experienced electrolysis operator. A simple remedy for warts is the following: One dram of salicylic acid and one ounce of collodion. Have your druggist put this up in a bottle which has a tiny brush run through the cork. Apply the collodion to the warts twice a day and they will disappear.

Golden Rod.—Any cream that contains animal oil is liable to cause a growth of hair. Yes, the cotton-seed cream would be a good cream to use apart from the Southern Face Bleach.

Lottie G.—I am not familiar with the bust developer you speak of.

Miss E. P., Miss L. D., Emma, F. D. L. and Esther.—A good way to whiten the teeth is to rub them off every few days with a bicarbonate of soda solution. This is made by dissolving one sixth teaspoonful of the soda in a half a glassful of quite hot water.

R. S., Boulder.—In making the wrinkle cream, melt all of the oils and fats in a double-boiler, or in an earthen bowl placed in a basin of boiling water until they are smoothly mingled or "creamed," then remove from stove. Dissolve the powder in the perfumed water and add to the fatty base drop by drop, beating steadily with a spoon or fork. Add the tincture last. Beat until cream is cold.

Miss Mabel A., V. D. and Mary.—I am giving below formula for which you asked:

Danishing Cream

Russian gelatine, one half ounce; glycerine, one half ounce; rose-water, one ounce; tincture benzoin, one dram; perfumed oil, ten drops.

Put the gelatine and rosewater in a cup set in a pan of boiling water to soften the gelatine; when blended remove from the hot water, add the glycerine and stir till cool when the benzoin and perfume can be added. If it hardens too quickly, set in hot water for a moment to soften it. If perfumed creams make you sick, omit the perfumed oil.

Daisy, Miss Laura E., Jennie and others.—The reason your nose is so oily and shiny is that the pores are



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too open. Spray the astringent lotion given Gwendoline over your nose five or six times a day. Yes, buttermilk is a good bleach for the complexion. Apply to the face with a bit of soft cotton cloth and let remain on all night. Wash off in the morning with warm water. You can obtain the buttermilk at most dairies. I am giving below formula for a simple bandoline.

French Bandoline

Tragacanth, three quarters of an ounce; rose-water, one pint; oil of almonds, one half dram.

Crush the tragacanth and put it in the rose-water; let it stand in a warm place, stirring occasionally, till the gum is swollen and softened; strain it twice, through a coarse cloth, and then a fine one; and finish by adding the almond oil and a little camelline or saffron to tint it. The hair should be moistened with this bandoline before rolling on kid curlers.

Lina W., Susie, Mabel, Mrs. S. D. and Constance.—Dust the following perspiration powder frequently over affected parts: Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Miss L. L. H., Two Sisters, Alice, Harry's Sweetheart and others.—I am giving below directions for massaging and it would be a good idea for you all to cut out these paragraphs and pin them up beside your mirrors.

Complete Set of Directions for Massaging

Before commencing any massage, the face and neck should be washed in hot soapy water, rinsed, dried, and the skin coated thickly with the following massage cream:

Massage Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the fats and the oils in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring with an egg beater until cold. When ready to manipulate the flesh, run fingers lightly across forehead lines, using a circular motion. Crow's feet must be treated carefully as the skin around the eyes is so delicate that it is an easy matter to rub in more wrinkles than you can ever rub out. Put the first and second fingers on the nose—just above the eyes—and massage out beyond the eye corners, then sweep in underneath the eye toward the nose. Press down very lightly indeed. The cheeks should be massaged up from the point of the chin with the palms. This will keep them from sagging. Laughing wrinkles should be effaced thus: Put first and second fingers underneath the center of lower lip, then massage out around corner of mouth and up to nostril. Hollows under the chin and behind the ears should be massaged with a delicate rotary movement of the fingers. When massage is completed, wipe off surplus cream, spray face with the astringent given Gwendoline in these columns and lie you to bed. The entire treatment should not consume more than fifteen minutes if the face is badly wrinkled—or five minutes—if there are only two or three tiny lines.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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Anchor Mfg. Co. of Dayton, Ohio, one of the victims of the recent flood, are now in position to take care of orders and are doing business in the same old stand in the usual manner. They will be glad to hear from all former customers and new business is solicited and will be taken care of in the best manner possible.—Adv.



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